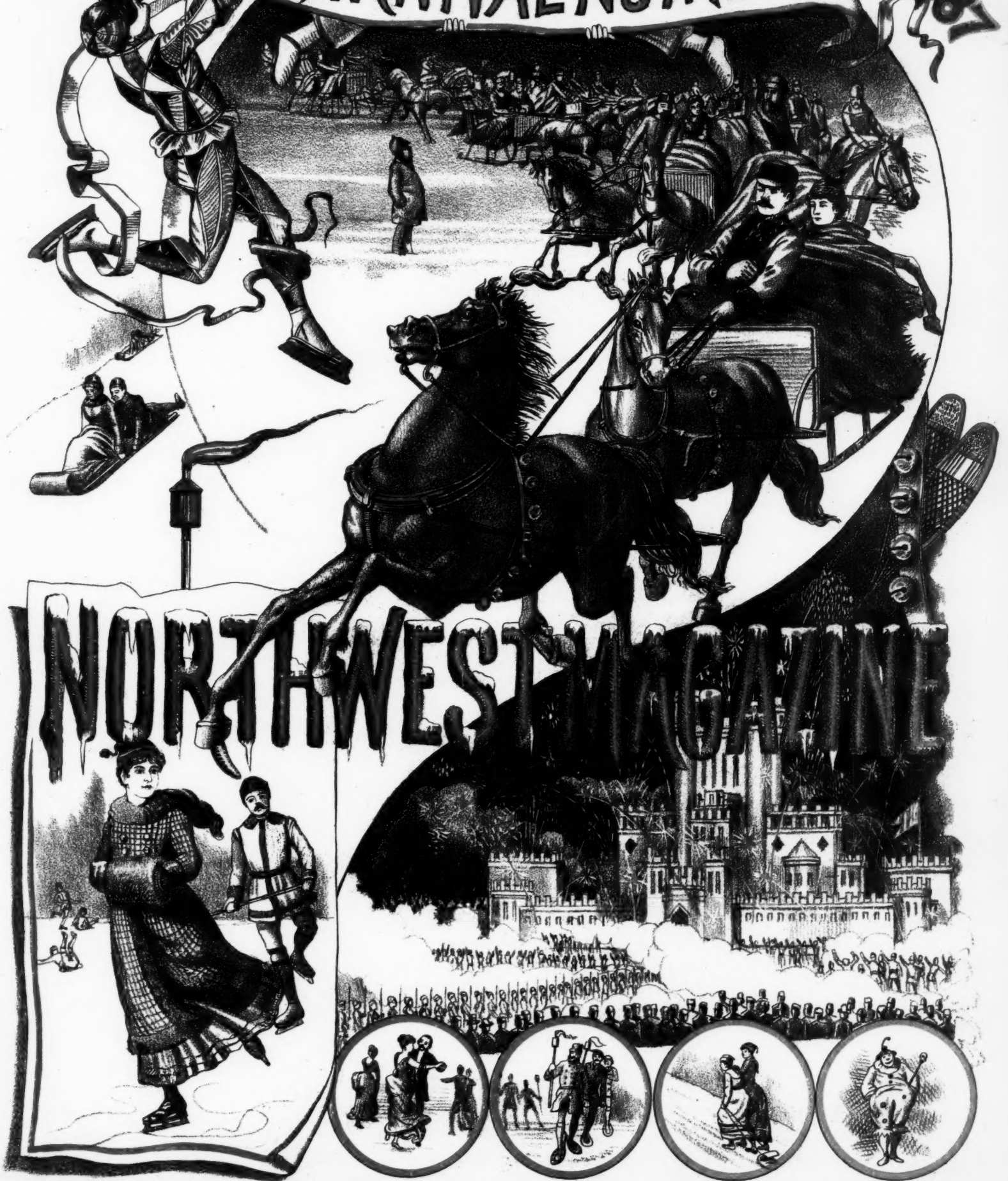


# WINTER JANUARY CARNIVAL NUMBER



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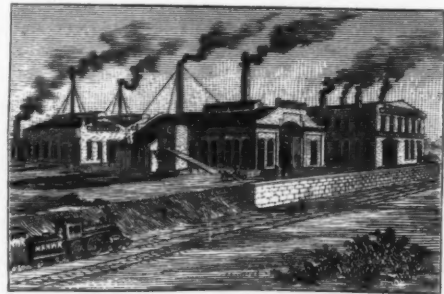
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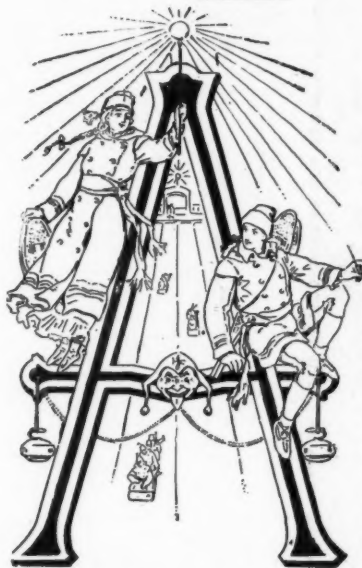


# The Northwest

Illustrated Monthly Magazine.

WINTER CARNIVAL EDITION, 1887.

## ST. PAUL'S FIRST CARNIVAL.

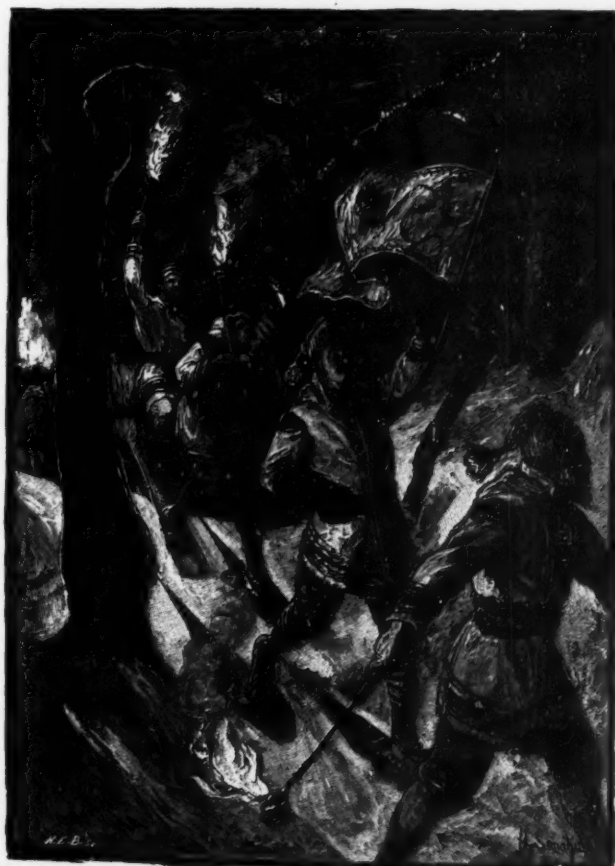


T last the American Northwest has been invaded by the festal Momus. Its people have concluded with him a capitulation, by virtue of which, each mid-winter, they shall recognize him for a brief season as their absolute sovereign. The old deity, on his part, has consented to lay aside his harsher mood, and has pledged himself to exercise his successive times of reign over his new subjects, as the source of only genial mirth and health-giving recreation. The name carnival, as applied to the winter festivities of this part of the world, means, therefore, a happy, genuine gratification of both body and mind, through the multitude of ways which may be devised in a splendid winter climate. It was a happy thought which suggested the possibility of undertaking such a festival in the capital city of Minnesota. Rome had her Saturnalia, which celebrated in December the harvest of the past season, and the coming conquest of the frost-bound world by the returning sun. Christian rulers transferred the wild jollities and license of the Saturnalia to the *carne vale*, the farewell to eating flesh, which preceded the long fast of Lent. Out of this came the rollicking follies of the Carnival in Italy, France, Germany and other Roman Catholic lands. And from this came, too, the many sports of the *Massanitzza* or the Butter week of the Greek Church in Prussia, during which the land of the White Emperor was given over to an unrestrained indulgence in eating and drinking, and abandonment to the many kinds of winter amusements of the great empire. But the American people, as a people, whose institutions were founded and directed by Puritan England, which abhorred and ignored as far as possible whatever savored of Roman Catholicism, have never given place in their mid-winter to a like diversion. Until within recent years, the only traces of the Carnival on this continent, were visible in New Orleans, which, as all know, is full as much a French and Roman Catholic as it is an American and Protestant community. But the Carnival is not necessarily something to be forever or wholly shunned, and lately even the children of the Puritans have begun to think this. If its religious significance be nothing to many, and its abuses are seen not to be necessary, surely, as it has been thought by some, the need of mid-winter recreation and of gratification of a natural love of amusement may be harmlessly met, even under the old

name. Our Canadian neighbors adopted the new idea, and now for several seasons have had their "Carnival," a time of winter jollity and diversion, centering their winter sports about a great palace or castle of ice, compared with which the ice palace of the Neva sink into insignificance. American St. Louis, too, has recently had its own celebrations. In yet other cities of the United States, the Carnival has appeared to make the winter pass cheerily. By a happy thought, therefore, it was suggested to the people of St. Paul that their glorious winters should not be spent by them, as a community, indoors, deprived of the opportunities for amusement and health they might use. And where could so consummate a Carnival be indulged in, as in a metropolis like this? Here, dwell people from all the nations of the world. Here, there are means for a Carnival, such as never Rome or Russia saw or could see. Let us then build a palace of ice, it was urged, whose magnificence shall never have been equalled. Let us gather about it slides for the gratification of the love of coasting of New England's sons and daughters, beside which the *rutschbergs* of St. Petersburg shall become dwarfed. Let us make ice parks, on which the most skilled skaters of Germany and Holland, shall compete with rivals from any icy land. For the sons of Scotia, let us make rinks for their "roaring game" of curling, which shall drive away all home-sick longing for the ice mirrors of their bonnie land. To Norway and Sweden, let us devote some of our steep hills that we may see the exhilarating dash downward of the Norsemen on their slender "ski." And last, but not least, let us welcome the snow-shoers and tobogganers of Canada and the British Dominion, to vigorous tramps over our broad fields, and to hurrican flights down our steep ice courses. Nor shall this begin to be the end of our resources for winter fun and health. Let us bring in the Indian of the plains, to amuse all with their dog-team sleds and barbaric winter games. Then, having provided for our cosmopolitan population, as our guests, let us as a community, join in for all sorts of festivities. Let us speed our horses on river track and avenue; organize ourselves into clubs for coasting and tramping; share in great processions along decorated streets, by night and by day; use our palace as the center of memorable displays, that its magic beauty may be fully discovered; in short, let us spend a fortnight of our winter in abandonment to a "Carnival," which shall make the season one of the most delightful and happily remembered periods of our lives.

As it was proposed, so was it done. It is not necessary to encumber these pages with a mass

of dates and statistics. But most of those who read here well remember, that, with the start early in November in preparation for the projected festivities, everything was carried forward with a refreshing enthusiasm until the close of the Carnival on Washington's birthday. The eight acres of Central Park and the adjoining land were enclosed, and, in this there arose by the 1st of February, the most magnificent structure of ice man's hands had ever reared. It was 180 feet by 160 in ground area, and toward upwards, a glittering pile, 106 feet. The winter of 1885-86 was one of the few winters of the Northwest of uncertain temperature, but from the laying of the corner block, on January 14th last, to the close of the first week in February, the ice palace was kept perfect and perfectly satisfying, as an exhibit of what architecture can do with this evanescent material. The opening night, February 1st, was a cheering revelation to even the most sanguine projectors of the Carnival. Several thousand uniformed Carnival Club members were in line on the streets. Festival arches, brilliantly illuminated, spanned the city's drive-ways. Crowds of spectators stood along the thoroughfares to see the novel parade. In seven grand divisions, the long procession moved under an unbroken blaze of many colored fires of lanterns and electric lights, through the principal streets to the palace grounds. With the delivery there, by the President of the Carnival Association to the Mayor of the city, of the great keys of the palace, the first



Ice Palace Carnival in the United States was happily inaugurated. Next day the festival park was formally opened to the eager and gaily uniformed thousands, who at once availed themselves of the slides, ice ponds and rinks, which had been prepared in the wide spaces around the crystal castle. In the evening the Carnival Hall resounded with music, and for hours was filled with men and women arrayed in the novel costumes of the new carnival, and who passed the evening greeting one another to the cheer of the merry festival.

From that day to the end of feast, the community seemed to yield itself without reserve to a happy pleasure-seeking mood. In various parts of the city great toboggan slides had been built; numerous toboggan and snow-shoe clubs had been formed, enrolling in their memberships thousands of St. Paul's brave and fair; business places and residences were fairly enwrapped in banners and gay drapings; and, by night the city was ablaze with many colored lights, from the highest avenues to the levees. Not for once during the carnival season was there an uneventful day or silent night among six of each seven. Parade after parade, illumination and exciting novelty of one kind and another, besides all the tobogganing, skating, sleighing, household sports, and other pleasures of uninterrupted occurrence, demanded and received loyal service, during the first fortnight of the month. It is needless here to enumerate them in detail. They were all faithfully recorded and published to the world.

The culminating event of the carnival, however, may be referred to somewhat at length. It was the struggle of the two monarchs, Borealis, and Fire King, for possession of the Ice Palace, on the fourth day of the festival. Probably for novel, weird and fascinating marvels in the display of form and color, that has never been equalled in America, probably never surpassed anywhere. The sublime illumination of the Colosseum and Forum at Rome, and the magic apparition of the castle at Heidelberg, conjured out of the blackness of darkness by the spells of pyrotechnic wizards, are the only productions of the kind which can be spoken of in connection with last year's storming of the St. Paul Ice Palace. One can hardly say that this description of the memorable scene is overdrawn. "The forces of the Fire King were drawn up before the Palace, inside which the Ice King and his army were besieged. A rocket cut the darkness of the night and the bombardment and attack commenced. The human beings engaged in the struggle were lost sight of. Dense clouds of smoke that rolled about the base of the Palace hid them out of sight and left to the view of 50,000 spectators naught

but the beautiful structure of ice—towers, turrets and walls—flame-girdled, capped with fire. Thousands of rockets, hundreds of bombs, Roman candles, the rattle and flash of musketry, the streams from bombettes, all blended into one great flame, rushing heavenward, and through it the crystal surface of the Palace shone, changed from its tints of blue and white to the blended colors of the rainbow. No one who saw that sight can ever forget it, or fail to bear witness that never before was its like seen." Looking back now over the record of St. Paul's first



VIEW ON THIRD STREET DURING THE WINTER CARNIVAL.

carnival, it is evident that the festival, as said before, was happily suggested and successfully carried through. It certainly broke up the monotony of a long winter. It turned a community out of doors in the most pleasurable of moods. It was fraught with health and enjoyment for many thousands. It called to the city multitudes of visitors, and spread the fame of its sports and incomparable winter climate the country throughout. Long live St. Paul's newly devoted loyalty to Momus, who has come to it, not as of old, as mocker and scourge, but as the bringer of good will, good cheer and universal well being.

CLAY MACCAULEY.

The daylight sky is white and calm,  
The moon's wan ghost looks strangely near;  
The brittle air rings sharp as glass,  
As musically sharp and clear.

The dry, cold air is touched with blight,  
No flowers the stubborn fields beguile,  
But in the sear and leafless woods  
The lone witch-hazel's spectral smile.

ELAINE GOODALE.

### THE ICE PALACE IN HISTORY.

Just when the Ice Palace first appeared no record shows. As far as history tells anything about it, we are referred to the land of the Czar, and to the great festival of Masslanitz, the equivalent of the Roman Carnival. From time immemorial this merry week of the year has had associated with it the *rutschberg* or ice-mountain, which now reappears on the western continent, modified as the toboggan slide, and around this in all probability from a time equally ancient were

gathered crystal-like huts and booths, from which, at length was evolved the thing of beauty worthy the name, and which received the name, palace. Historically, however, the Ice Palace, as such, was not as is commonly supposed the invention of the favorite courtier Gregory Orloff, for his empress Catherine, the great and bad. Before Catherine, in the thirties of the last century, reigned Anna Ivanovna. Taking her whim from the ice booths of the Masslanitz sports, the gay Anna caused the erection at St. Petersburg of a palace from the frozen waters of the Neva, as a wedding gift to the Prince Galitzin. To this beautiful edifice, but unwelcome home, all the furniture of which, including even the nuptial couch was carved from the solid ice, she sent the newly wedded pair. Moreover to celebrate the union of the prince and princess, the empress had had a battery of four

ice cannons made, from which at the home coming several volleys were discharged.

But the cruel sovereign builded better than she intended. What she made estimable as the toy of her tyrannical fancy, was often afterwards reproduced as a luxury for the Russian autocrats and their carnival loving subjects, and within the last four years has been transported to the great democracy of the western continent, to be the delight of myriads in their winter recreations. Originally an instrument of exquisite torture to a loving couple, obedient to the will of their autocratic mistress, it now is a welcome apparition from year to year, bringing with it a beneficent influence whose efforts are felt long after it fades away.



CUTTING ICE FOR THE ICE PALACE.



"Leaving no memorial but a world made better by its life."

The ice palaces of Russia had but little in common with the stately pleasure houses of ice now becoming familiar to the people of America. Anna's wedding gift was not as large as the dwelling of a moderately well-to-do merchant of the Northwest. But it was a crystalline pile, shining with the brilliancy of the diamond and the luster of opal and emerald. That was its simple excellence. Use it had none, only as a thing of beauty was it worth creating. But beauty, we are taught, is a valid excuse for being. It is not surprising, therefore that, when a few years ago, our neighbors of the metropolis of Canada were in search of something by which to make their winters more a pleasure to themselves, and their city more a center of attraction to the world, they bethought them of the wonder which the Muscovite had evoked from the ice and snow of the Neva. In 1883, therefore, from the frozen surface of the St. Lawrence River, arose for the first time in America, in the central square of Montreal, a glittering palace of such surprising beauty that its fame was sounded all over the land, and drew to it, during its brief existence, thousands of admiring spectators. But fascinating as it was, it was more than all a revelation of the marvellous possibilities which lie in the exquisite substance of which it was constructed. The next year, and the next, consequently appeared, as the centers of the Montreal Carnival ice palaces of enlarged mass and beauty of form. And their evanescence only gave them increasing and ever renewed fascination. \$10,000 were given to summon from the deep the first Montreal palace; twice the amount was freely expended for the second; and yet a thousand dollars more for the third—and it is recorded that the third palace was so attractive, that, from our own states, more than 40,000 people visited the city which it graced. Last year, however, a scourge lay upon the city of the royal mountain.

Montreal's affliction became the opportunity of other cities. St. Paul of Minnesota was not backward, in seeking to brighten its own winter, by following where Montreal had led. The fourth American ice palace thus came into being here. And how exquisite, how satisfying to the æsthetic sense it was, although, in mass, it far surpassed anything of the kind that had ever been seen at either the Neva or the St. Lawrence. It required for its construction full twice as much money as had been expended on Montreal's palace of the year before—its walls covered near an acre of ground, and the battlements of its old English gothic tower shone day and night more than a hundred feet above the snow-covered ground.

This is the record which, so far, the ice palace has made in history. Its beginning lies in the unwritten past of Russia's Carnival feast. Its definite traces take shape first, in the ironic sport of one of the reckless occupants of the Russian throne of the middle of the eighteenth century; its latest and most noteworthy development is found among the free peoples of the West, whose growing love of beauty finds a central charm for the pleasures of their winters in its unfailing magic of form and color.

CLAY MACCAULEY.

Winter has changed his mind and fixt to come. Now two or three snow-feathers at a time Drop heavily, as if in doubt that they should drop, Or wait for others to support their fall.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.



"POLO IS A GRACEFUL GAME WHEN PLAYED WELL."

#### CARNIVAL MERRIMENT.

The winter carnival time is a season for drollery and merriment, for jokes and jests and for general buoyancy and exuberance of spirits. One of our artists gives on this page a rather exaggerated picture of the comical side of polo playing on the ice. The inexperienced player may not twist himself into the exact shapes drawn by the artist's fancy but he is pretty sure to afford plenty of stimulus to the laughter of the spectators, as he makes frantic efforts to get a stroke at the elusive ball. In the other sketch Mr. Burbank depicts a funny scene which is very common in the jolly life of the skating and toboggan clubs. The stiff and dignified little gentleman, who was



INITIATED.

anxious to see something of carnival club life, is given a hearty and vigorous reception by a group of club members. This is the lively ceremony called "bouncing." The bounced person is often taken unawares and if not of a good humored disposition is apt to get a little ruffled, but no harm is done except to his temper, and that is usually quieted by an adjournment to some neighboring resort where steaming glasses are passed around and a rollicking song is sung.

Sleighting is a favorite form of carnival diversion among the clubs composed of young folks. The young ladies and young gentlemen belonging

to a club meet at some house agreed upon. All are in costume. One or more enormous sleighs have been engaged and the whole membership embark, packed in pretty closely, but nobody minds that in cold weather, and a start is made for a merry drive to Merriam Park, or Fort Snelling, or possibly as far as Minneapolis. After returning the evening usually ends with a dance and a supper at the home of one of the members. That there is plenty of laughter and jest on these moonlight sleighing parties goes without saying, for when hearts are young and care has traced no lines upon the brow merriment is as natural as songs to birds in spring time. Carnival time does not, however, belong to the young alone. Middle aged and even elderly people relish its sports and good-humor, and find fresh health and vigor in its many diversions and its animated sociability.

#### WINTER CARNIVAL RHYMES.

Now evergreen boughs deck parlor and hall,  
And winter is welcome again in St. Paul;  
The snow underfoot has a rosy creak,  
And each merry lass wears a rose on her cheek;  
Ruddy health and enjoyment ride forth on the air,  
And we for a season forget every care.

The matched teams are prancing, the blacks and  
the bays,  
Bells and plumes on the steeds, plumes and belles  
on the sleighs;  
The silver-toned music rings out soft and clear,  
And chiming with laughter, falls sweet on the ear.

We wait for no wagon, but all take a ride,  
And on the toboggan shoot down the long slide.  
The Norse-man is out with his ski and his pole,  
And he runs like a racer that strives for the goal;  
And curlers, braw Scots from the Doon and the  
Dee,  
On the sweepy icy rink, hurl the stone to the tee;  
While others on snow-shoes are out for a run,  
And all are engaged in diversion and fun.

The skaters are out on the ice shod with steel;  
As graceful as sea-gulls they circle and wheel.  
Behold that young maiden so charming and sweet,  
And see the light flash from her swift-gliding feet;  
The sunlight reflected, this fine winter day:  
God bless the fair skater! forever, I say.

From dark-flowing Neva, and from Montreal,  
The ice palace now finds a home in St. Paul,  
And we build the ice palace so regal and grand  
That people flock to it from every land,  
To find that St. Paul is the Carnival's home,  
With a merrier winter than Venice or Rome.  
Oh, our towering palace, ideally fair,  
Is a perfectly realized castle in air!

Then come from the lands that are muddy and  
low,  
Take a hand in our grand Saturnalia of snow,  
And return to your homes with strength and with  
hope,  
To defy every fate, and with fortune to cope;  
For the mead of Valhalla, Faerian wine,  
And even Olympian nectar divine,  
Never gave to the spirits such vigor and tone  
As breathing the pure Minnesota ozone.

J. W. BOXELL.





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VOL. IV, 1886,

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## THE FUN OF TOBOGGANING.

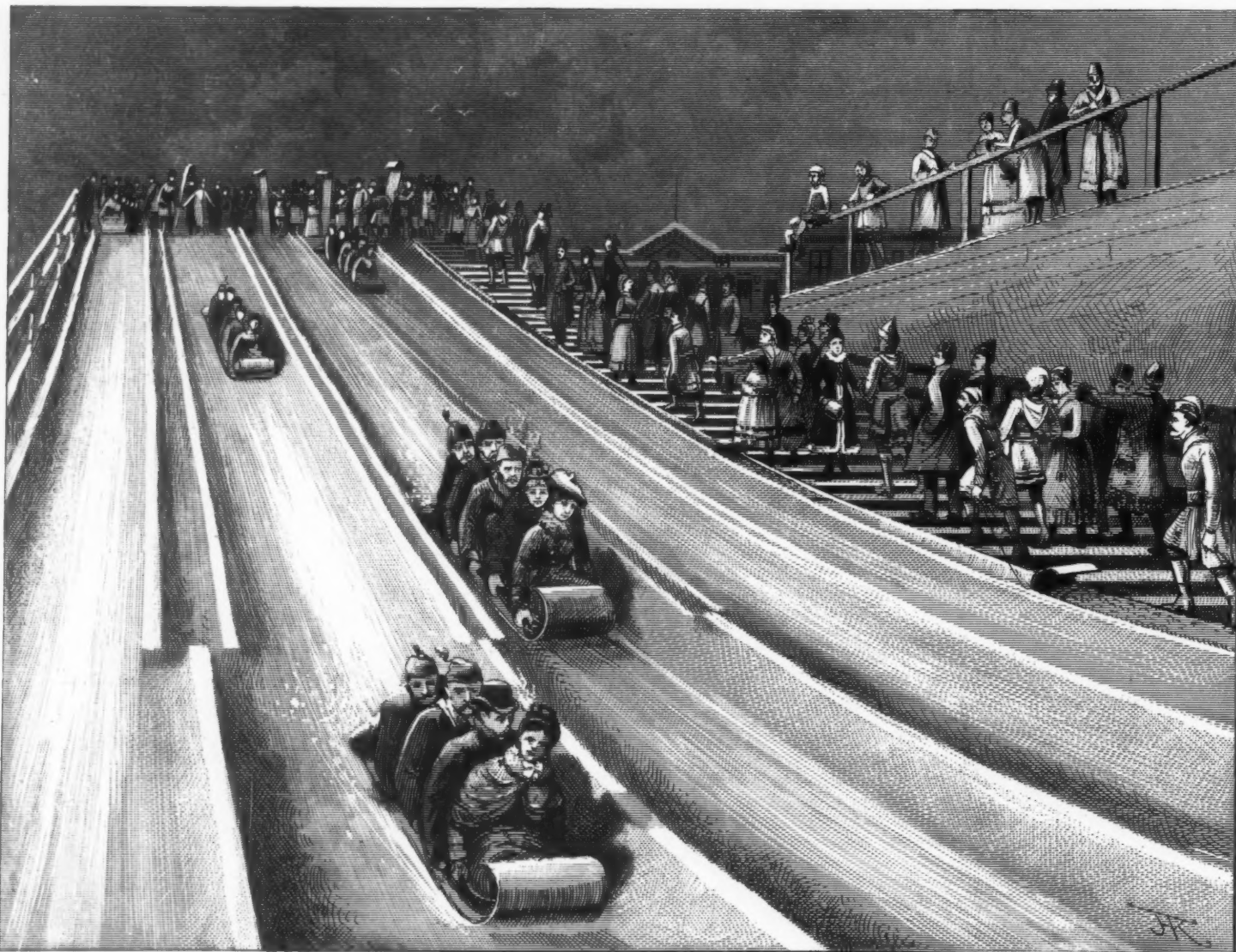
One of the most popular out-of-door diversions is "tobogganing." This wild, exciting down-hill-race sport has such scope for healthful amusement for old and young, and is so full of mirth and genuine pleasure, that out of the many carnival clubs of St Paul the majority are toboggan organizations. About everybody in Minnesota's Capital City who is at all active is a member of one or the other of them. The sport, while not dangerous, is by no means free from hazard. It takes considerable skill to guide a toboggan along its swift course to the foot of the hill and as much to get out of the way of the toboggan behind, which comes along as fast as an express train. Let us now look on: Here come our friends of the S—

The more toboggans demolished, run into and their gay loads spilled, the more the mirth; the swifter the toboggans are made to course down the slide the more exciting the sport is and the better liked. The toboggans start with a rush from the head of the slide quickly in succession, perhaps too close behind each other for safety—but the more the merrier! and so it goes. There is an intoxicating fascination about it all.

Come, take a place on our friend L—'s swift toboggan and try it! The merry shouts of the gay revelers as they pass each other on the hill, rushing down and others toiling up; the rare picturesqueness of the scene; the life in constant interesting movement; the costumes of many colors and endless variety; set off by jaunty toques and long sashes; fancy toboggans with

thus giving such impetus to the start as to obviate the necessity of unpleasant "bumps." The swiftness with which these toboggans descend a hill is something marvellous, and to take a toboggan ride is an experience worth many an after-thought. Let us toil arm in arm with a comrade up the dry snow-covered hill-side with springing step and merry jest. We reach the top and take our turn for the last ride of the evening amid the merry murmur of the "we'll meet again." The bell is tolling in the distant market house. All ready! Off we go over the steep, hard and slippery slide at a speed that holds the breath—we catch a glimpse of the glittering Ice Palace, beautiful just now, past gay crowds of pleasure seekers, always moving upwards and with a sudden jerk we find ourselves at our journey's end.

STEPHEN CONDAY. ]



TOBOGGANING AT NIGHT—AT THE HEAD OF A POPULAR SLIDE.

Club on a member's toboggan; their stop is as sudden as their start, and before most of its bewildered passengers can fairly get out of the way another toboggan with a gay load quickly shoots down the finish and making one final jump over the "bump," crashes into the luckless toboggan and makes of it a sad wreck. Just at this point, to add to the confusion, another gay load comes crashing into the last and its occupants are jerked into the dry snow amid the laughter of the amused by-standers. One of the toboggan pictures THE NORTHWEST artist has made for this issue is an excellent illustration of a "spill." The promiscuous "mix" sorts itself out of the snow and gets out of the road of other mirth-bearing messengers from the top of the hill, wiser but not sadder for such experience and take their respective places on other toboggans belonging to club-mates.

bells and ribbons is truly a sight for the King of the carnival to take pleasure in. The animated view down the steep hill and at the top gaily costumed "tobogganers" waiting their turn and as they make way their places are quickly taken by those always coming up with their toboggans. Look from the top and watch the variegated throng toiling gaily upwards. How pretty the girls and ladies look in their blanket costumes and pretty knit caps! How handsome they look! These rough blanket costumes and this dry invigorating Minnesota atmosphere, they certainly work wonders. No need of artifice when they go tobogganing. Nature here does justice to all and roses bloom where they should.

Most of the hills used for tobogganning have steep wooden structures built at the top of the slides from which to start the toboggans on their wild career,

## THE SNOW STORM.

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky  
Arrives the snow; and, driving o'er the fields,  
Seems nowhere to alight: the whiter air  
Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven,  
And veils the farm house at the garden's end.  
The sled and traveler stopped, the comer's feet  
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit  
Around the radiant fire place, inclosed  
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

R. W. EMERSON.

Out in the misty moonlight  
The first snow-flakes I see,  
As they frolic among the leafless  
Limbs of the apple tree.

Faintly they seem to whisper,  
As round the boughs they wing,  
"We are the ghosts of the blossoms  
That died in the early spring."

MUNKITTRICK.



*Henry E. Wedelstaedt,*

STATIONER

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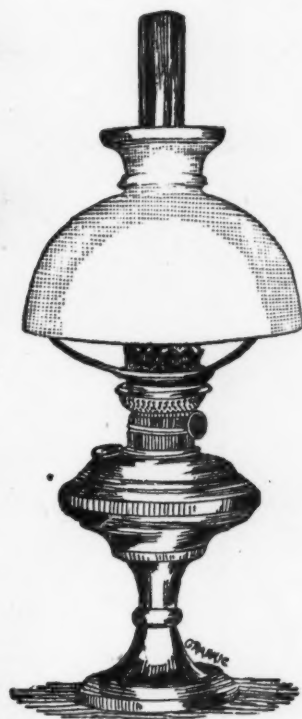
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J. H. GARLOUGH,

## Real Estate Dealer

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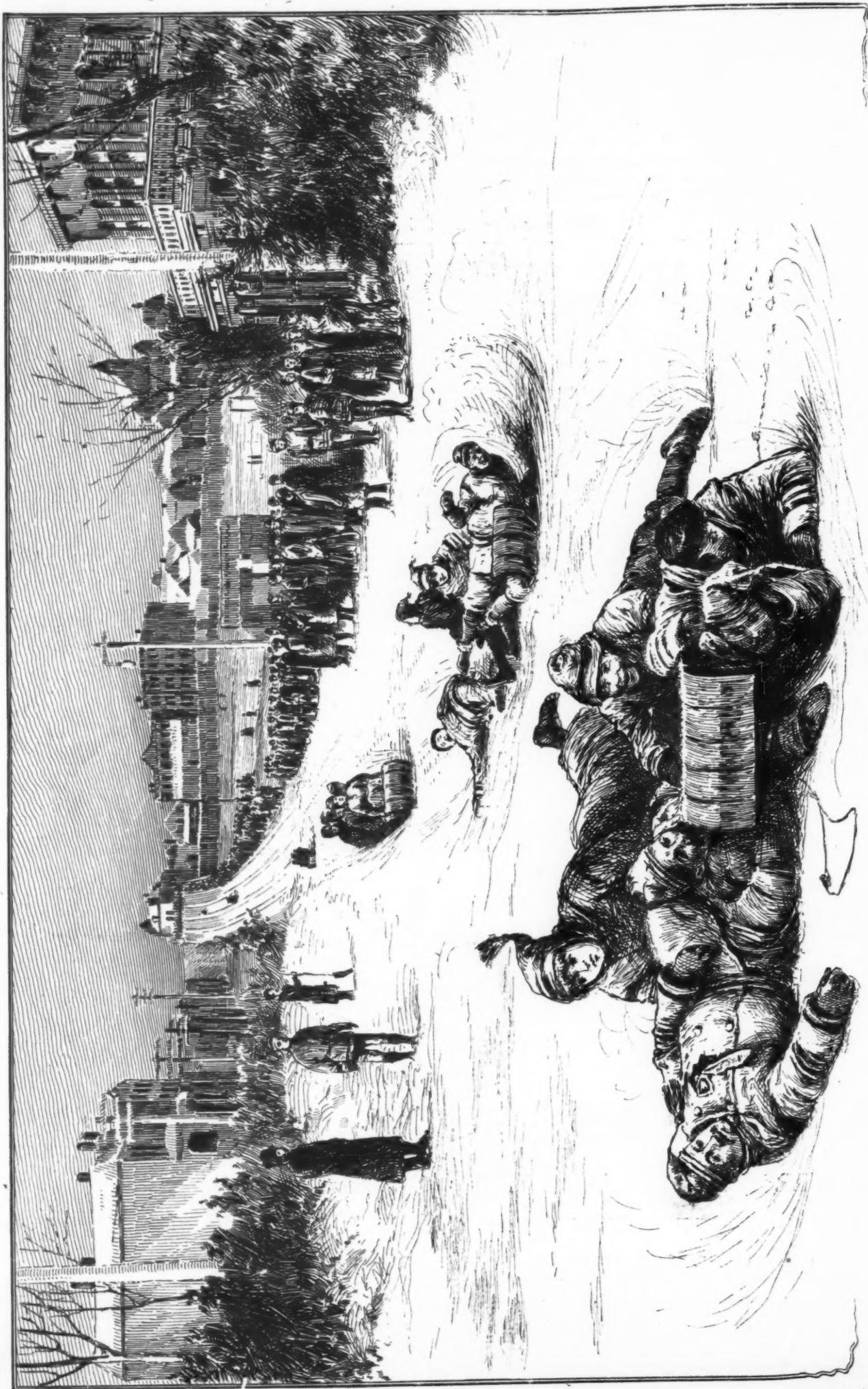
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Bridge from Robert  
Street.

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Transacts a general real estate business, especially for investors. Has a thorough knowledge, gained by long experience in handling property, especially in West St. Paul, where the greatest interest now centers. The operations on the West Side have been enormous during the past few months. By keeping fully informed as to the important movements, this dealer is prepared to select from his lists some of the best bargains obtainable, and on properties that warrant much higher figures than are asked. References of many well satisfied customers freely furnished. Every facility furnished purchasers for the examination of property in any portion of the city. Call on J. H. Garlough if you desire the facts regarding values. Also transacts a general loan and insurance business, and is prepared to place capital on unquestionable security (first-class property centrally located), at the highest rates of interest. Write for prices and particulars.



TOBOGGANING.—AT THE FOOT OF A SLIDE.



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## J. C. Stout's Addition to Summit Park!

This property comprises TWELVE ACRES, bounded by Goodrich Avenue and St. Clair Street and St. Albans and Grotto Streets. This property is platted into

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## THE GAME OF CURLING.

The game to which curling bears the greatest similarity is quoits; in each the object is to throw an article in such a way that it shall come to rest as near as possible to a given mark. There the resemblance ceases. The quoit is as unlike the curling as can be imagined. Instead of a pound and a half iron disk, or ring, we have a rock that must weigh at least thirty pounds, but may not exceed fifty. The shape of the curling stone is similar to a much-flattened orange. According to the rules its height must be at least one-eighth of its circumference, and this must not be greater than thirty-six inches. Into one side of the stone is fastened a handle which the player grasps when he throws his stone. A curler's out-fit consists of two of these ponderous toys and a broom. The space required to play the game is forty-two yards long by seven wide. This is called a rink. Near each end the goals, or marks, are put down in the ice so that they are thirty-eight yards apart. These are called the "tees." Four yards back of each one, a circle eighteen inches in diameter is drawn, within which the player must place his right foot when throwing his stone. A circle seven feet in radius, drawn about each tee, indicates how close the stone must be left to the tee in order that it shall count at all as a shot. Four men play on each side in each rink. The captain of a side is known as the "skip," a corruption, perhaps, of the nautical term skipper.

When a game is ready to begin the skips take their positions at one of the tees, one man from each side at the other tee, and the remaining four men arrange themselves along the intermediate space. The skips have absolute authority over their respective sides, directing the play of each individual. One of the men at the further tee, with his foot within the eighteen-inch ring, throws his stone along the ice, aiming for the tee where his skip stands. If the skip sees any snow or dust, or other obstruction in the path of the on-coming stone, he can order his men on the middle line of the rink to sweep it away with his broom. No player has any right to touch the stone with his broom, but at the command of his skip he may remove any obstruction in his path. When the first stone has been thrown and has come to rest near the tee, a player of the opposing side takes his turn. His object, of course, is to lay his stone nearer the tee than that of his opponent, but he awaits for instructions from his skip as to how he shall try to throw. If his opponent has left his stone directly in his path the skip may command him to play against it, to knock it if possible beyond the seven-foot ring, or at all events further from the tee than it now is. The player may or may not succeed in fulfilling his skip's

desire. The opponent then plays his second stone and the second player likewise. One pair having played they take up their brooms and go down to the middle of the rink, while another pair take their place at the initial tee. The skips play last, one curler from each side assuming the directing authority of the critical tee. When all the stones have been cast, the umpire counts up the points scored by each side, deciding as in quoit, by the proximity of the stones to the object tee. That constitutes an "end," and sometimes a definite number of ends are played to constitute a game and sometimes a definite time is played, in each case the scores of completed "ends" being aggregated to arrive at a result.



THE GAME OF CURLING.—CLEARING THE TRACK.

An experienced player thus describes the "five points" of the game:

"Curling is a game that does not depend for success upon the exercise of great muscular strength. When the ice is in such condition that it takes a good deal of muscle to propel the stone to the tee, we do not consider it good curling. People unfamiliar with the sport might think a forty-pound stone rather heavy for a plaything, but few would prove so slight as to be unable to throw it more than forty yards over keen ice. Curling seems to me superior to all other sports in that while individual excellence is cultivated to the highest extent, yet team playing is equally important and more required than any other game I know about. In curling every man has to be on the

alert every instant; he is never wholly idle, and must be ready to obey the command of his skip promptly and intelligently. I know no sport where the leader or director or captain, whatever may be his title, has as great responsibility as the skip has in curling. The player forty-two yards away cannot distinguish accurately the relative positions of the stones already at rest near the tee; he cannot see with certainty just what it will be best for him to accomplish. The skip decides for him, and from his position at the tee decides the play. Now suppose the player has started his stone; the skip may think it not coming fast enough to reach the desired point, and he therefore orders his men who are in the middle of the rink to

sweep with their brooms in front of the curling stone. You have no idea how much difference the sweeping makes. If snow is falling it can readily be understood that the brooms must be used actively, but on a clear, cold day, they are indispensable. The continual sliding of the stones over the ice make a slight ice dust; dust may be blown from the land, too, and the slightest obstruction will have its effect in marring or helping a fine shot. For if the skip thinks the stone is too fast he will not allow his sweepers to use their brooms, hoping that the minute obstructions may retard it sufficiently to bring it to rest at the required spot. It sometimes keeps a sweeper pretty busy to run ahead of the stones sweeping the path. In order to get about quickly on the ice the curlers wear rubbers.

The important thing for a curler to learn is just how much force is required to propel his stone a given distance. No two stones, of course, are exactly alike in shape or weight, and it is necessary that the player should have a pair that are as nearly mates as possible. Otherwise he would be continually sending the lighter one too far and the heavier not far enough. After acquiring the proper judgment as to force, the curler must learn how to curve. The necessity for this is seen if we suppose that an opponent has delivered his stone so that it rests directly in front of

the tee, but several feet away. If the next player then throws his stone so as to hit the first one, aiming to knock it beyond the tee and outside the seven-foot circle, he is likely to do no more than knock it still nearer the tee, his own stone coming to rest further away. Therefore, he will endeavor by throwing with a peculiar twist, known as either the "in turn," or "out turn," according to the curve desired, to send the stone so that it shall curve round that of his opponent and come to rest between it and the tee. I have often seen a stone so skilfully curved that it would go straight for another stone, left on guard as we say when it stops on the straight line defined by the two tees, until it began to lose its impetus, when it would deflect to the left or right as much as five

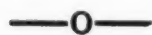




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Learn of the Rapid Advance  
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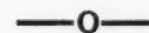
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feet and then curve about until it stopped on the same straight line on which it set out, leaving the guard stone away in the rear. Skill in curving admits of many fine points in play, as the caroming of one stone upon another so as to knock the one at rest out of a good position, or the caroming one stone upon another in such a way that the one in motion shall then deflect and bring up against a third.

#### RULES OF THE SLIDE

As many toboggan clubs are being informed in Northwestern cities just now there will unquestionably be a big demand for a set of "Slide Rules" to suit all clubs alike. It is always a perplexing thing for a new club to draw up its constitution and bye-laws, and the following code which is republished from the Minneapolis Tribune will (or ought to) be of general service:

1. When a gentleman takes a lady down the slide and she, by her swaying from side to side, upsets him in the snow, the practice of picking up the toboggan and thumping her over the head with it is now obsolete in good society.
2. Never stop the toboggan half way down the slide and get out to talk to a friend.
3. After a gentleman has broken his leg or his neck he is expected to make his apologies to his companion and withdraw for the evening. It is regarded as bad form to go on sliding unless particularly requested to do so by the lady.
4. It is customary to commence at the top of the slide and slide downward. When some are sliding up and some down, it tends to create confusion.
5. Descending toboggans have the right of way. If you have been upset and see another toboggan coming down the chute that you are standing or lying in, you are expected to move aside.
6. No true gentleman ever steals the toboggan cushion and says that he mistook it for his pocket handkerchief.
7. After having started a lady down the slide you are expected to go down on the toboggan with her. The style of sliding down ehind on one's stomach and hanging on to the cushion with one hand has gone out of fashion in the most select circles.
8. Under some circumstances a gentleman is allowed to put his finger over the edge to see how it feels when the toboggan runs over it. The privilege, however, should not be abused.
9. When steering, it is unadvisable to seek to get extra purchase by planting your unemployed foot in the small of the back of the lady in front of you.
10. When you get through with the slide you should leave it where you found it. Others may need it after you have gone.
11. In other respects a gentleman on the slide is expected to behave as a gentleman does elsewhere.

#### MISHAPS ON THE SLIDE.

There is nothing, perhaps, that so readily affects the risibles as a harmless mishap to dignity. So that when a toboggan, loaded with aldermen, judges, generals or stately dames, comes rushing down the slide at a hair-raising gait, and dumps its precious cargo in a heap at the foot, there is apt to be a hurrah of large proportions in that neighborhood. And its frequent occurrence detracts not a whit from its interest. The spectacle of a 250 pound alderman poising for a moment on his centre of gravity, at full length in the snow, while a gray-bearded, dignified bank president near by tries to resume the perpendicular; and a demoralized commander, who has faced the

comes on—a sense of injustice, as it were, that impels them to try it again, "just to show them youngsters that we can handle a toboggan with any of 'em!" But it is a long time before the whole party can be induced to make another run. They are finally seated, however, each and every one with a death-grip on the rail, and a look of grim determination, mingled with despair. The young man who owns the toboggan starts them off. His face wears an idiotic grin that drives terror to their hearts, and two girls, waiting for a chance to ride, giggle in a most disrespectful manner. Away goes the half ton of humanity, like a "Chicago limited" behind time, and brings up on the "bump" in most artistic style. The surprised and happy passengers step off toward home with an expression of triumph, that the owner of the toboggan had not intended them to wear on this occasion; but the judge, who sat in front, had brought his good, trusty cane on this trip, and pushed to one side the piece of rope placed there to wreck the party. And when the young man came down to get his toboggan, he found on it a card, with "thanks" on one side, and on the other—"FOILED!"

#### WINTER.

When icicles hang by the wall,  
And Dick the shepherd blows his  
nail,  
And Tom bears logs into the hall,  
And milk comes frozen home in  
pail.  
When blood is nipt, and ways be  
foul,  
Then nightly sings the staring  
owl,  
Tu-whit, tu-who, a merry note,  
While greasy Joan doth keel the  
pot.

When all about the wind doth blow,  
And coughing drowns the par-  
son's saw,  
And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
And Marian's nose looks red  
and raw;  
Then roasted crabs hiss in the  
bowl,  
And nightly sings the staring  
owl,  
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,  
While greasy Joan doth keel the  
pot.

SHAKESPEARE.

#### WHEN WINTER WINDS DO BLOW.

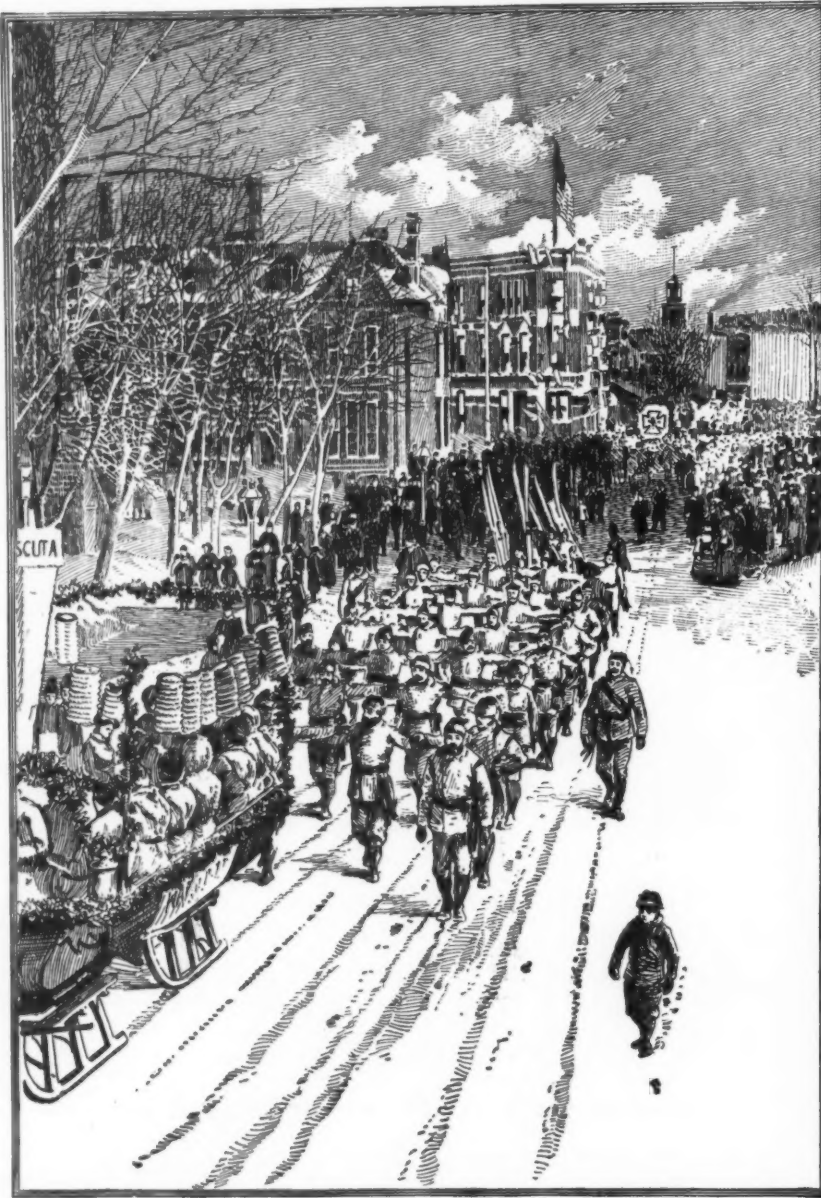
Press me closer, all mine own,  
Warms my heart for thee alone,  
Every sense responsive thrills,  
Each caress my being fills;  
Rest and peace in vain I crave,  
In ecstasy I live, thy slave;  
Dowered with hope, with promise  
blest,  
Thou dost rain upon my breast;  
Closer still, for I am thine,  
Burns my heart, for thou art mine;  
Thou the message, I the wire,  
I the furnace, thou the fire;  
I the servant, thou the master—  
Roaring, red-hot mustard plaster!  
BURDETTE.

#### The Winter, O the Winter!

Who does not know it well?  
When day after day, the fields stretch gray,  
And the peewit wails on the fell.  
When we close up the crannies and shut out the cold,  
And the wind sounds hoarse and hollow,  
And our dead loves sleep in the churchyard mould,  
And we pray that we soon may follow;  
In the Winter, mournful Winter.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

Riding upon the goat, with snow-white hair,  
I come, the last of all. This crown of mine  
Is of the holly, in my hand I bear  
The thyrsus, tipped with fragrant cones of pine.  
I celebrate the birth of the Divine,  
And the return of the Saturnian reign;  
My songs are carols sung at every shrine,  
Proclaiming "Peace on earth, good-will to men."  
LONGFELLOW



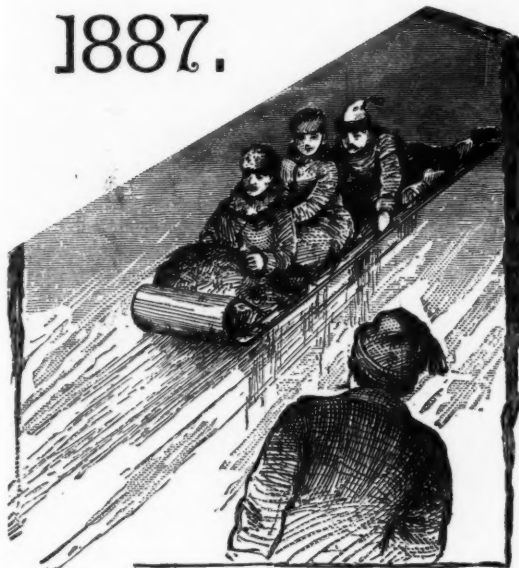
A CARNIVAL PARADE.

fiercest battles unflinchingly, struggles in breathless terror with the remains of the toboggan—is too much to look upon unmoved, and a shout goes up that nearly cracks the cerulean dome above. And when the unfortunate party finally gets fairly upon its feet again, and finishes the inspection for damages to person and wardrobe, there is a solemn, fervent, silent oath from each that "never again will I so far forget myself as to attempt another toboggan ride!" As they slowly and cautiously pick their way up the hill—why they go up again they cannot tell; only that there is some strange power urges them on—they see load after load glide past; and pause with an inward feeling of wicked revenge, to look back and watch results. But no mishaps seem to occur. "It's just our luck!" And then, somehow, a reckless feeling





1887.



## Attractions for Foreign Capital.

The system of Western investments as a general thing is very puzzling to an Eastern man—shrewd and conservative, they prefer their interests where they can guard and see them.

St. Paul, however, with her network of railroads, immense yearly gains in population and general prosperity has tempted many from the Eastern and Middle States to purchase property here and loan money. The results thus far have been so gratifying, that now, foreign capitalists are constantly expanding their holdings in realty. A great many people in the East, far West and South, would not believe that St. Paul firms can guarantee 8 per cent. for mortgage loans. Nor would they believe that no investment in St. Paul real estate has paid less than 20 per cent per annum, of increase, for the past five or six years. There are many men who would be perfectly willing to assume the incumbrance on property for half of the profits. To explain to our readers what is meant by this, we will illustrate our statement: Suppose a block of lots is offered for sale at \$7,500, terms one-third cash, balance in one and two years at 8 per cent. per annum. Now if some of our friends in the East will advance the cash necessary (\$2,500), we can always find men more than glad to take half the profits by assuming all the incumbrances.

Whether for speculation or investment, we can at all times satisfy the most conservative of operators or investors that we can secure for them contracts, that shall at once embody absolute security combined with certain and rapid advance in values.

A few thousand dollars occasionally invested from surplus Eastern funds will in a few years grow into a fund affording a handsome competence.

A short visit and personal inspection will satisfy the most conservative.

BFAUMONT & CO., Cor. Third and Robert Streets.

EDWARD LYON (late of New York City.) In Charge of Mortgage Loans and Eastern Investments. Refer by permission to HON. P. H. KELLY; EX-GOV. W. R. MARSHALL, of St. Paul; DELANCEY CLEVELAND, Esq., of New York City.

**D**URING this Carnival season there will be a great many visitors in St. Paul, some of whom will have capital at home. They may want to invest a portion of it where it will bring more than the low rate of interest it draws in the banks at home. Perhaps they may become interested in St. Paul's rapid advancement, and decide that money invested in St. Paul Real Estate will pay. They look about, make inquiries and become acquainted. Some enterprising real estate man may sell a block or two, way off in a corner, at a low figure, which by this time next winter is liable to double in value. But, most welcome guest, do not make an investment until you have consulted F. P. Luther & Co., and their map, for they certainly can show some very rare bargains on both sides of the river, and in every growing part of the city. Or, if you wish to loan your money at a good rate of interest, secured by real estate worth double the amount, F. P. Luther & Co. will attend to it for you. They make it a specialty to transact business for Eastern parties, and their transactions have always given satisfaction.

Among the thousands of visitors, too, there will be manufacturers, tradesmen, and others who are anxious to secure sites for machine shops, factories, foundries, or stores. They will be welcomed to the metropolis of the Northwest, and offered the greatest inducements, and shown the advantages of a location in this city. There will be no lack of encouragement in that respect, Experience and capital will find plenty of room in St. Paul.

Should you desire any information about city property, or wish to post yourself in a general way, you will receive courteous treatment and be accommodated by these gentlemen. Their office is at 367 Jackson Street, St. Paul.

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Souvenirs of Duluth, Dalles of St Louis River and Yellowstone National Park.



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Have a large list of Property in all parts of the city, which they are offering on the most reasonable terms. Their Lots and Blocks near the

**UNION STOCK YARDS,**

**SOUTH ST. PAUL,**

are adapted for Manufacturing, Mercantile Business or Residences.

*All are desirable just at this time, as this section of the city is improving most rapidly of any.*

We would most respectfully call the attention of the Carnival visitors to the fact that there was never a better opportunity offered for profitable investment than now. Any one at all acquainted with St. Paul's recent growth, and prospects for the immediate future, feels confident that no money will be lost on real estate in this city for several years, at least. Indeed, there seems to be a strong probability that the next two years will add 50,000 to the population, and increase values, the city over, not less than 50 per cent. —a very moderate estimate. In view of these facts, would it not be a wise move to look into this matter before you leave the city? Another such opportunity may not occur to you again.

Come and see us anyhow.

Yours, very truly,

CURTICE & GRAY.

If You Want to Invest,

If You Want to Loan,

If You Want to Build,

If You Want to Sell,

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ST. PAUL, - - MINN.



### THE SCANDINAVIAN SKI.

A glance at the map of Norway immediately reveals the mountainous character of the country. Even the most fertile parts are broken up by hills, and spurs of mighty mountain ranges. Travel and even neighborly communication meets with many obstructions in a country like this. They may be surmounted with comparative ease, as long as the beautiful Northern summer lasts, but in winter, locomotion by ordinary means often becomes utterly impossible. The snow fall is generally very heavy; mountain trails and forest paths can be traveled no longer; even country roads will remain impassable for days at a time.

In this predicament the Norwegian peasant has recourse to his ski (pronounced *she*). The etymology of the word implies a long and thin piece of wood, and a ski is in fact nothing else. The material is oak, ash, or pine, usually the latter; care being taken to select a piece having as few knots as possible. The length varies according to the size and strength of the ski-runner, ten feet being probably the extreme limit; while the width at the widest part where the foot rests, measures about three inches. The front part ends in a curved point preventing the ski from cutting under the snow or striking against minor obstacles. A shallow groove cut lengthwise into the smooth under side of the ski acts as a rudder steadying its course. The Laplanders roaming about on the trackless wilds of the Norwegian and Swedish mountain plateaus, from the very mode of their life are expert ski-runners. Their ski differ somewhat from those of the Norwegians, being of unequal length, while the hairy covering on a strip of reindeer skin attached to the under surface of the ski, prevents its sliding back when ascending, at the same time offering no resistance when running on level ground, or descending. The ski-runner, if an expert, as most every peasant is, straps his feet securely to the ski; for it might be a matter of life and death to him should he unfortunately lose one or both of them. Persons unpracticed in the noble sport would however, do well not to imitate him in this particular. A header on ski is sometimes quite a serious matter, and severe injuries can be escaped only by having the ski attached in such a way that they will readily slip off the feet in an emergency.

With a remarkably fine system of highways traversing the country in all directions and with rapid communication by railroads and steamboats, the ski is no longer such a necessity to the Norwegian country population. In the last war with Sweden, some seventy-two years ago, a small army corps mounted on ski did effective service. At present no part of the army is mounted in this manner, but military exercises on ski are everywhere indulged in by small select divisions of troops. Though of unknown antiquity, the origin of the ski probably dates back centuries before the Christian era. In Norwegian and Swedish history the ski meets with frequent mention. Thus, young Haakon, destined to become one of the greatest monarchs that the North ever had, owed his life to

two trusty attendants and their swift-sliding ski. Their perilous trip occurring in the middle of winter and covering a distance of several hundred trackless miles, has recently, by a Norwegian artist, been made the subject of a spirited painting, crayon copies of which may be seen in this city and in Minneapolis. This happened at the beginning of the thirteenth century. Some 300 years later, the great Gustaf Vasa despairing of liberating his country from the rule of the Danes, when about to leave it forever was overtaken by sturdy yeomen of Dalecarlia mounted on ski, and persuaded to make one more strike for its freedom. It proved successful, and Swedish history contains no greater or worthier name than his.

In Norway at the present day, running on ski has become a truly national sport. Tournaments to test the endurance and prowess of boys and men on ski, are held every winter in different localities, the one at the capital Kristiania, generally in the early part of February, being the principal one and also the most interesting. The mountain valleys of Thelemarken furnish the finest ski-runners. Their ease and grace on the ski, the steadiness with which they perform the most difficult evolutions, are phenomenal. As a rule, they also carry off the first honors. The place selected for one of these prize runs is generally as steep a hill as can be found in the locality. To increase the difficulties, a bank of firmly packed snow is thrown up across the course on the hill-side. Sliding down from the top, with all the momentum that a steep descent gives, the moment the ski-runner leaves this jumping board, as it may well be called, he finds himself shot out into space with nothing but his trusty ski to stand on. A sixteen-year old boy at such an occasion not only made a leap of sixty-six feet, counted from the moment his ski left the jumping bank until they again touched the ground, but took off his toque while sailing along in the air, and saluted the spectators. Similar occurrences are by no means rare; leaps of even more than seventy feet having repeatedly been made.

It is not likely that the use of the ski will ever be-

come so general in this country as it is in Norway and the contiguous mountainous part of Sweden. In the first place, the snow fall here is much less; and deep snow is the first requisite for ski-running. Then, again, the natural characteristics of our country, and our easy communications render it unnecessary as a means of locomotion. Wherever the necessity for it has been proved to exist, the ski, however, demonstrates its superior qualities. The exploits of Snow-Shoe Thompson, who for years carried the mails over the Sierra Nevada Mountains with no other means of transit than his ski, probably furnish the most interesting proof of this assertion. Aside from its usefulness, as a healthy and manly sport, the running on ski certainly deserves to be cultivated among us. There are also signs of a growing interest in the sport, and a ski club, numbering about fifty members already last year formed a feature of the Ice Palace Carnival. Minneapolis has a similar organization, with about the same membership. The ski used here are nearly all made by St. Paul parties. The prices range from \$2.75 to \$4.00 per pair.

LUTH JAEGER.

### A WINTRY NIGHT.

Dead lonely night and all streets quiet now,  
Thin o'er the moon the hindmost cloud swims past  
Of that great rack that brought us up the snow;  
On earth strange shadows o'er the snow are cast:  
Pale stars, bright moon, swift cloud, make heaven so vast  
That earth left silent by the wind of night  
Seems shrunken 'neath the gray unmeasured height.

Ah! through the hush the looked-for midnight clangs!  
And then, e'en while its last stroke's solemn drone  
In the cold air by unlit windows hangs,  
Out break the bells above the year foredone,  
Change, kindness lost, love left unloved alone;  
Till their despairing sweetness makes thee deem  
Thou once wert loved, if but amidst a dream.

O thou who still clingest to life and love,  
Though naught of good, no God thou mayst discern,  
Though naught that is thine utmost woe can move,  
Though no soul knows wherewith thine heart does yearn  
Yet, since thy weary lips no curse can learn,  
Cast no least thing thou lovest at once away,  
Since yet perchance thine eyes shall see the day.

WILLIAM M. MORRIS.







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## FORTY YEARS AGO.

It is pleasant to think of early times in this State when the "whole boundless continent" was ours, and where there were few with whom to share it. Think of it. Forty years ago the military post at the confluence of the Mississippi and Minnesota Rivers was the most extreme Northwestern point occupied by white men. If a north and south line had been drawn through that post all west of it was then a *terra incognita*, except to roving bands of Indians. Now west of that line there are six States and as many organized Territories, and a population of more than five millions.

Then we were young. The future seemed to be tinged with all the bright and variegated hues of the rainbow. We erected "castles in the air" and occupied them in all the pomp and glitter of real, genuine sovereigns.

But times have changed. Years have succeeded each other. In their bright rounds the seasons have come and gone. The springs with their garments of green have been succeeded by autumns, with their habilaments of yellow, gold and crimson, which have been torn and scattered by the rude, rough winds of winters. The same blue arch that hung over us then hangs over us still. The same pure stars that we loved to watch blossom still at twilight's gentle hour like lilies on the tomb of day. The same beautiful river which sweeps by us now, then went singing its way to blend its waters with the blue waves of the mighty ocean. The same eternal and everlasting hills which held these mighty waters in place then, hold them to-day. With these, change is not perceptible.

Then the Indian told us of the existence away off to the Northwest of Minnetonka, (Big Water), and of White Bear; but these waters had not then been explored by white men, and their very existence was doubted. The oldest inhabitant finds few landmarks to connect the present with the past. Then the Indian maiden walked over our streets, or rather where the streets were to be, but she has gone to her far Western home.

The warrior has removed his teepee and upon its site have been erected massive business houses or fine palatial residences of beauty and refinement.

Then many rode in carriages and others walked, but now in many cases it is reversed, and the riders have become walkers and the walkers have become riders. Truly, there have

been many changes, but after all are we more happy and contented than we were in "the days of the empire."

Then one man was about as good as another. There were no lines separating the rich and the poor, but all lived in peace and harmony. Then there was more real genuine hospitality. None wanted for bread when there was bread in the possession of any one of the settlers. When ladies visited among themselves they did so for real enjoyment, and not because it was a social duty to be reluctantly performed. Then they "took their knitting with them"



THE OLDEST HOUSE IN ST. PAUL.

and spent the day, not in idle gossip about their neighbors, but in talking over the bright visions of the future, when railroads would bring to their tables the products of the world; when schools and churches would be organized for the education of their children and the conversion of their households; when desert places would be subjugated and made to bloom with beauty; when the merry sound of the reaper would be heard on the hills and in the valleys and on the boundless prairies around about us, and when hundreds of smiling villages would be reflected by the waves of the upper Mississippi; when the busy flail of activity and enterprise would be heard all over the land. Have not these visions been realized in full measure? Yes, and far beyond the wildest dream of the most visionary.

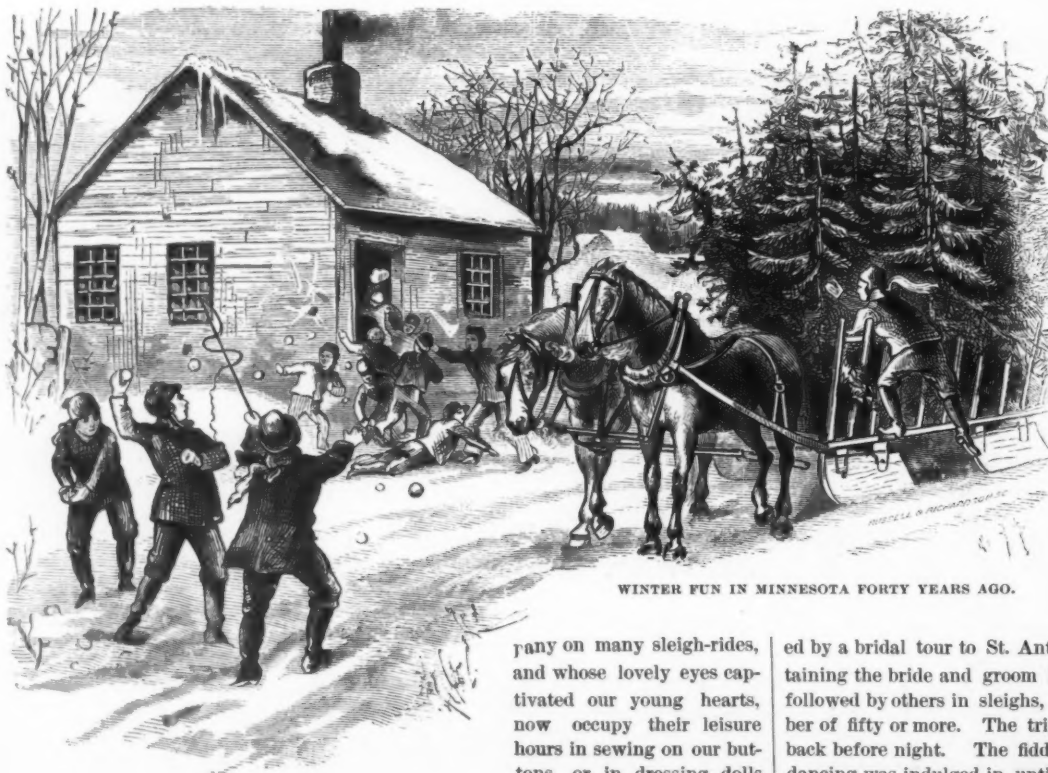
Many of the names of the noble men and women which I can now recall, have passed through the dim, dark waters of death, but they have left the impress of their individuality upon the history of their times. Some are still with us, no longer young, but pressed beneath the weight of years. Their gait is unsteady, the sparkling eye has lost its lustre, the raven locks have been bleached by the frosts and snows of many winters.

The young ladies who honored us with their com-

for grand-children, or knitting stockings to keep their dear little feet warm. Changes have been many, and none greater than in our climate. The winters are not so cold now as formerly. Forty years ago the icy arms of winter embraced us about the middle of November, and held us in its icy clutches until the spring thaw came. There were no railroads then and only a few boats came up to this region, but upon them we were dependent for supplies to last through the winter. So about the beginning of October the heads of families began to calculate how much pork, bacon, flour and beans they would require to provision their households during the winter, and these were purchased in Galena and brought up by the last boats. Occasionally a few barrels of apples were brought up, and these were seized upon by those who were able to buy them, and treasured away to be used during the long winter evenings. We had no luxuries, but subsisted on the plainest food—too plain to be adulterated, and hence everyone was healthy and happy.

Then, as now, there were three classes of persons: those who had an abundance; those who lived from day to day on the product of their labor, and those who had nothing and were never known to do an honest day's work in their lives. It may be of interest to know just how these different classes managed to pass away their time. There were no game laws then, and anyone fond of shooting was at liberty to shoot and kill just where he desired to do so. Hunting parties were of frequent occurrence in the fall. Ladies and gentlemen mounted and spurred, and followed by trusty dogs, would go out a few miles and when the presence of birds was indicated by the dogs the gentlemen would dismount, pass the reins of their bridles to the nearest lady, and as soon as the game was flushed, "bang away." This would be continued as long as the shooting was good, then all would return to enjoy a bird-supper. Duck shooting was a favorite amusement. Gen. H. H. Sibley kept a record of the ducks he killed, and found that he shot and bagged 1798 in three years. When it was too cold for shooting, sleigh-riding, parties and balls were enjoyed. Some of this class also enjoyed loaning their surplus funds at five per cent. per month, and thus becoming wealthy on the dire necessities of their less-favored neighbors. The second-class had to live economically in the summer so as to save from their scanty earnings sufficient to bridge them over the winter, for all building enterprises ceased when

winter began, and there was little work to be had at any price. But this gave them opportunities for social intercourse, the result of which were many marriages. Then, as now, bridal tours were fashionable, though they were not so expensive as now, and yet they seemed more enjoyable because participated in by all the friends of both parties who could secure a horse and any kind of a conveyance, generally some form of a sleigh. A marriage among the half-breeds in St. Paul, was usually follow-



WINTER FUN IN MINNESOTA FORTY YEARS AGO.

rany on many sleigh-rides, and whose lovely eyes captivated our young hearts, now occupy their leisure hours in sewing on our buttons, or in dressing dolls

ed by a bridal tour to St. Anthony. The sleigh containing the bride and groom led the column and was followed by others in sleighs, sometimes to the number of fifty or more. The trip was made so as to get back before night. The fiddlers would be ready and dancing was indulged in until broad daylight on the



LANE K. STONE.

W. S. MORTON.

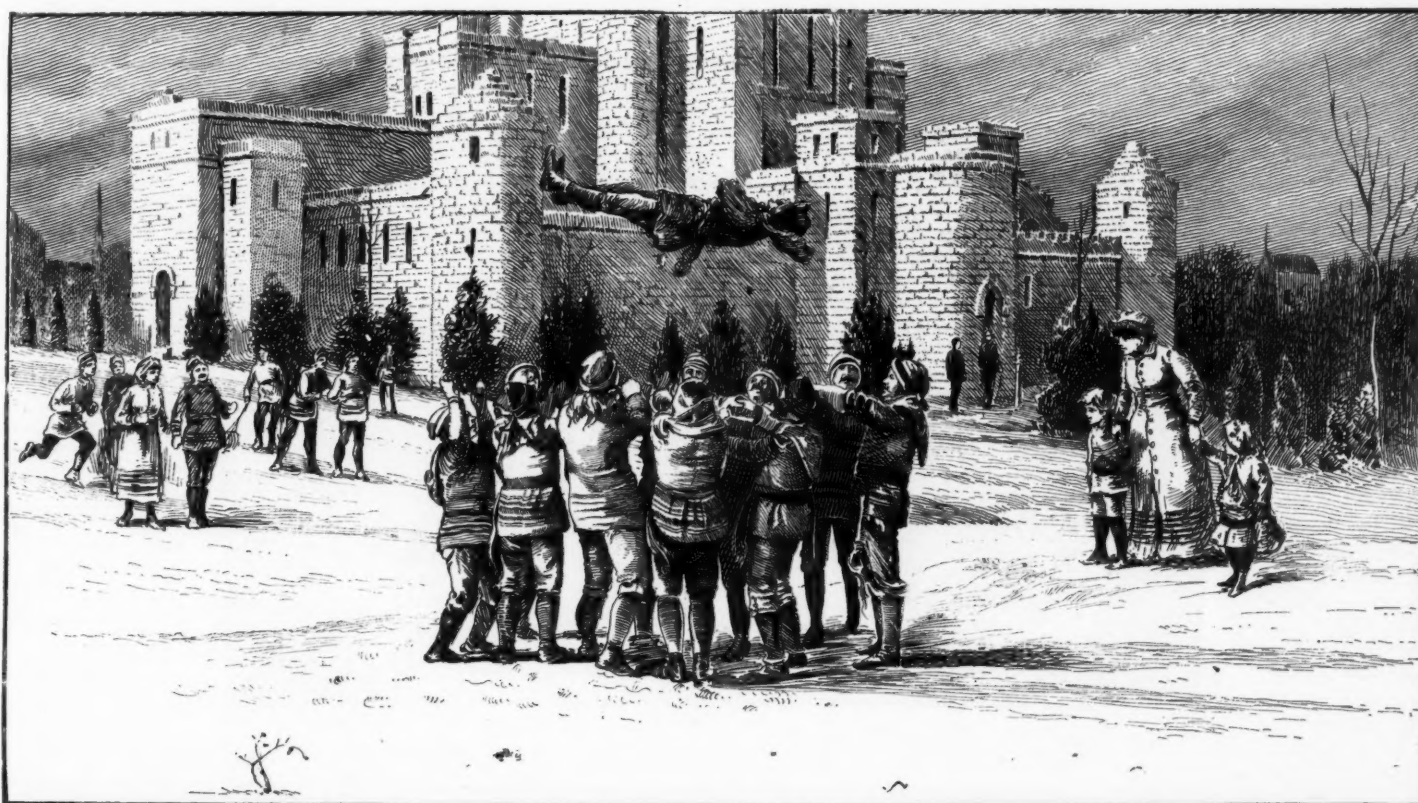
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### ST. PAUL TO MINNEAPOLIS.

	Ex.Sun.	Ex.Sun.	Daily.	Ex.Sun.	Sun.only.	Ex.Sun.	Daily.	Ex.Sun.	Daily.	Daily
	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Lv. St. Paul.....	7.15	7.25	8.15	9.15	10.15	3.15	4.15	5.15	6.15	6.30

### MINNEAPOLIS TO ST. PAUL.

	Ex.Sun.	Sun.only.	Daily.	Ex.Sun.	Daily.	Ex.Sun.	Daily.	Daily.	Ex.Sun.	Ex.Sun.
	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Lv. Min'apolis,	6.15	7.15	7.45	8.15	9.15	10.15	3.15	5.15	6.15	7.30

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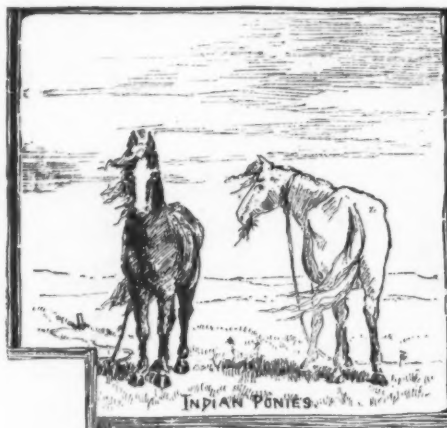
following morning. These people seemed to enjoy themselves to the fullest extent. After the party separated for their homes, the newly married pair would proceed to their shanty and begin housekeeping in their simple way. The third-class was composed of tramps. Then we had no City Hall where they could enjoy a good fire and a good bed. No one outside their own set knew where they were to be found after all the public houses were closed. During the day they were to be seen in the various saloons, whose enterprising proprietors watered their stock so thoroughly that it was necessary to keep the whisky barrels near the fire to prevent the contents from freezing. Around a red-hot stove the liquors were kept, and near by the tramps could be found from 7 o'clock in the morning until 11 o'clock at night; then they would wander away, no one knew where, to sleep off the effects of bad whisky, and be ready to begin their daily rounds on the following day.

After months of isolation, the spring rains and the warm rays of the sun would burst the icy fetters which had enchained the winter river, and then all would be on the *qui vive* to see the first boat, and on its arrival at the wharf a warm and cordial reception was extended to the officers thereof by the people assembled *en masse*. The sporting fraternity often bet as to the time of the first arrival and the appearance of the first boat was the occasion of the exchange of much money and many drinks.

Soon Dame Nature would clothe herself in summer attire and our prairies would rejoice in their loveliness. The wild strawberry would blossom, and before the chill of winter had fairly passed away, the fruit would ripen, and young and old would go strawberrying—and might possibly secure a quart as the result of a day's hard work, but the luxury was highly appreciated by those who had so long "roughed it" on bacon and potatoes.

It is difficult to realize the thorough isolation of the people of this country during those winter months. We were entitled to a mail once a week, but often in the early winter, and in the spring, owing to bad roads and weak ice, several weeks would elapse without one word from the states. The mail was carried in a sled drawn by one horse, driven by a Frenchman. When the ice became strong his arrival was very regular. If behind time the bluff would be lined with people, anxious to get a glimpse of him as he turned the bend of the river near Pig's Eye. All were anxious to hear from the dear ones at home. It was an interesting sight to see the mails distributed and how greedily the news would be devoured by those fortunate enough to receive letters. Some would laugh and others would weep as they read good or bad news from home.

As an illustration of our isolation, I may mention that after the close of navigation it became necessary for Mr. Franklin Steele to go East. He went by stage to St. Louis, thence by boat to New Orleans, where he took passage on an ocean steamer for New York. My impression is that he was five weeks in making the trip. Now the iron horse inflates his lungs on the Atlantic coast and dashes, with the rapidity of the winds, over prairies, through hills and valleys and quenches his thirst in the blue waters of the Pacific ocean, and this is done in less than six days.



Forty years ago, we could almost count on our fingers the inhabitants of this, then remote region. In fact those were the days of small things. While we all looked for railroad connection with the East, yet the most enthusiastic would have been surprised if anyone had predicted that in forty years St. Paul would be a great railroad center, from which would radiate iron-rails to the four points of the compass, taking

Palace grounds. Here may be seen the daily life of a band of aborigines—the making of moccasins, of baskets and of bead-work, the rude cooking, the sports of the children, the ponies and dogs, the busy squaws and the lazy bucks, engaged chiefly in smoking their pipes of the red pipe-stone found in the western part of Minnesota. It is not easy to realize, in looking at this picture of apparently harmless savage life, that these same people are of the tribe that only a quarter of a century ago spread horror and devastation all along the western border of the settlements of Minnesota. The frontier was then only about a hundred miles from St. Paul, and the fugitives from smoking villages and farms, and from scenes of cruelty and murder took refuge by hundreds at the capital of the State.

They are harmless looking people now, these once redoubtable savages; but get a good look in their eyes and you will see the old wildness and ferocity lurking still in those cold, glistening, black orbs. Superior force has tamed, but not civilized them. While they are making a show of themselves and selling their trinkets to Carnival visitors, their thoughts, no doubt, often go back to the time when their powerful tribe lorded it over all the plains and country as far east as the big woods of Minnesota, and hunted

the buffalo, fought their ancient enemies, the Ojibways, whose homes were in the forests and by the lakes, and sneered at the weakness of the pale-faces who came among them to barter for their furs.

#### BEFORE THE SNOW.

A soft gray sky, marked here and there,  
With tangled tracery of bare boughs,  
A little far-off fading house,  
A blurred blank mass of hills that wear  
A thickening vale of lifeless air,  
Which no wind comes to rouse.  
Insipid silence everywhere;  
The waveless waters hardly flow,  
In silence laboring flies the crow,  
Without a shadow, o'er the bare  
Deserted meadows that prepare  
To sleep beneath the snow.

R. K. WEEKS.

#### SNOW STORM IN EARLY WINTER.

Thick clouds ascend—in whose capacious womb  
A vapory deluge lies, to snow congealed.  
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along;  
And the sky saddens with the gathering storm.  
Through the hushed air the whitening shower descends,  
At first, thin wavering; till at last the flakes  
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day  
With a continual flow. The cherished fields  
Put on their winter-robe of purest white.  
'Tis brightness all; save where the new snow melts  
Along the mazy current.

THOMSON'S "SEASONS."

#### JOYOUS WINTER DAYS.

—Through the blue serene,  
For sight too fine, the ethereal nitre flies—  
Killing infectious damps, and the spent air  
Storing afresh with elemental life.  
Close crowds the shining atmosphere, and binds  
Our strengthened bodies in its cold embrace,  
Constraining; feeds and animates our blood;  
Refines our spirits, through the new strung nerves,  
In swifter sallies darting to the brain—  
Where sits the soul, intense, collected, cool,  
Bright as the skies, and as the season keen.

THOMSON'S "SEASONS."



AN INDIAN CAMP ON THE ICE PALACE GROUNDS.

our productions to the teeming thousands beyond the Missouri, and bringing in from the great empire to the west of us, gold, silver, grain, wool, beef, etc. And yet we have just commenced to develop our immense resources. Who can predict the progress of the next forty years?

R. W. JOHNSON.

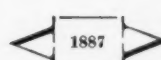
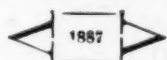
#### THE INDIAN CAMP.

One of the most interesting features of the Carnival of 1886, and one that is repeated on a somewhat larger scale this year, is the Indian village on the Ice





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## ABOUT SKATING.

The ethnologists who fumble among the relics of old races of men do not tell us when or by what people skates were invented. They think the Scandinavian tribes along the Baltic or the North Sea first learned to glide along the surface of their frozen lakes and rivers on some hard contrivances fastened to the feet, but they are only positive that skating is a very ancient sport. They tell us that the oldest skates still preserved in museums of antiquities are made of bone, and that they were fastened to the feet with cords. Such skates, it is known, were used in London in the time of Henry II.

The Dutch are believed to have been the first to use iron skates. They are a skating people to this day, those thrifty, comfortable Dutchmen. Everybody skates in Holland. It is hard to find a house in the whole country that is farther from a canal than a stone's throw. In winter this net work of waterways becomes a glistening net work of ice roads. Families go visiting on skates. People skate to market and to church. Children skate to school. Timid ladies, invalids and old people are pushed along the ice in little high-backed sledges by robust skaters. Skating matches are common and many games are played on the ice.

Skating scenes have been favorite themes for the Dutch painters from the dawn of art in the Netherlands. The cold gray winter light of the North Sea Shores; the snow on roofs and roads; the smooth ice; the swift moving figures in gay-colored apparel and the mirthful accidents of the sport have afforded subjects to many famous artists. The Dutch were always great realists in art, and the awkward and tumbling beginners in the sport are portrayed with as much care as the graceful skaters. I have a little Dutch skating picture, scarcely larger than the page of an octavo volume. In the background the tower of an ugly chateau rises against a dreary, grisly twilight sky. In the foreground a snowy country road skirts the border of a pond. There is a row of leafless poplars, with snow-flaked branches. On the ice are many skaters in blue and red flannel coats, looking not unlike our St. Paul toboggan jackets, and one of them has just had a tumble and lies sprawling on his back. The merit of the picture is in the dextrous handling of the little figures and in the wintry tone of the light.

The form of skates has changed considerably since I was a boy. The body used to be made of hard wood and only the runners were of steel, and those were prolonged so as to come up in front of the foot, ending usually in a brass tip. Leather straps with buckles were the fastenings. Now the whole skate is of metal with ingenious mechanical devices for fastening it to the sole and heel of the shoe.

Wonderful speed can be made on skates by experts, and even a skater of moderate skill can distance a trotting horse. It is said that the Frieslanders, who live on the eastern shores of the Zuyder Zee, can go for a long time at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. The speed of an ordinary passenger train is frequently made.

Skating is growing in favor in the Northwest, and in most of our cities there are rinks which are flooded every night so as to present a freshly frozen smooth surface. In the country the immense lakes and ponds afford ample opportunity for this healthful, invigorating diversion. Now that the curious, un-

sort of skaters who want a free field and a wide sweep for their swift movements, and who think that rinks are trivial affairs for social diversion, rather than for the real enjoyment of the smooth ice and the ringing steel. Hundreds of skaters of both sexes may be seen on this broad stretch of frozen river,



SKATING ON LAKE COMO, SUBURBS OF ST. PAUL.

wholesome roller-skating mania has died out, young people are more and more taking to the ice and the real skate as one of the best forms of winter pastime.

On pleasant days and on moonlight nights the Mississippi River, at St. Paul, just below the Wabasha Street bridge and west of the island is a favorite re-

and among the dark colors of ordinary winter apparel flash out the gay reds, blues, whites and greens of the club uniforms. The scene, as viewed from the bridge above is singularly brilliant and animated. Our artist in the picture on another page has caught very well the spirit of the scene, and the graceful movements and vivacity of the skaters are faithfully depicted. E. V. S.



## H. S. FAIRCHILD & SON

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40 acres on Seventh Street, the main business street of St. Paul, commanding full view of the city, and within  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles of the Hotel Ryan, for \$100,000; or \$2,500 per acre, on easy terms. This is the cheapest property now offered in the city of St. Paul. The frontage on Seventh Street alone will be worth more in two years than is now asked for the entire tract. Stores are already built up to the very corner of this tract electric lights are now extended to it, and the cable line will reach it next season. There is a quarter of a million dollars to be made off this 40 acres within four years.

#### A COUNTRY SEAT.

We have 380 acres of choicest lake frontage in Ramsey County, adjoining the celebrated country seat of J. J. Hill, Esq., which we will sell at the very low price of \$100 per acre. Another like opportunity for our men of wealth to acquire just such a country seat as that of Mr. Hill's will never be offered. In less than ten years the same ground will be deemed cheap at \$1,000 per acre. It is out Rice Street, a splendid drive, and within eight miles of the city

limits, situate on the prettiest lakes and best fishing grounds in Ramsey County.

#### CHEAP BUSINESS PROPERTY.

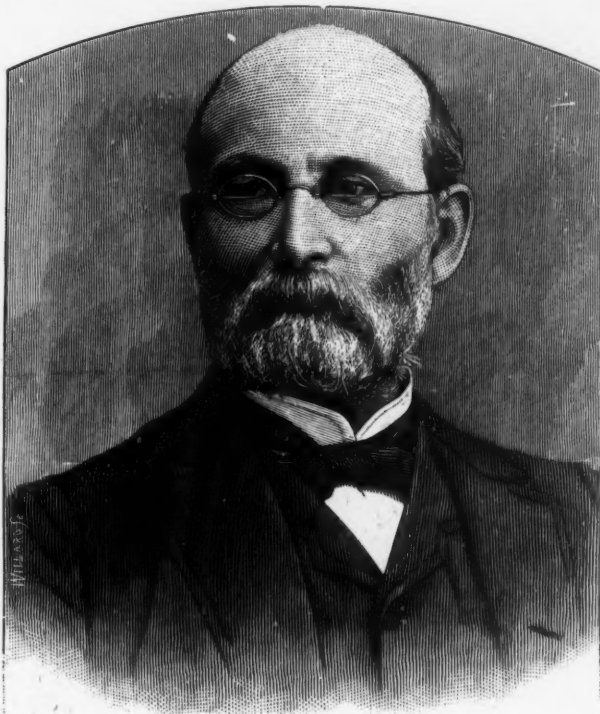
Some dealers are now classing Third Street property on Dayton's Bluff as cheap at \$150 per front foot; yet we will sell you Seventh Street frontage this side of Mendota Street at \$100 per front foot.

#### BETWEEN THE CITIES.

We have the cream of all Midway property (between St. Paul and Minneapolis) for sale. We can sell you the only frontage left on Minnesota Transfer at \$4,000 to \$5,000 per acre, and lots adjoining at the rate of \$2,500 per acre. The Midway district is by far the most rapidly developing district in entire St. Paul or Minneapolis, and investments made there now, if you do not get too far away from the Transfer, will pay very largely each year for years to come.

#### SITES FOR LUMBER YARDS, ETC.

We have a number of sites that are particularly adapted for lumber yards, warehouses or factories. A manufacturing concern, even if offered sites for nothing in some localities, cannot afford to locate until examination of some of the sites we now have listed for sale. We can place you where you have



H. S. FAIRCHILD.

immediate access, without any transfer or other changes, to all the important railroads that enter either St. Paul or Minneapolis. Lumbermen, wholesalers and manufacturers will save money by investigating this matter at once.

#### OUR LONG EXPERIENCE

In handling St. Paul property enables us to give our customers the benefit of actual values in considering business property. Where a large sum of money is to be put in, it will pay the purchaser to invest through a long established and conservative house.

#### TO INVESTORS:

We are prepared to invest capital for outside parties either in mortgage loans, improved property that pays handsome rentals, or in speculative property where the increase in value is certain. All we care to say on this subject is that St. Paul is the most rapidly growing city on the continent to-day, and that we refer to any St. Paul bank for further information.

#### H. S. FAIRCHILD.

H. S. Fairchild—whose portrait illustrates this page is one of the representative men of St. Paul—a clear-headed, active, sagacious, public-spirited, successful business man—for thirty years the leading real estate operator of the city—and now President of the Real Estate Board.

The firm, H. S. Fairchild & Son., occupy the large first floor corner room of the Chamber of Commerce—opposite the Ryan Hotel. It is evident that Mr. Fairchild's energies do not flag with increase of years as he contemplates soon adding six or eight salesmen to his force and pushing the business with more vigor than ever.—[ED. NORTHWEST MAGAZINE.]



CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BUILDING.—OFFICES OF H. S. FAIRCHILD & SON.

## WINTER THOUGHTS OF AN OLD RESIDENT.

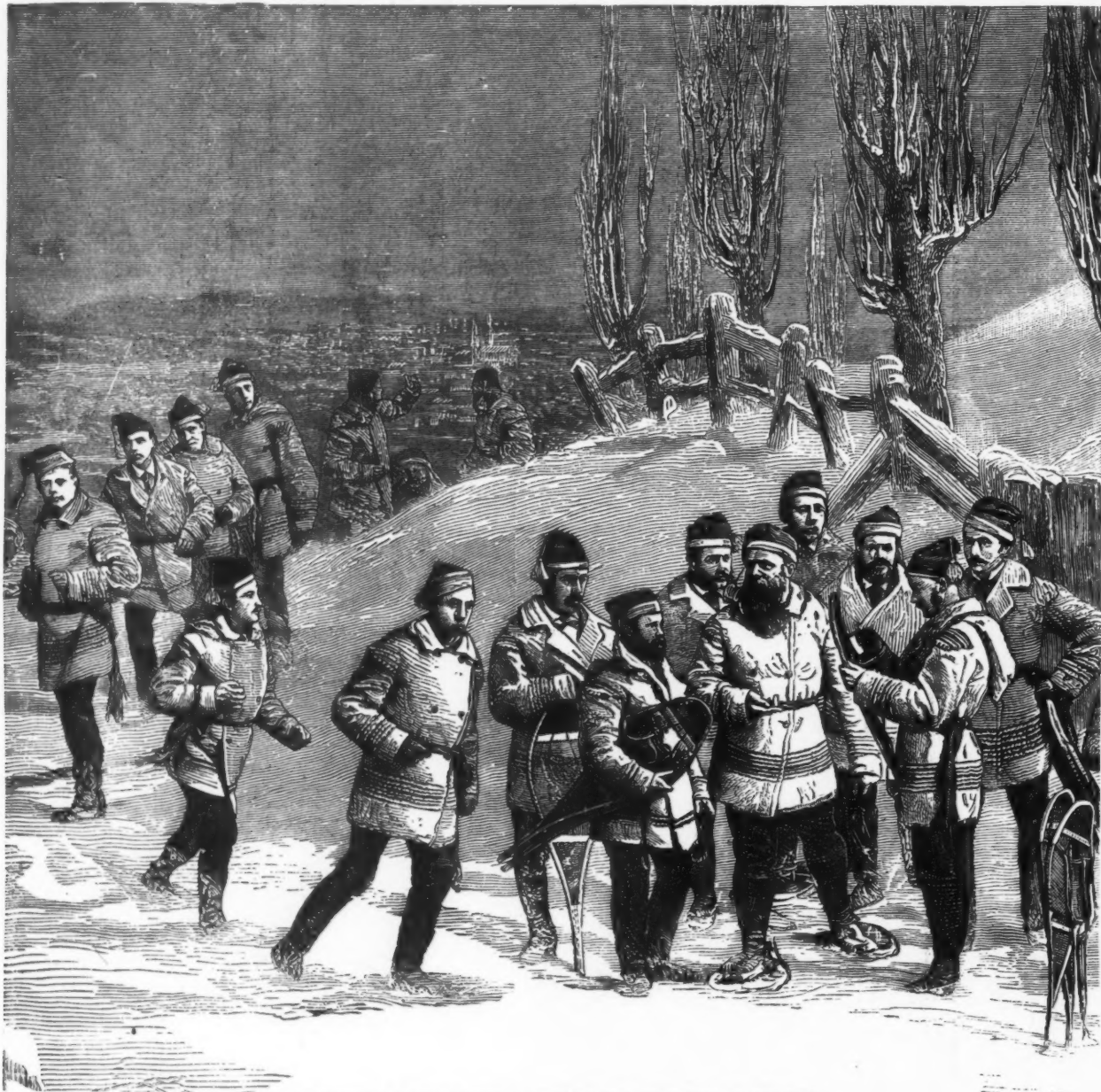
When spring appears, and the grass grows green, and the trees put forth their leaves, and the flowers bloom, and the birds sing, the earth seems as new and fresh and young as it was thousands of years ago. Every winter, too, is a new one; and, to some extent, there is a new generation to enjoy it. We with hair in color like the winter coat of the Northern rabbit are passing from view in the great panorama of life. Those in front are building railroads and cities, fighting the great battle, and acting the great drama. The rugged little boys and girls, with rosy cheeks and joyous, hopeful hearts—God bless them, everyone—are coming in sight with their land-sleds and tobog-

and declared openly that there is no God, or a malevolent one!

Without doubt, some countries are better adapted for the abode of civilized man than others. The great Northwestern prairies, like a garden of the Lord, with a soil of great fertility, and a fine climate and season for crops, have been given to us ready prepared to our hand. We have only to plow, sow and reap.

If the reader thinks I am trying to cover a good deal of ground with St. Paul, by cutting the bull's hide into very small strips and stretching it, like the fugitive Phœnician princess of old who founded Carthage, let me remind him that the whole great Northwest is only a suburb of St. Paul; and that the great

They express a great deal. It is a happy country. In that neighborhood, in the oldest and most thickly settled part of Minnesota, there are several nationalities. They are not all rich; many have small farms; but all have warm houses, warm clothing in winter, and plenty to eat. That tells a big story, and it is true. It is a happy country. The climate encourages and compels industry and thrift. Blest climate, cheerful and social winter, we could not spare you! I speak of people in very moderate circumstances, and of the least rich, when I say that meat is eaten every meal, as a rule; that potatoes are on the table at breakfast, dinner and supper, and wheat bread always, and butter and milk, and tea or coffee; and the children go to school warmly and



SNOW-SHOEING BY MOONLIGHT—A MEET IN THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY.

gans. You can hear them shout. Get on the big sled! white-haired girls and boys, and let us ride to the bottom of the hill, and get out of the way! Let us not repine or grieve that our own youth is passed. Youth itself, will never grow old, and life will never die.

A benevolent Deity has implanted in man's heart the love of home and country. The Arab with his camel and date palm tree is happy on the hot and sandy desert, and cannot understand how men live in a country where dates do not grow. The Eskimo with his hut of ice, his little skin-covered boat, and his spear for killing the seal, is cheerful, and believes that the shore of the Arctic Sea is the finest country in the world. And yet Huxley has said in his heart

Northern Pacific railroad, the great Manitoba railroad, and the other great Northwestern railroads, are only St. Paul street car lines lengthened out. They all bring grist to our mill—and the one at Minneapolis, our other half. They carry St. Paul goods to all points from Iowa to Manitoba and from Lake Superior to Puget Sound.

The country around St. Paul is one of very great prosperity. Amongst the farming population, actual poverty is unknown. There is no such thing as want.

A few years ago, an honest Swede woman, a neighbor of mine at that time in Washington County, said to me: "This is a happy country; everybody has enough to eat." I have often thought of her words.

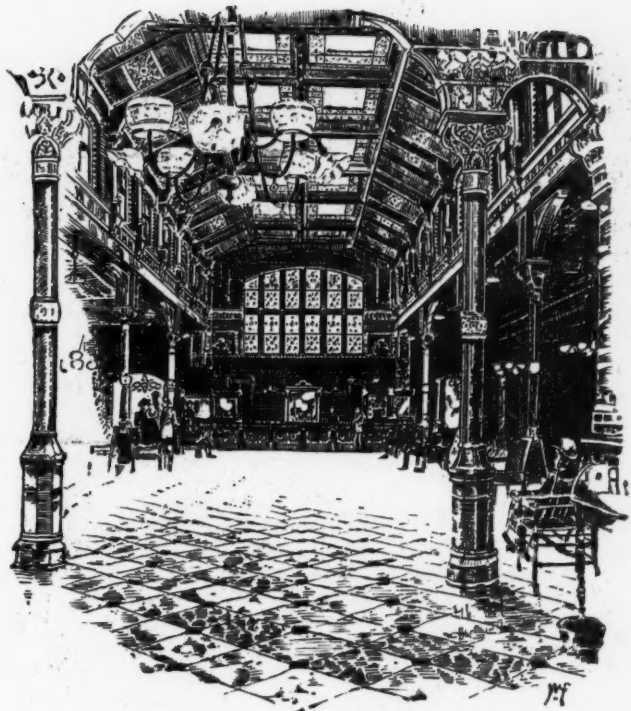
decently dressed without exception. In how many countries can as much be said of the whole population, even the poorest? I have lived with the people as one of them, and I know whereof I speak; and I sincerely believe, I think I know, that with but little exception, this is a fair picture of the happy condition of the whole people of Minnesota and the Northwest generally, where the settlers have been long enough on their homes to get "fixed."

We talk of hard times. What do we know about hard times? We sometimes complain of poor crops. We do not get a full crop quite every year, it is true, but a total failure of crops is absolutely unknown. There never has been a failure. We always have enough for ourselves and some to spare for others.





MAIN ENTRANCE.



THE LOBBY.

Hotel Ryan,

ST. PAUL.

DENNIS RYAN,

Proprietor.



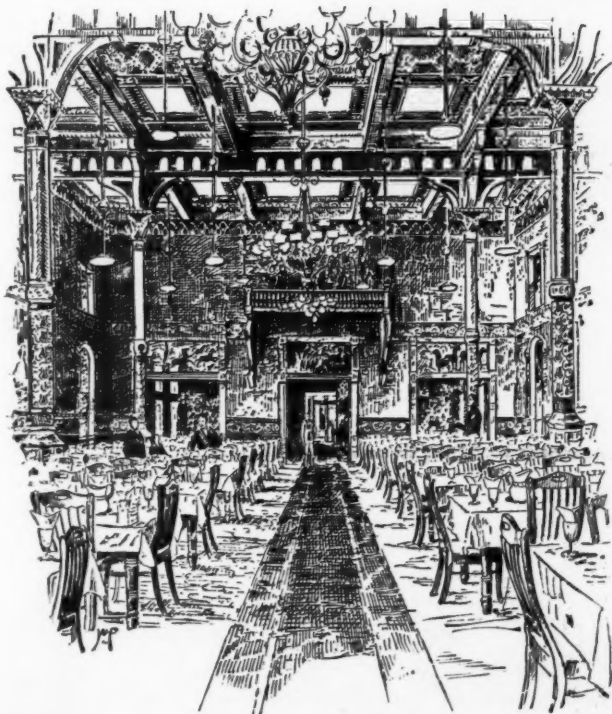
THE RYAN.

Hotel Ryan,

ST. PAUL.

E. P. EMERSON,

Manager.



DINING ROOM.



A PARLOR.



Built by Taylor & Vreth Co.

THE ST. PAUL ICE PALACE, 1887.  
LENGTH, 214 FT. WIDTH, 194 FT. HEIGHT, 135 FT.



JANUARY, 1887.

## WINTER CARNIVAL GREETING!

FROM

**COCHRAN & WALSH,**

INVESTORS' AGENTS,

OF

ST. PAUL AND DULUTH, MINN.

TO EASTERN INVESTORS,

TOGETHER WITH A

Cordial Invitation to America's Winter Carnival

DURING THE CARNIVAL SEASON, AND THE

**OPENING OF THE ICE PALACE, JANUARY 17th, 1887.**

A trip to St. Paul at this season will afford an opportunity to combine pleasure and business. No sight which this continent ever afforded, surpasses in beauty and picturesqueness the varied scenes of the Carnival work. The magnificent crystalline structure, which seems a fit embodiment of our glorious winter climate, reflecting the brilliancy of Minnesota's northern sun by day, and illuminated by electric lights and pyrotechnical display by night, is worth a trip across an ocean and a continent to see. And the accompanying features are none the less interesting and beautiful. The parades of the Snowshoe and Toboggan Clubs in variegated uniforms are a unique feature of the festival, while the abandon and zest with which the whole city gives itself up to out-door pleasure and sport, during the continuance of the Carnival, typify the sturdiness of our Northwestern people, and put to scorn the oft-repeated libel upon our region that it is an inclement and inhospitable clime. We can promise you scenes of beauty and chances for sport without measure.

But St. Paul and Duluth illustrate as well the wonderful business growth and development of our land. More wheat has already passed through the usual channels of trade than it was supposed the whole crop of Dakota and Minnesota amounted to, while the Building Review just published shows that \$10,000,000, were spent last year in St. Paul in improvements.

For seventeen years we have acted as the representatives of Eastern correspondents in placing money upon improved city property in first mortgage loans. Our experience, wide and continuous as it has been, has also been uninterruptedly favorable and fortunate for those entrusting their business to our care. All our old friends are included in the foregoing invitation to our Winter Carnival, while we shall also be happy to see any new ones who desire to make investments either in Mortgage loans, Municipal, County, Town and School Bonds, or other investment securities.

Our Real Estate Department, both in St Paul and Duluth, offers opportunities for the purchase of either inside or outside property in two cities, whose past growth on the one hand, and future prospects on the other, have been, and bid fair to continue to be, unrivalled.

**COCHRAN & WALSH,**S. E. Corner Jackson and Fourth Streets, Gilfillan Block, **ST. PAUL.**

EXCHANGE BUILDING, DULUTH.

Happy Northwestern Canaan! where we never have to send down to Egypt for bread for our little ones.

Much has been said and written of the delights and miseries of our Minnesota winters. As usual, the truth lies between the extremes. Intense cold is not a good thing. It is a negative condition that is positively unpleasant. There are some winter days here when no one likes to be out. These days, however, are the exception. There are not very many of them. Even then business is not suspended. Men, and women too, dress warmly and go, and are none the worse for it. Away back on the thinly-settled prairies, serious accidents have happened in unexpected snow storms. This danger will be over before many years in all the agricultural region. For some thirty winters I drove from my former home to St. Paul and back, fifteen miles each way, in all kinds of weather, often leaving town at 9 or 10 o'clock on the coldest nights, and I never had a finger, a toe, or the tip of an ear frozen; and in all that time I never knew of a serious accident by freezing amongst my neighbors or personal acquaintances.

Continual summer would certainly be monotonous, and in such a climate we know that men become indolent, and degenerate. The extreme and long-continued cold of the Arctic regions has a depressing and dwarfing effect. Situated as we are just half way between the Equator and the North Pole, with our invigorating winter, not too severe, and delightful, healthy summer, and the happy alternation of our four seasons; probably, on the whole, we have as good an average climate as there is any where.

In a little "souvenir" published last winter by the St. Paul Ice Palace and Winter Carnival Association, there is a fine description of our Minnesota winter weather, and a pretty story about Emma Abbott singing in one of the churches on a Christmas day, and on her return to the hotel being shown the thermometer which marked 42 degrees below zero at high noon. The facts are all right and the description not overdrawn, but by some mistake of the thermometer or otherwise, the figures are away off. There has not been any such degree of cold as 42 degrees below zero at "high noon" in this vicinity since the Falls of St. Anthony, or anyhow since Pig's Eye. It wouldn't be a matter to boast of either. On that day, December 25th, 1883, by the record of the U. S. Signal Service station in St. Paul, the thermometer marked 27 degrees below zero *in the morning*. The temperature did not rise much before 10 o'clock, and was comparatively low at noon; the day was as the writer described it. 39 degrees below zero on the morning of Dec. 25, 1879, is the lowest temperature recorded since the station was established in St. Paul in 1870 or 1871, and it has reached that figure but once to the present date. *Vide* Observer Lyons and the record.

Many of us have observed with pleasure and patriotic hope the well-developed limbs of our little girls in short clothes, and the lover of the athletic and the esthetic will be delighted to see the full-grown St. Paul girl put on her winter walk. She goes off with a brisk, graceful and elastic bounding step, well kept up, too, that promises much for the future greatness of our people in peace and war. More beautiful and graceful than Atalanta, she looks as if she might be as fleet of foot. It will not be a cold day when our girl is left behind. She is fast coming to the front in the human race.

St. Paul is a gay city in winter, with many fine horses, stalwart men, and beautiful women. One not familiar with winter life in its proper home, will be surprised at the lively, inspiring, and exhilarating scenes on the principal streets and avenues on a fine, bracing afternoon.

J. W. BOXELL.

#### WINTER TRAVEL IN THE NORTHWEST.

It will surprise our Eastern readers, no doubt, to learn that railway trains are less obstructed by snow in Minnesota and Dakota, and even in far Western Manitoba, than in New York or Illinois. There is a common fallacy that the further north one goes, the heavier the snow fall. This is wide of the truth. The belt of greatest snow fall runs across Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, New York and Pennsylvania. On the Pacific coast, it is in the Sierras of California, and not in Oregon or Washington. There is not a single snow-shed on the Northern Pacific line, whereas, there are many miles of them on the Central Pacific. The railroads running into Chicago are frequently blockaded by snow, while those leaving St. Paul are unobstructed.

The snow of Northern latitudes is dry and fine-grained, and is easily cleared from the roads by passing trains, unless it packs in cuts; and to guard against this trouble, the roads build snow-fences along the sides of the cuts. It is the worst snow that comes down in great fleaks and forms with its own weight a mass almost as heavy as ice, that is the

Trade and travel are scarcely checked even in such extremely low temperatures as from 30 to 40 degrees below zero. The commercial travelers, those Knights-errant of modern times, are on the move, with their big trunks and their unfailing cheerfulness and unlimited cheek, the same as usual, for the tradesmen's stock of furs and warm woollens must be kept up, and the grocers find that their customers eat most in cold weather.

There is a good deal of pleasure travel, too. People go to visit friends and relatives in other towns. The Ice Palace and Carnival in St. Paul brings a new phase to winter travel. Thousands of people living in towns and the country in Minnesota, from Wisconsin and Dakota, come to the metropolis to see the brilliant spectacle of the monumental crystalline castle and the gay street pageants. Others come from distant Montana and Manitoba; others from Chicago and St. Louis; still others from Eastern cities. The railway trains are full, the hotels are full of social guests, the stores are crowded with customers. The cold Northern winter becomes for the time a season of movement and merriment, of out-door sports, and in-door sociability.

E. V. S.

#### THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.

The snow had begun in the gloaming,  
And wearily all the night  
Had been leaping field and highway  
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock  
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,  
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree  
Was ridged inch-deep with pearl.

From shore new-roofed with Carrara  
Comes Chanticleer's muffled crow,  
The stiff rails were softened to swans-down,  
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched at the window  
The noiseless work of the sky,  
And the sudden flurry of snow-birds,  
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in Sweet Auburn  
Where a little headstone stood;  
How the flakes were folding it gently,  
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,  
Saying, "Father who makes it snow?"  
And I told of the good All-Father  
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,  
And that of the leaden sky  
That arrived o'er our great sorrow  
When that mound was heaped up so high.

I remembered the gradual patience  
That fell from that cloud like snow,  
Flake by flake, healing and hiding  
The scar of our deep-plunged woe.

And again to the child I whispered,  
"The snow that husheth all,  
Darling, the merciful Father  
Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;  
And she, kissing back, could not know  
That my kiss was given to her sister,  
Folded close under deepening snow.

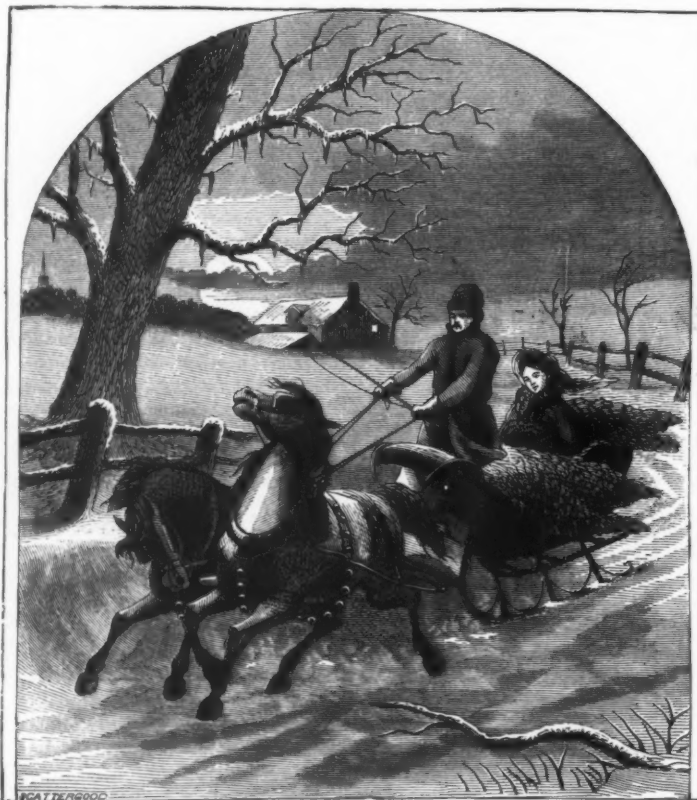
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

#### WINTER'S CHARMS.

When the air is cold,  
And the winds grow bold,  
And the robes of snow do the earth enfold;  
When the home lights glow  
And the bright flames throw  
Their mellow gleam in a golden flow,  
And winter's charm again you know.

Where are roses then?  
Not in the field or fen,  
Nor with violets sweet in the old farm glen;  
No, alas! they bloom  
But in the hothouse room,  
And your best girl's mad if you do not doom  
A ten-dollar bill to an early tomb.

—Pittsburg Chronicle.



A MOONLIGHT SLEIGH RIDE

dread of railroad men in the middle belt, from the plains of Kansas and Nebraska to the Atlantic Coast. Last winter trains ran regularly on the entire Northern Pacific line, a few hours detention, occasionally, in a four-days' run, being the most serious trouble.

Nor is there any special discomfort in traveling in the Northwest during spells of extensively cold weather. All cars are provided with double windows and are thoroughly warmed. Not much entertainment can be had from views of the winter landscapes, because the windows are thickly coated with frost, and a fresh coating collects in a few minutes if you scrape off the old one. The omnibuses that brings passengers to the stations are all on runners, and their drivers are muffled in great coats of wolf or buffalo skin. Many passengers stand by the stove a while before seating themselves on seats, and emerging from their furs. The newsboys do a brisker business in the sale of light literature than they do in summer for the reason that there is nothing to be seen unless you go out on the platform at the stations. In Northern Minnesota, novels in Swedish and Norwegian, as well as English, are sold on the trains—an indication of the strength of the Scandinavian population.



## OAK VIEW ADDITION TO SOUTH ST. PAUL

On this page will be found a plat of

## Oak View Addition to South St. Paul,

and a map showing location of same; also portraits of the Agents, Messrs. FITZER & FLANAGAN. Study well the map and plat.

The addition is centrally located, between South St. Paul and the Union Stock Yards, a section of the city that in a short time will become thickly settled. It is only **three-fourths of a mile** from the very important contemplated improvements, and is bound to share **the general thrift** that has already set in.

OAK VIEW has been in the market only since Dec. 1st, '86, and there are already two houses built. Several more are contracted for, and will be erected in the spring. Good water can easily be obtained at from thirty to thirty-five feet depth.

**FITZER & FLANAGAN.**

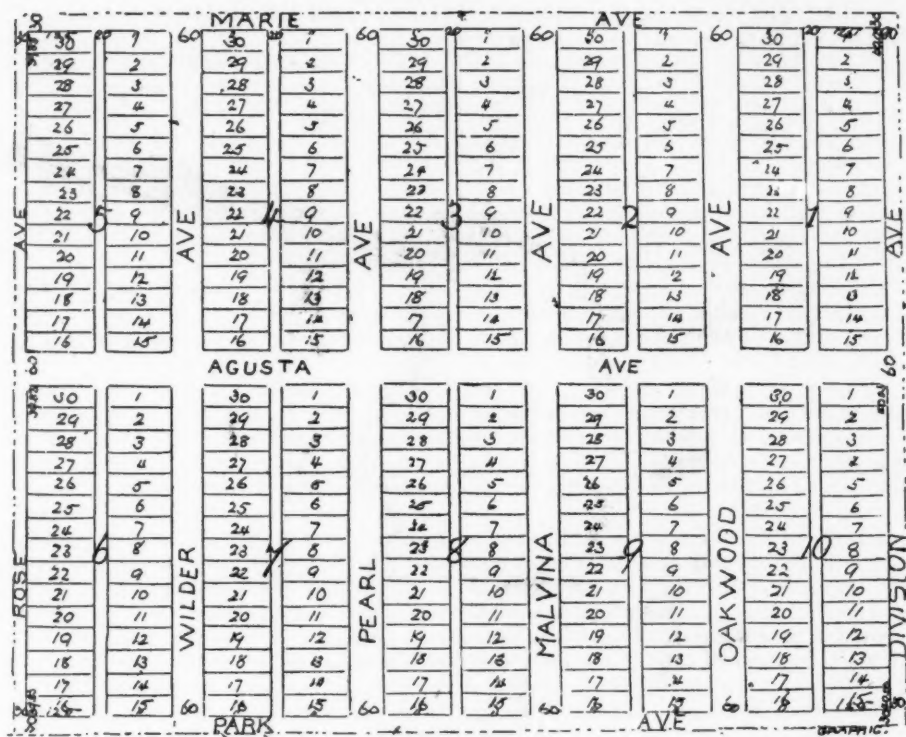
75 DAKOTA AVE., are sole agents for this addition, and will cheerfully furnish any desired information. **Prices and terms** can be obtained by calling at their office, or addressing a letter to them.

## This Firm Negotiates Mortgage Loans,

has always a large list of St. Paul property, and transacts a GENERAL Real Estate business. Best of references. ALL BUSINESS entrusted to them will receive prompt and careful attention.

**Office:**

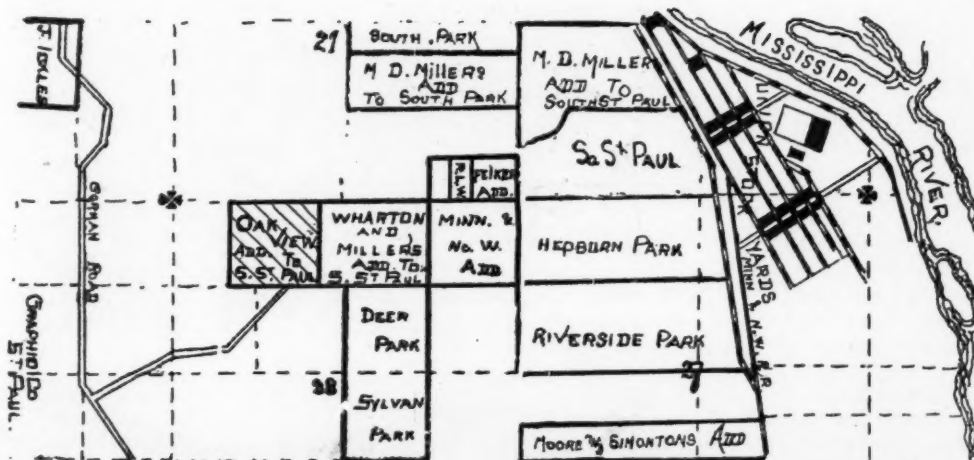
**75 Dakota Avenue,  
St. Paul.**



W. A. FITZER.



THOS. J. FLANAGAN.



*Map showing location of Oak View Addition.*



A COLD DAY IN ST. PAUL.

A flash of rosy light comes from the East. In the deep valley of the Mississippi all objects are wrapt in a pearl-gray veil, which flushes as the light falls on it from above. As the day dawns the columns of blue smoke can be seen rising as straight as though they were of solid substance, so still is the cold air. There is a steel blue color on the snow-covered roofs, indicating an unusually low temperature. All sounds are heard with surprising distinctness—the bells on the milkmen's horses, the rumble of distant trains, the tramp of early pedestrians on the crusty snow. Doors are opened with a creak and a snap. The curious citizens come out to look at their thermometers, hung under the shelter of the porches. Thirty degrees below zero! In the warm houses, with their double windows, storm doors and furnaces there is no hint of the severe cold, save on the thickly frosted panes.

How curiously still the air is! When you first go out you feel no chill. You doubt the record of your thermometer, the atmosphere is so mild and pleasant. In a few minutes, however, you feel a little biting sensation in your ears and you pull down your fur cap. Then there comes a peculiar aching sensation in the middle of your forehead, and down comes the cap still lower, until your eyes look out from just below its warm border. The end of your nose stings a little, and you thrust it into the beaver collar of your overcoat, first on one side and then on the other. Now you are quite comfortable, and you can laugh at the utmost efforts of Jack Frost, who can do no more than cover your beard with ice and make stalactites in your mustache. How invigorating is the still, crisp air! Everybody walks with a springing step. In their muffings, with little of their faces visible save their eyes, you would hardly recognize your best friends if you were not familiar with their fur coats. You distinguish them as you distinguish animals by the color of their hides. Here is A. in his new mink coat, very proud of it, too; tells you it cost him a hundred and twenty-five dollars. There goes B. in his buffalo—a "silker," he would have you know, always very rare, these soft fine-haired buffalo skins, and not to be had at all now. "Wouldn't trade it for a mink," he assures you. This is C., the bank-cashier in a beaver, and with him is D., the successful real estate speculator in a seal skin that must have cost him a good three hundred at least. Next comes E., the editor, whose musk-rat coat he thinks about as good as mink, although it cost only one-third as much. The hack-driver, his vehicle hung by the wheelless axles upon four runners, wears a bear skin that comes down to his feet; that car-driver's coat is of Japanese dog skin. Your neighbor, the railroad man, is arrayed in

Russian lambskin, the wool curled to resemble Astrakan. Thus in time you come to know people by their external garments. How much of casual, cold-weather conversation is about these fur coats! Men who would never think of mentioning their ordinary clothes will chat with great interest about this, that or the other kind of fur, where it comes from, how much it cost, how to keep the moths out in summer and so on.

The street-cars are rarely obstructed, for the snow is dry and is easily pushed from the tracks by the scrapers hung in front of the wheels. Formerly every car had a little stove on the front platform, and connecting with it was a register that admitted the hot air to the interior. This winter a new plan of heating has been adopted and a small stove in a sort of zinc-lined box stands in the car on one side occupying about the room of one passenger. Many people think the old plan was best, for the car when crowded, is usually uncomfortably warm, especially to passengers wearing furs.

In the car the passengers compare the records of their thermometers and no two of them ever exactly agree. They ask each other how their furnaces are working and talk of the price of coal. The car-wheels make a ringing, musical sound on the rails. You cannot see out of the window because of the accumulation of frozen moisture from the breath of the passengers. The sun is well up now and the streets are flooded with brilliant light, but there seems to be no warmth in it. At noon the mercury has risen a little, but it does not go above twenty, and towards evening it falls again. Trade goes on briskly in spite of the cold. The streets are musical with sleigh-bells and with the metallic sound of the sleigh runners on the hard snow. In the afternoon the ladies are out shopping, wearing sealskin cloaks or cloth cloaks lined with fur, their heads muffled up with soft, knit fabrics, their cheeks red enough now without the aid of art.

You walk home to avoid the crowded street-car and to enjoy the brisk life of the streets. Your breath is like puffs of steam from a locomotive; your blood seems to rush through veins and arteries at an unusual speed; you feel an exultant sense of vital force. Once off the stone pavements the business streets, the board sidewalks snap and creak under your feet and from the sides of the houses come sharp reports like pistol shots, produced by the contraction of the wooden walls. The walk seems much shorter than it used to seem in the summer and fall and what an appetite it gives you for your six o'clock dinner! How pleasant seem the warm rooms, after you have hung up your fur coat in the hall, pulled off your arctics and settled yourself in your big easy chair by the fire-side. Every sensible man has at least one fire in his house that he can see, no matter how efficient may be the furnace in his cellar.

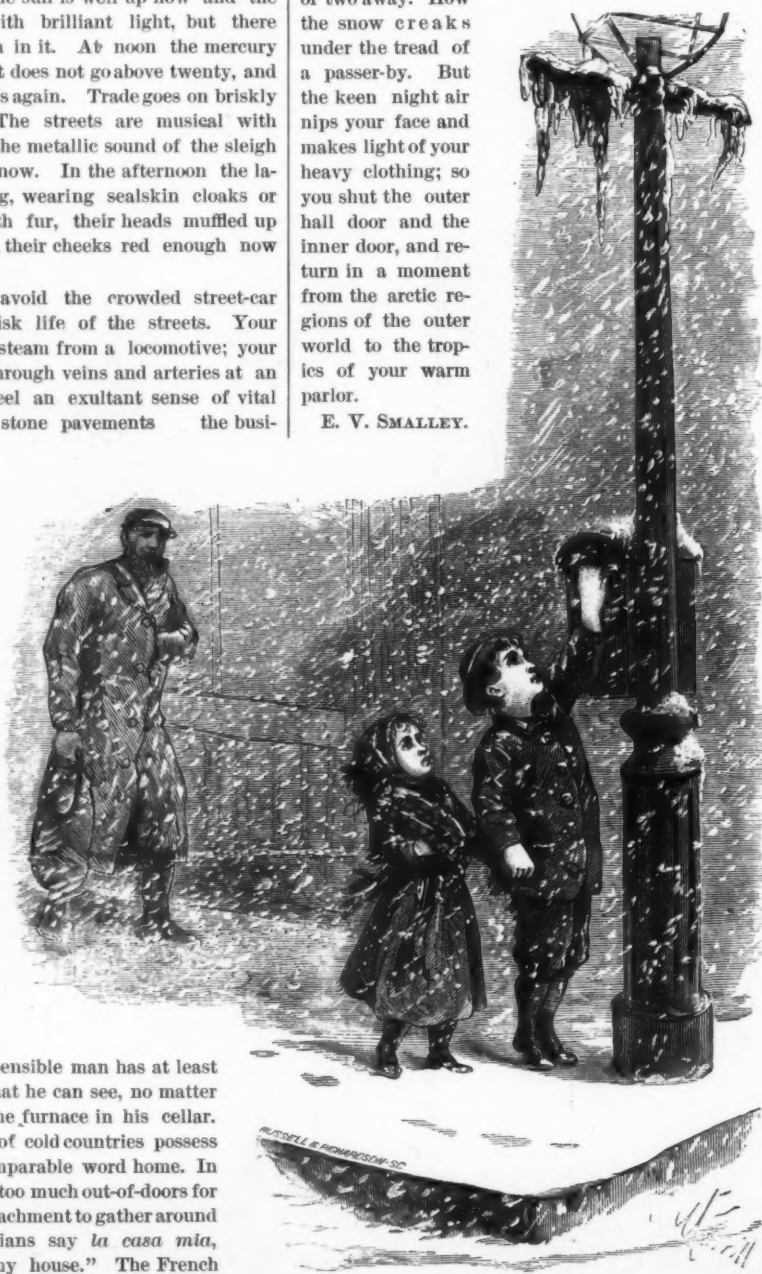
Only the languages of cold countries possess the beautiful the incomparable word home. In warm countries life is too much out-of-doors for sentiment and deep attachment to gather around the domicile. The Italians say *la casa mia*, which means only "my house." The French

recognize fire as the center of domestic life, and reverence *le foyer*—the hearthstone. We of English speech have a word that means at once house and hearthstone and family and all tender domestic ties—home.

There are many compensations for the rigors of our northern winters in the pleasures of the household and of social life. Nowhere else are such pains taken to make the home cosy and attractive. Southern houses, even those of wealthy people, look scantily furnished and bare in comparison with our Northern interiors, with their fur rugs, their many pictures, their warm carpets and cushions. In our Northern winter home-life there is much reading of magazines and books, the piano is rarely silent a whole evening, neighborly calls are frequent, and whist parties and progressive euchre parties are favorite forms of social diversion.

A prudent man always looks to his furnace the last thing before going to bed. When you have done this you may, perhaps step out on your piazza to take a glance at your thermometer. "Down to thirty-two below—going to be the coldest night of the season," you say. You glance at the white street, where the moonlight sparkles on the myriad crystals of the snow, and up to the heavens, where the stars seem to shine with a supernatural brilliancy. A sound of sleigh-bells and of laughter comes round the corner; the bell striking the hour in the distant steeple seems close at hand; the whistle of a locomotive far off in the valley is as loud as though it were but a block or two away. How the snow creaks under the tread of a passer-by. But the keen night air nips your face and makes light of your heavy clothing; so you shut the outer hall door and the inner door, and return in a moment from the arctic regions of the outer world to the tropics of your warm parlor.

E. V. SMALLEY.





# The Northern Pacific R. R.

FROM

St. Paul, Minneapolis or Duluth

IS THE

**POPULAR LINE to the FARMING and WHEAT LANDS of MINNESOTA and DAKOTA.**

The Only Dining Car Line to the Pacific Coast, to Portland, Or., and all principal points in Washington Territory and Oregon. The Only Line by which Through Tickets can be procured to Tacoma, Olympia, Seattle, and all points on Puget Sound. The Pioneer Line Running Through Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars and Dining Cars to the Pacific Coast. Meals in Dining Cars only Seventy-five Cents each.

**NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR ACCOMMODATIONS IN EMIGRANT SLEEPERS.**

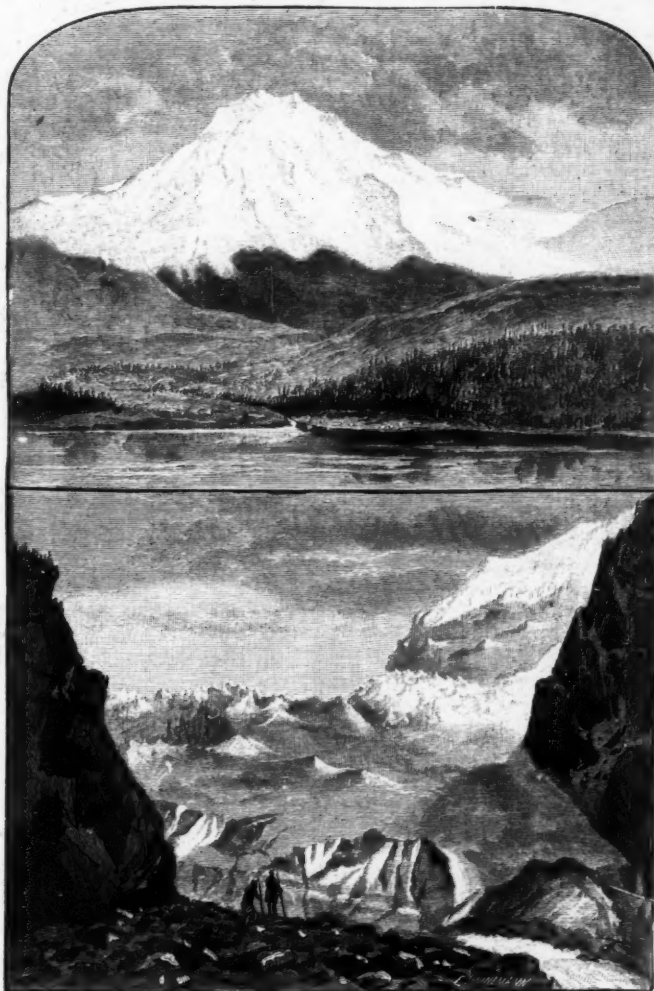
**On Sale, During the Tourist Season, a Special Excursion Book Ticket, including the following privileges:**

1st. Rail Transportation, St. Paul, Minneapolis or Duluth to Cinnabar (terminus Yellowstone Park Branch, fifty-one miles from Livingston), and return.

2d. Pullman Sleeping Car Fare to Livingston and Return.

3d. Meals on Dining Cars to Livingston and return.

4th. Stage Transportation, Cinnabar to Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel, thence to Upper Geyser Basin and Great Falls of the Yellowstone, and return.



MOUNT TACOMA AND ONE OF ITS GLACIERS.

5th. Meals and Lodgings at Hotels of Yellowstone Park Improvement Company for a five days' trip to Upper Geyser Basin and Great Falls of the Yellowstone.

**PRICE: One Hundred and Twenty Dollars.**

**The Round Trip can be made from St. Paul, including Complete Tour to the Park as above, in Nine (9) Days.**

## Only Rail Line to the Yellowstone National Park.

### Pacific Coast Excursions.

Special Excursion Rates from ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS or DULUTH, to PORTLAND, OREGON; TACOMA and SEATTLE, WASHINGTON TERRITORY; VICTORIA, B. C., and SITKA, ALASKA,

Will be quoted on application to the undersigned. Correspondence with regard to Yellowstone Park Excursions, and the Grand Tour to Alaska, via the Northern Pacific Railroad and Pacific Coast Steamers Through the Inland Passage, as described by Lieut. Schwatka in the publication referred to below, is especially invited. A new and handsome illustrated publication, entitled "Through Wonderland with Lieut. Schwatka; 'also, 'Alice's Adventures in New Wonderland,' Maps, Folders and General Information, will be mailed free on application to the undersigned.

**J. M. HANNAFORD, Traffic Manager.**

**CHAS. S. FEE, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent, St. Paul, Minn.**



THE TEN-STORY FIRE-PROOF BUILDING OF THE SAINT PAUL GLOBE.



## STILL IN THE LEAD.

## The St. Paul Globe Soon to Occupy Its New Ten-Story Building.

## Its Marvelous Growth From Infancy to Manhood in Two Brief Years.

From the time that St. Paul grew to such proportions as to assume the dignity of a city, up to within a very recent period, Third Street had been the principal business thoroughfare of the city. A goodly proportion of the wholesale houses fronted on this street below Jackson, and from Jackson to the Seven Corners the retail stores and shops were located. For a long time this street was also a favorite one for blocks for office purposes, and, in its prosperous days it had no rival. But during the past few years, there has been a marked change, and Third Street is not now so eagerly sought after for business locations. A number of other streets have assumed just as much, if not more, importance, and the tendency of capital in the construction of buildings, is in other directions. There is not a new building in process of construction on Third Street, from Rosabel to Wabasha, while the activity in improvements is noticeable on every important street north and south—notably Wabasha and Jackson. A great many of these buildings, however, are for mercantile and business purposes. Since 1880, during which time the growth of St. Paul has been phenomenal, a problem has arisen as to which street would be settled upon by capitalists for the building of blocks for office purposes. The improvements of late in this direction tend to show that Fourth Street will be the principal one for buildings of this character, and if one will stop long enough to consider the matter he cannot come to any other conclusion. It is in every way adapted for such a purpose, and the fact that nearly all the railroad offices, the Gilfillan block, First National Bank, German American Bank block, Union block and Court block

## ALL FRONT OR TOUCH UPON THIS STREET

Proves the confidence of the men who build magnificent edifices which cost large amounts of money. The recent erection of the splendid *Globe* block—the first and only ten-story building put up in St. Paul—on Fourth Street, still further strengthens the opinion that the future of the street is assured, and that the great office blocks to be erected hereafter will be located along its sides. But more especially is the immediate vicinity of Fourth and Cedar and the square of streets surrounding the new court house and city hall (now building) to become valuable and be in demand. This will be apparent as soon as the edifice named is finished and the rubbish is cleared away. The corner of the square on which the *Globe* is located—the south-east—is about the most eligible of any. Fourth Street is the avenue for all the street-car lines—as it will also be of the cable lines—and this will greatly enhance its value as a location for those who rent offices. Convenience in getting on or off the cars is an important consideration. The court house and city hall being on one side of the *Globe* building, and the Minnesota Club room on the other, it is located in the midst of an important social and political center. The business district is in easy access, likewise the United States Custom House and post office. The Grand Opera House is in the same block. The building is located about midway between the Ryan, Merchants and Windsor hotels. It is, in fact, a location that cannot be excelled for eligibility, and already there is a very active demand to secure rooms or offices in the building. The ground on which the block is located

## IS VERY VALUABLE.

The site of the Temple block in Minneapolis—a building of about the same magnitude of the *Globe*, and in no more eligible section of the city—is valued at \$2,000 per front foot. There is a tendency toward conservative values in St. Paul, but the reader can easily estimate what the *Globe* corner is worth—a frontage of eighty-five feet on Fourth Street and 100

feet on Cedar Street. A young man will not have to live until his hair turns gray to see the square around the new court house completely filled with costly and palatial business and office blocks. A number of important improvements are already contemplated, and plans have been drawn for some of the buildings. There will be more money expended in the section named within the next three years than in any other part of the city. And the greater part of the improvement will be the building of blocks for office and small business purposes. There is a growing tendency on the part of renters to move out of the old blocks and buildings and get into offices and rooms where all the modern conveniences can be had. The men who put their capital into such structures are the ones who will reap a rich reward on their investments. The south-east corner of the square is already handsomely improved—with the *Globe* building, the Minnesota Club House and the Union block. The other improvements are intended to be on a par with these, making it certain that this will be the handsomest and most substantial section of St. Paul.

## STILL MARCHING ON.

The occupancy by the *Globe* of its magnificent quarters, in the early spring, will mark a new era in its history, but it will be simply another step forward in the march of progress which it has so steadily maintained since it came under the direction of the present management. The public well knows what great strides it has made, and the *Globe* is deeply grateful for this appreciation on the part of the public. But it is simply in the natural order of things: The public knows a good thing when it sees it, and of course, the *Globe* has thus become the popular favorite. The paper is really but two years old. The present management took hold of it in February, 1885. For an infant it certainly shows a wonderful amount of vigor and strength. This is the general verdict of the people, and it is not in any way egotistic to allude to it. During these two years it has grown from absolutely nothing until it ranks with the leading newspapers of the country. It has been made a credit to St. Paul and the Northwest, and its opinions and articles are quoted by contemporaries from one end of the United States to the other. It is conceded to be the representative paper of the Northwest, and the fact that it is the only Democratic daily in the two important cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis—which are the center for the whole Northwestern region—makes its influence more marked and its expressions more valuable.

## THE GLOBE MADE THE FIRST REAL NEWSPAPER FIGHT

ever waged in Minnesota for the Democratic party, and, in a state which gave over 40,000 majority for Blaine and elected a solid Republican delegation to Congress in 1884; the Democrats, two months ago, elected three Congressmen, and their candidate for governor was defeated by less than 3,000 plurality. The *Globe* hopes to strike more effective blows in the Democratic cause from its watch tower in the new building, where its facilities will be largely increased and its energies greatly stimulated. There has been a constant endeavor to reach a high standard of excellence, and this will be maintained, and improved upon, when the *Globe* moves into its more elegant and pretentious quarters. The transfer to affluence and luxury will not have a tendency to make the *Globe* proud, however. It will welcome its friends just as cordially, and continue in its good work of furnishing the best newspaper in the Northwest to the reading population. With increased facilities there will be a much more satisfactory method of serving them, with quickness and regularity. That the people will show their appreciation of this there can be no doubt, and the *Globe* will do its best to deserve this confidence. It already has the largest circulation of any paper northwest of Chicago. Before many years it hopes to have a larger circulation than any of the Chicago dailies.

## THE NEW GLOBE BUILDING.

A brief description of the new *Globe* building will be of interest to its patrons and friends—which em

braces the general public. It is located at the southwest corner of Fourth Street and Cedar Streets, across the street from the new court house and city hall and the Minnesota Club House. It is the tallest and most imposing building in St. Paul, and can easily be recognized from a distance. It is built of red pressed brick, with stone trimmings and granite columns, which produce a very striking and pleasing effect, and is ten stories high above the basement. The ornamental work on the corner above the entrance to the *Globe* business office, on the ground floor reaching all the way to the top story—adds greatly to the exterior appearance of the building. It will be, when completed, absolutely fire-proof, not a stick of timber being used in its construction. The girders and beams are all of iron, and layers of brick and cement will be put in between the floors and the iron rafters supporting them. No wood will be used in the partitions or the stairways. The foundation is on a bed of solid rock, and the building is as safe and substantial as it is possible for human ingenuity and experience and money to make it. The interior will be finished in keeping with the general style and effect of the exterior; in fact, it will be made the very best office building in St. Paul. The system of heating will be the best that modern skill has yet devised. Tenants can have the choice of the Edison electric light or gas. There will be three of the best Hale elevators and two wide and easy stairways. The *Globe* business office will occupy the corner on the ground floor. The remainder of the ground floor space will be assigned for business offices. The second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh and part of the eighth floors will be set apart for offices, the rooms being single or en suite.

THE EDITORIAL, LOCAL AND ILLUSTRATING ROOMS will take up the balance of the eighth floor. The composing, stereotyping and proof rooms will occupy the ninth and part of the tenth floors, while the press room will be in the basement. The *Globe* will put on an entire new garb, from the bottom to the top story, when it leaves its present quarters. Nothing but the books will be moved. Two new Web perfecting presses will be put in and an entirely new stereotyping outfit. The paper will appear in a brand new dress; there will be new type, new printers' cases, new stands—in fact, everything will be bright and fresh and attractive. The endeavor will be to make it as complete and convenient a newspaper office as there is in the United States, in every particular. When completed, the structure, exclusive of grounds, will cost about \$290,000, and on the day that the *Globe* takes possession of it there will be ample facilities within its walls to supply a demand for 100,000 of the paper daily. The *Globe* has a full realization of the importance and magnitude of its mission in this great Northwest, and it will not fall behind nor neglect its duties. It will not even be content to keep abreast of the times, but it will always endeavor to go in advance. The constant aim will be to keep it at such a standard that it will be a credit to St. Paul and an honor to the Northwest. The friends of the *Globe* all over the country are invited to call when it moves into its new quarters and really begins house-keeping—about the time the snow disappears. Come and see what a live paper can do in a live country, among a live people.

## A FROSTY NIGHT.

The loosened ice,  
Let down the flood, and half dissolved by day,  
Restless no more; but to the sedgy bank  
Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed stone—  
A crystal pavement, by the breath of heaven  
Cemented firm; till, seized from shore to shore.  
The whole imprisoned river growls below.  
\* \* \* \* \* The full ethereal round,  
Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,  
Shines out intensely keen; and, all one cope  
Of starry glitter, glows from pole to pole.  
From pole to pole the rigid influence falls,  
Through the still night, incessant, heavy, strong,  
And seizes Nature fast.

THOMSON'S "SEASONS"

## SNOW BUCKING.

It was at the Skytop Station, on the Divide, that the Pacific & Atlantic Railroad crossed. The night was blustering and the song of the wind more cruel than that of a siren.

Jem Smith, engineer of "69" sat in his cab, puffing a corn cob and trying to tell me just how he would "buck out" as he called it, the twenty miles of drifted snow that lay between us and the next station.

I had full faith in Jem and the bucking qualities of "69" but I had known faith, in all earthly things to cease, when confronted by a Northwestern snow-bank.

"You see," said Jem, "it's down grade most o' the way. Th' snow's pretty deep, an' frozen like an' 69'll have to hit 'er right hard. But we'll slide through like a greased pig in a knot hole. I'll open 'er up slow till she gets 'er wind and's round the curve and then I'll pull her wide and we'll be thar." Jem always talked that way when he was excited.

The main line of the Pacific & Atlantic, winging over two territories and a state and with twists and curves scaling the mountains, had been blockaded for a week.

In the silence of one night a zephyr, came north of the Arctic Circle, and leagued with other polar zephyrs, had set out for the Southland.

They skipped over the plains of the North, locked up Hudson Bay, and rushed by Regina, enveloped in a mist of dust and snow, of cutting sleet, that grew more portentous as their mad mirth increased.

When they crossed the border line of the Northwest, their revelry had become diabolical—the wrath of Boreas visited upon the earth.

In a night their sport buried "shacks," slaughtered the cattle of the prairies and wound shrouds around a dozen unfortunates who had braved their terrors.

And it was their work that Jem, "69," and myself had set out to undo, on the Pacific & Atlantic. A day of comparative light work had brought us at sunset to the Divide, before us lying the worst.

The storm elfs were at work again, piling up the snow with fiendish glee, but the orders were imperative for "69" to be at Centreville that night—and Centreville was twenty miles away.

There was no particular necessity for my making the trip, but snow bucking was a novelty then to me and my love of adventure kept me from backing out, when Jem opened the throttle, and, "69" shoving the steel-girded snow plow before her, rolled out of the yards and gained the main track. A moment afterwards with a defiant screech of her whistle she plunged into the storm.

Jem stood up as we caught the full strength of the wind and looking at the steam gauge that marked 180 pounds, said to the fireman, "Feed 'er for all she's worth."

You who sit by warm firesides on stormy nights can never realize the sensation of riding a snow buck-er in the teeth of a blizzard.

There is the Mogul (as the largest snow buckers are called) breathing fire and steam, furnace crammed with coal, throttle wide open, a pulsating roar of flame from her stack and her six drivers pounding off with Titan strokes sixty miles an hour, as she plunges into drifts of snow.

Her plow creaks and groans and seems possessed with life as it forces the ice and snow out of its way and pushes resistlessly on.

The moving mass is shrouded in a blinding storm of wind and snow through which the hero who stands at the throttle can never see. He dares death as composedly as a child welcomes sleep.

And death—lurks in the wind, in the musketry rattle of the sleet, in the frost-chilled rails, the sharp curves, by the clanking switches and under the swaying bridges.

He grasps with wrathful might at this terrestrial meteor of iron and steel, and its human guide, eager to seize and crush them.

He mounts on the pinions of the storm-king and hurls avalanches of snow in their course, misplaces switches, snaps rails, tears off tires, weakens bridges, makes hideous wrecks from which something human once, is taken and buried without honor.

Courage is required to "buck" snow and the train-men who go out into the terror of the night, with their engines, to do it, are of the mold from which gods spring.

From the wrecks that make their graves their souls go fluttering up to the gates of Paradise to be kissed twice by the Angel of the First Hour.

I was thinking of this when "69" took her first leap and felt, with a thrill, the grade.

"Biff!" I could not see out, but I knew we were in Wild Cat Gulch, wrestling with a drift. With a rush we were out again and swinging around the Devil's Curve.

Old "69" swayed and groaned as she felt the rails, and then striking the open plain again, shot forward

like a bird; Jem, at the throttle, was silent, one eye on the engine, the other peering ahead.

Our momentum was frightful. Except on the curves it seemed as if we never touched the rails. We outsped the storm birds, leaving behind us a trail of fire and smoke, hanging heavy over the gaping drifts.

Kettle's crossing was ten miles from our starting point and we crossed it fourteen minutes out from the Divide. Curtin's Switch was buried in six feet of snow hurled out by the plow. The scream of our whistle was still in the hills when we flashed across the valley below.

The main line of the Pacific & Atlantic was being opened that night by a demon on wheels, that belched fire into the face of the storm and drove back the drifts of snow with the power of a thunderbolt.

There was no talking in the cab. Jem at his post, I clinging to my seat and the fireman shoveling in coal at every nod of Jem's head, had other occupation than mere talking. We were annihilating space.

At Fist Creek we pierced a great drift in thirty seconds. We had scarcely accomplished it when "69" rose in the air, gave a terrible plunge forward, and then with an angry roar of impotent rage, turned completely over.

As she went up in the last supreme effort to still perform her duty, I saw Jem reverse, and then I was hurled out of the cab and driven head first into the sandy bank of Lone Pine Cut.

I struck with a force that made me senseless, and when I came to, it was some time before I realized that, beyond scratches and bruises, I was unharmed.

So I struggled to my feet, shaking off the dirt and snow. Max, the fireman, who had been tossed into the ditch below me, called.

I answered, but so dense was the storm that we could not locate each other until I ran into his arms and learned that he too was safe.

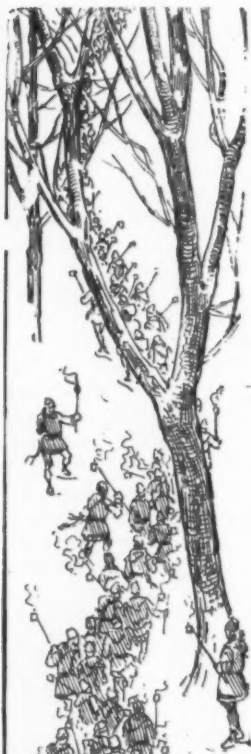
We could hear the death groans of "69" and by the red glow of her fires make our way to where she lay—a queen dethroned.

Our common effort was to find Jem, but the benumbing cold and our stiffness, delayed us in our search. Painfully we gathered together scraps from the wreck, and on a bare spot sheltered from the wind built a fire.

By its light we finally found him, jammed back into the tender and crushed, but so that we could move him. His engine was a useless bit of rubbish; but we hoped to save him.

Hard work brought him back to consciousness for a moment. He partially rose out of my arms, shook back his blood-stained curls, reached out one hand as if still feeling the thrill of the throttle, gasped once, "69—over—the Divide" and was dead. Wrecked engine, dead engineer, two bruised and shivering men staring at each other over the feeble flame of their fire, the wail of the North wind for a dirge—that's snow bucking.

HAROLD L. CLEVELAND.





## ESSERY'S.

Among the handsome establishments in St. Paul, this winter, none deserves more praise than the photograph parlors of Mrs. Essery, at 211 E. Seventh Street, one of the oldest houses in this line in St. Paul. The interior of this place is very faithfully represented in the accompanying picture, though the size of the room is much larger than it would appear in the cut. The decorations are almost entirely Japanese; which, with the great number of specimens of the photographic art lining the walls, make a splendid effect.

Mrs. Essery has a very skillful assistant in Mr. J. H. Brown, an artist of rare ability, who superintends the operating department.

The approaching carnival season will certainly find this firm well prepared with everything that pertains to snow-shoeing, tobogganing, etc., in the way of scenery and appliances. Mrs. Essery said very emphatically, about the middle of December, "There will be many new ideas introduced this season, in carnival photographing, that were not thought of last year. I look for some very beautiful work, and more faithful production of outside views. We are determined to spare no expense, and leave nothing undone that will add to the excellence of our work. Some of the scenery is already complete.

"Our facilities for making large portraits direct from life have been recently improved, and we expect to do a great deal in that line this winter."

## THE ST. PAUL KNITTING WORKS.

The St. Paul Knitting works, started in 1883, by Messrs. Starkweather and Ovenshire, East Seventh Street, employed ten hands. They adopted the motto

of "Good Goods at Honest Prices." With plenty of capital and larger quarters the business was increased the second year over 500 per cent. In 1885 it again increased 120 per cent., and employment was furnished to seventy-five hands; and it has since increased over 50 per cent., and furnished employment to over 100 persons. Mr. Carl Fylpaa is now connected with the management. A factory 40x100 feet, three stories and basement, is to be completed by June 1st. Machinery will be put in for the manufacture of over 100,000 pounds of yarn. This will afford a market for wool such as St. Paul has never had. Mr. Geo. Van Riper, late with the Portage

Hosiery Co., of Portage, Wis., will have charge of the manufacturing of both yarn and knit goods and will also visit his old customers with what is now acknowledged to be the finest and best line of knit goods produced by any one concern in this country; consisting of skirts, underwear, double and single wool mittens, infants' shirts, silk mittens, toboggan caps, etc. and with the increase in facilities for manufacturing, can make prices lower than ever. Their capital will again be doubled, the stock being nearly all sold and without any solicitation; a fact that speaks for itself. The factory is now crowded to its fullest capacity, making the knit tocques, sashes and stockings for carnival clubs, of which they supply nearly all that are organized. They have lately got out and patented a knit coat and pants for toboggan suits which is by far the handsomest suit ever offered for sale.

## AN ELEGANT ESTABLISHMENT.

The entire front of the third floor of the Mannheimer block is occupied by Messrs. Jacassy & Co., the noted decorators and furnishers. There are seven rooms in all, and each special branch of their business has a separate apartment. Several of them are very handsome. The most elegant and costly fabrics are tastefully displayed, while the walls are richly decorated in choice designs. A walk through the rooms excites wonder and admiration. One might easily imagine himself in the home of an Oriental prince.

The firm has been in business here since October, 1885, and already they have established an extensive trade in Minneapolis, Duluth—in fact, most all the larger cities of the Northwest. Mr. Jacassy has almost a national reputation as an artist in this line, he having designed most of the work in the Vanderbilt residence, New York; Potter Palmer's, in Chicago, and others of note. Mr. Jas. L. McAfee, the other member of the firm, is well known as one of the most energetic, progressive business men in this city. Both these gentlemen are well adapted to attract and retain the high class of patrons for which the establishment is noted.



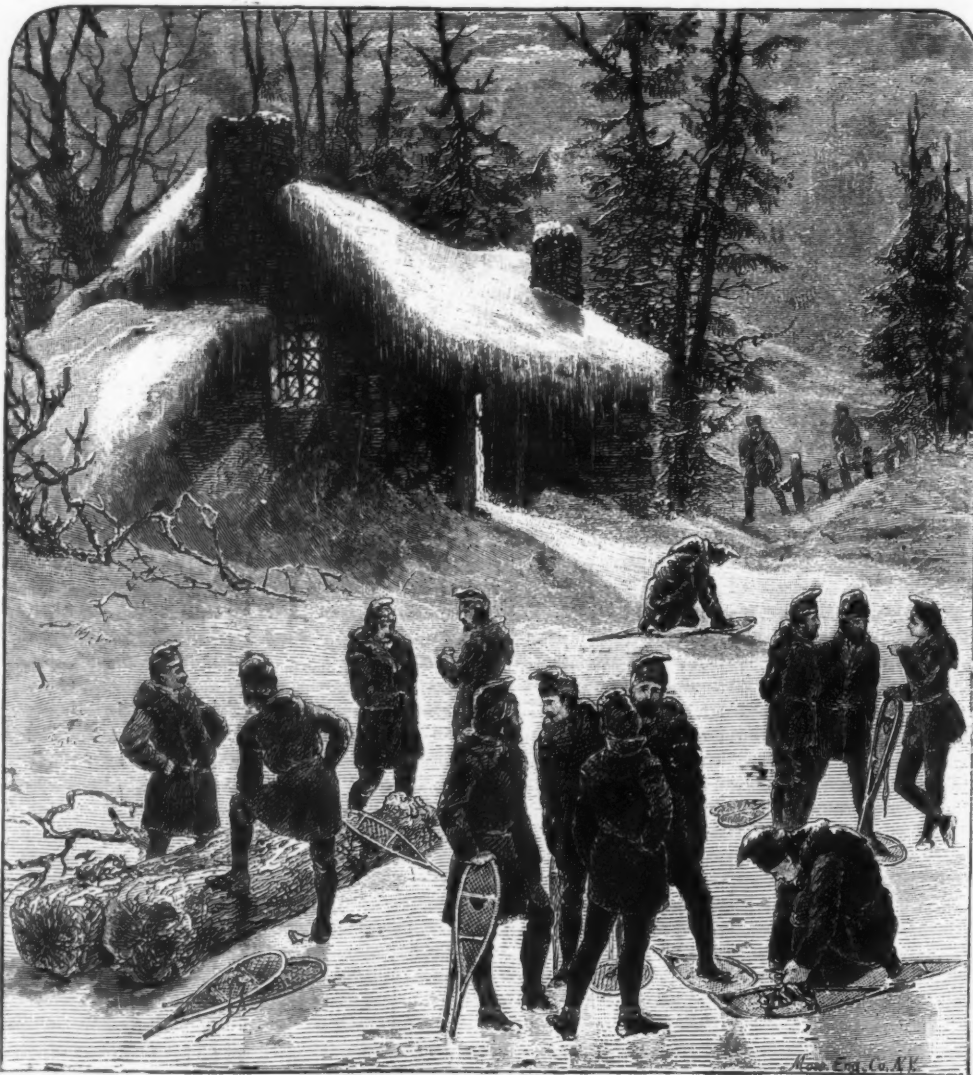
## SNOW-SHOEING AND SNOW-SHOE CLUB LIFE.

"Men may talk of steam and railroads  
But too well our comrades know,  
We can beat the fastest engines  
In a night tramp on the snow.  
They may puff sir, they may blow sir,  
They may whistle, they may scream,  
Gently, dipping, lightly tipping  
Snow-shoes leave behind the steam."

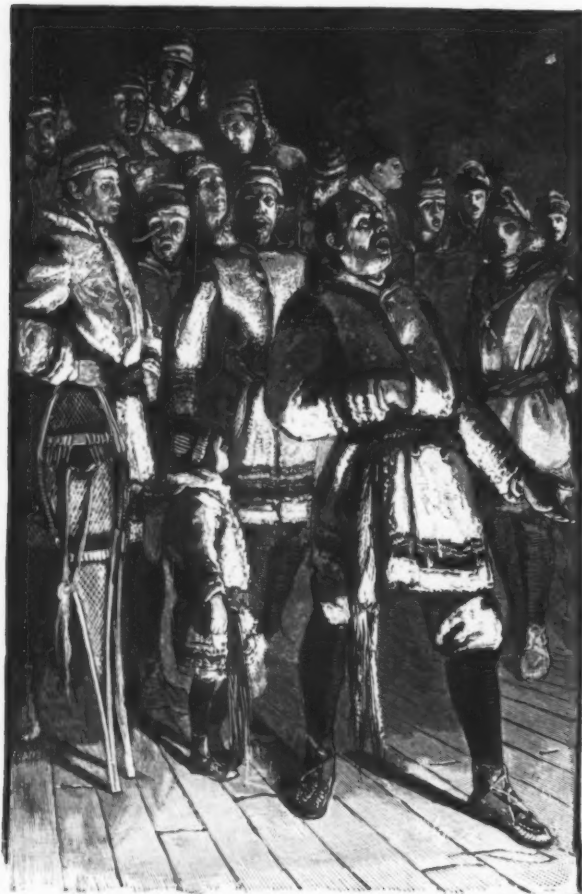
MONTREAL CLUB SONG.

In this age of mechanical knowledge and progress we encounter few articles that are the same as those in use forty years ago, and of all the appliances used in the winter sporting clubs of to-day, the snow-shoe is probably the only one possessing individuality in this respect. The snow-shoe is made to-day of the same general shapes and material as it was forty years ago and is the only thing ever invented for walking on snow. It is not known in what country the snow-shoe was first invented and put into practical use. In nearly all of the winter snow-clad regions of the North, they have been found, all constructed of the same materials and varying only in size and shape. The Esquimaux and Laplanders use them and they have been discovered in numerous tribes in Northern Asia. In the museum of St. Ignatius College at Rome, a pair of these Asiatic snow-shoes are to be seen. Santini brought several pairs from Siberia and they were found in Tartary by LaPerouse and Lessips.

The snow-shoe is made entirely of wood and oiled hide or cat-gut. The frame consists of one piece of ash about half an inch thick bent to a long oval and fastened closely with cat-gut where the two ends meet. A strip of flat wood is then fitted across the frame about four inches from the top, the ends being mortised half way through to hold it in place. A similar cross bar is fitted about two feet from the ends to give the shoe spring and strength. The interior of this frame-work is then closely woven with cat-gut or oiled hide, which allows it to press on the snow with the full weight of a man with little or no sinking. A hole about four inches square is left behind the center of the front cross bar for the partial protrusion of the toes in lifting the heel and carrying the shoe forward. The original snow-shoes meas-



A SNOW-SHOE CLUB RESORT IN THE COUNTRY.



A SNOW-SHOE CONCERT.

ured from two to six feet in length and from thirteen to twenty inches in width, but the standard shoe now in general use is from two to four feet in length and from ten to sixteen inches in width. For club races the shoes are ordinarily reduced to the regulation width which is ten inches. The short broad shoes are considered preferable for a tramp through the forest or in fields where the snow is soft and dry. The Indian shoe was always broad, adapted for the chase; that of the Sioux pointed and turned up at the toe and that of the Chippewa square toed and flat. What is known as the Ashantee is a large flat shoe, round toed and short and from eighteen to twenty inches in width. Soon after the organization of the Montreal Snow-Shoe Club, one of its members applied the shape of the Sioux shoe to that made and used by the Iroquois, and this combination has now become the popular shape in use in Canada and the United States. Moccasins are always worn on the feet while snow-shoeing. The shoe is fastened by a toe strap of moose-skin across the back of the toe opening, leaving the heel free to rise and fall in walking. A moose skin line is fastened to the shoe, the ends crossed over the instep of the foot, around the ankle and tied in front. With thongs that have been well stretched and seasoned, a permanent knot can be tied so that the shoe can be put on and taken off without the disadvantage of tying and untying.

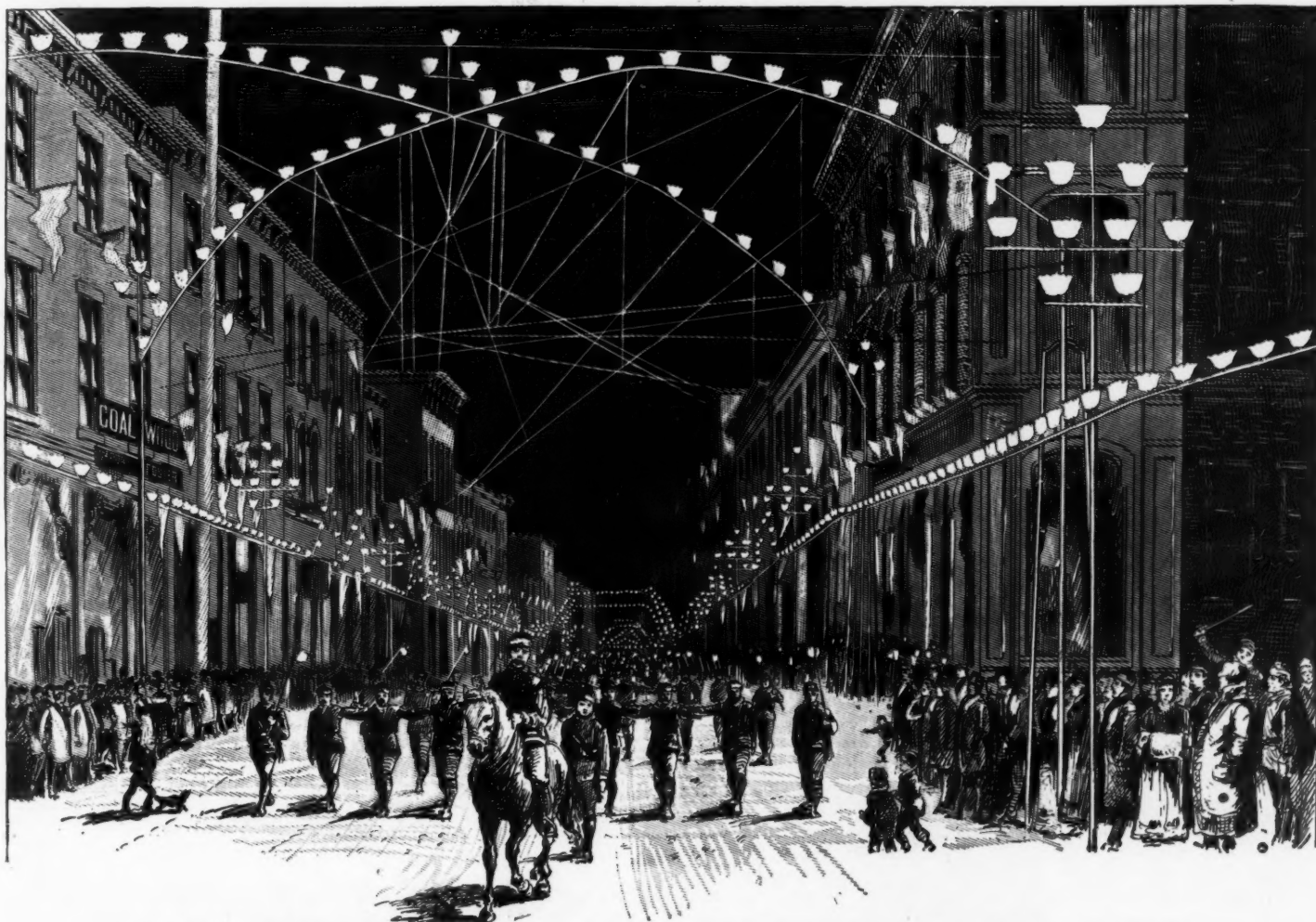
Snow-shoeing as a source of winter amusement and exercise was first introduced in the United States by the St. George Snow-Shoe Club of St. Paul, in November, 1885. Not until this winter, however, has the full enjoyment of the sport been appreciated, the Saints of last season devoting so much time to the carnival festivities that they overlooked the main objects for sport for which the club was originally started. This season the St. George's have organized with entirely new material, its membership comprising the foremost of the sport-loving people of the capital city. Its president, Charles C. Fairchild, is a swift runner, an extraordinary high jumper and a thorough athlete in every sense of the word. On a tramp for a distance of ten miles, the men that keep pace with him have all the honor and exercise they care to indulge in. In addition to the St. George Snow-Shoe Club of St. Paul, there has also been organized the Seven Corners Snow Shoe Club, the Columbia and the Lafayette. As the first name is the only club that has as yet inaugurated the sport as carried on by the Canadians who originated the exercise, I will briefly describe their manner of carrying on the business and pleasures of the organization. The officers of the club consist of a president, two vice presidents, a secretary, treasurer and an executive committee of seven members; and for drill, a captain and two lieutenants. The club meets for drill on Monday evenings for the regular weekly tramp on Wednesday evening and for the transaction of the business of the club on Friday evening. As the organization grows in membership and experience, the Wednesday evening tramps grow more popular and on each weekly trip to Merriam Park the line grows longer and more noisy. The experience of H. C. Shephard, the secretary of the club, is a sample of that of every member's first tramp on snow shoes.



Shep appeared in the full glory of a new rig last Wednesday evening; snow-white blanket; coat tipped with blue and red; white knickerbockers; blue stockings and neat fitting moose-skin moccasins; red sash around the waist; white and blue worsted toque and a brand new pair of snow-shoes—the whole being a present from the boys of the club, in token of their appreciation of his services as secretary. He is taken in charge by Dr. Burdette—an experienced and expert Canadian snow-shoer—and falls into line at eight o'clock as the command is given to "number off." With the inspiration of good company, Shep takes position well up in front, so as to escape the worrying halts and trols of the laggards who spurt and tramp lazily by turns. As the start is made the doctor cautions the new man about the rule which forbids any member to pass the leader, and tells him to accept none of the recommendations of Lamb, the whipper-in, whose delight is in instructing a novice in such a way that he will take a header in the first drift encountered is only equaled by that of his dog Sport who always accompanies the club on a tramp. The cracking of the sidewalks as the line ascends St.

Anthony Hill makes you think it is going to be cold work, but soon your gloves come off; your toque begins to feel hot and heavy and you envy Sport, and Royal's dog, Nip, who rollick in the snow by your feet in all their native nakedness. As the last street lamp is reached between the outskirts of the city and the reform school, the leader calls a halt and every man ties on his shoes. At the cry "Up! Up!" from the leader all drop again into their places in single file and the line leaves the road and tackles the drifts, first at a slow walk. Shep starts off with the rest and together with half a dozen other new men, thinks it no trick at all to walk on the shoes and wonders why they don't go faster. Opposite the reform school a fence parallels the road for some distance. Giberton, who finds walking in line too monotonous for his rollicksome disposition drops from his place with the remark, "See me jump that fence, boys!" Only two rails are visible in the dim starlight, but alas for the jumper, a barbed wire is stretched above and is only distinguishable by daylight. He clears the two rails just high enough to catch his snow-shoes in the wire and head-foremost he dives into the drift on the other

side, peeling the skin from his nose as he cuts through the crust. The whipper-in pulls him out, produces the needed court-plaster and soon the jumper is ready to continue in the line of march. Our friend Shephard by this time has become somewhat tired and winded. He has been walking with his legs too far apart and his loins feel stiffened and lame. Soon the cry "Up! Up!" is passed along and a quick pace is taken up over a succession of deep and uneven drifts. As tired and worn, Shep starts again on a trot, one of his shoes catches in the snow, upsets his center of gravity, and over he goes flat on his face. He forgot to hold his head up and keep his shoulders back and with the toe of one shoe buried in the drift and the other twisted round with the front behind, he is stuck fast in the snow. The whipper-in again exercises the duties of his office and Shep is once more shuffling his weary way, but this time in the rear of the procession. He catches another drift in his shoe just as the lights of Merriam Park is seen, and twenty minutes later the tired secretary drags his wearied limbs under the hospitable roof of Woodruff's rendezvous. By this time the boys have slipped



NIGHT SCENE ON THIRD STREET, ST. PAUL, IN CARNIVAL TIME.—[Street illumination designed and put up by P. V. Dwyer & Bros.]

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off their shoes; thrown aside their coats and toques and are gathered about the stoves thawing the icicles from moustaches and whiskers. Soon they join in line and march into the dining room where coffee and sandwiches are distributed until every hungry snow-shoer has had his fill. After refreshments the crowd adjourns to the dance hall and what was previously a gathering of tired and fagged-out fellows, is now a rollicking throng of light-footed jumpers and dancers. A quadrille is formed and during its progress a stranger puts his head in the doorway. "Bounce him!" some one yells, and in a twinkling the air is filled with what seems to be a dozen arms and legs. He is three times lifted high up to the ceiling and as many times caught in the newly christened blanket "Baby." Maitland saunters to the piano stool and with pipe in mouth touches a familiar chord and "U pi dee! U pi di!" is sung by a rousing chorus of twenty or forty voices. With a recitation by Fairchild; a double somersault from the blanket by Bromlin; a song or two by the double quartet, an Irish jig by Gilberton and a few stories, the two hours limit is consumed before we are aware of it. With a great deal of smoking, but never any drinking; no profanity used or gambling allowed; what better sport can there possibly be than to spend one night each week with this healthy and athletic gathering of good fellows. When eleven o'clock strikes and the line has formed for the homeward tramp, our friend Shephard has forgotten his tired limbs and aching loins, and so it is with all of us. When they have joined in one tramp, no other amusement feature can keep them at home thereafter when Wednesday night comes round.

There is just enough danger in the sport to make it interesting; just enough difficulty in learning to use the snow-shoes to make fun for the experts who make sport of the novice and instruct him at the same time. Those more experienced are quite as liable to take a header too as the new member, and while the latter is always assisted by the whipper-in, the former is left to flounder in the drift until he can right himself, or get on his feet again only by removing his shoes. This is but a resume of one night's tramp of the St. George Snow-shoe Club of St. Paul. The next week tramp may be in an entirely different direction. Next week they may tramp to a desolate spot six miles back of West St. Paul and by building a huge bon-fire and consuming two or three cords of wood, spend the evening out of doors indulging in Indian dances, jumping and racing on snow-shoes; wrestling, boxing, etc. The club now has a membership of nearly 300 active members and has established branch organizations in several adjacent towns in the Northwest. The

St. George's have become incorporated and will continue their existence from year to year whether the ice palace of St. Paul lives out its thirty year term, or dies the death of all those enterprises which fail to receive the support of those whom they most benefit.

A. E. CHANTLER.

Now, from off the ashy stone  
The chilly midnight cricket crieth,  
And all merry birds are flown,  
And our dream of pleasure dieth;  
Now the once blue, laughing sky  
Saddens into gray,  
And the frozen river's sigh,  
Pining all away!

Now, how solemn are the times!  
The Winter times! the Night times!

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.

#### AFTER THE STORM.

The bitter storm beat wildly all the night  
But stayed its fury at the glance of dawn.  
The landscape's mantle smooth of snowy lawn,  
By scarce a crease of darker shading scarred,  
Glistened all purely in the lavish light.  
The naked trees, whose meagre forms had marred  
The wintry scene, were cased in platings bright  
Of crystal ice, that made the forest seem  
A fairy marvel wrought to dazzle sight—  
The fine creation of a raptured dream.  
In silver robes by frosty handmaids drest,—  
E'en like some throng to a baptismal stream  
In faith serene, beauty and youth, that prest,—  
They seemed arrayed for noble rites and blest.

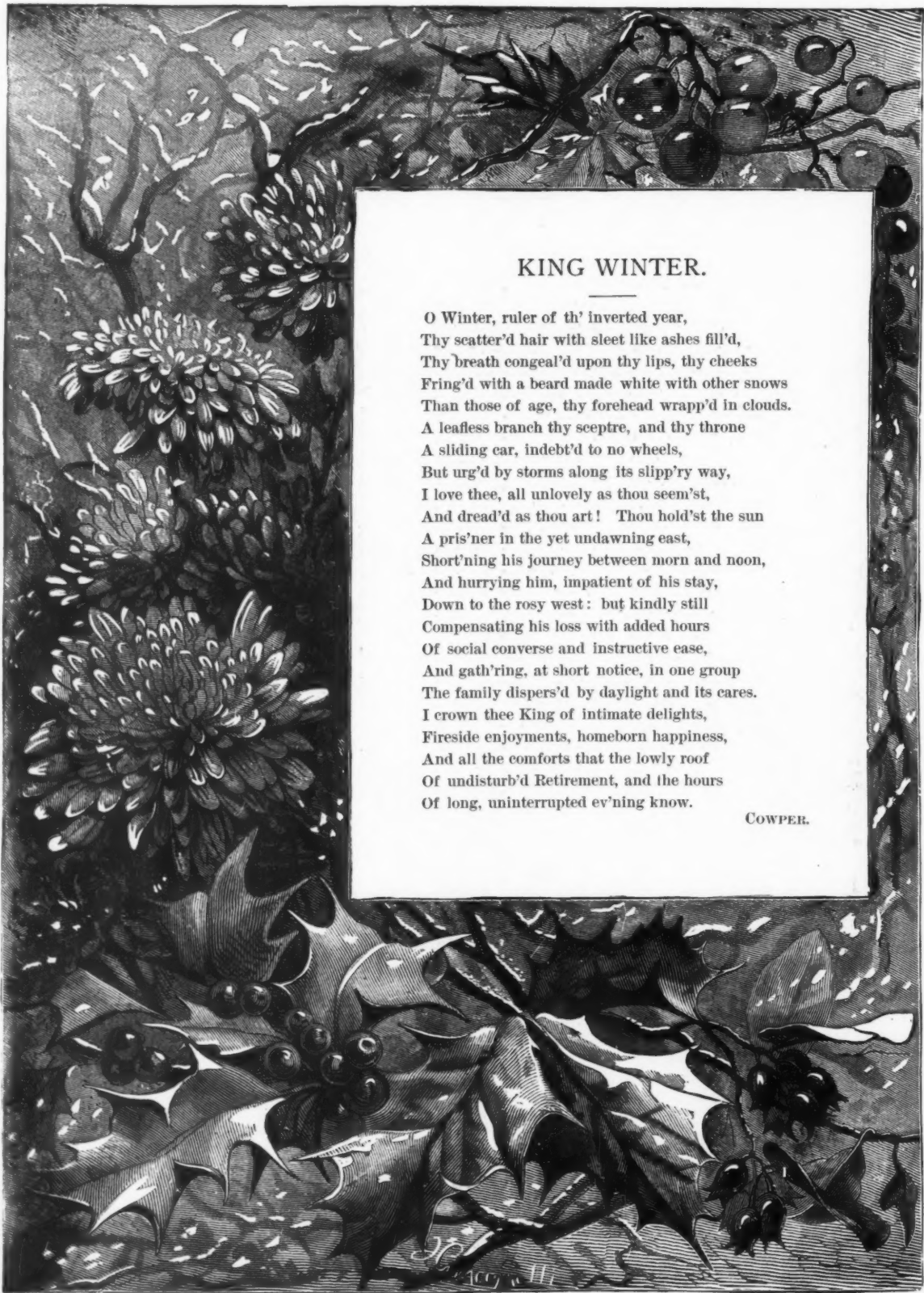
TUDOR WILLIAMS.

For extra copies of this issue address THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE, Mannheimer Block, St. Paul. Price twenty-five cents each.

#### KING WINTER.

O Winter, ruler of th' inverted year,  
Thy scatter'd hair with sleet like ashes fill'd,  
Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips, thy cheeks  
Fring'd with a beard made white with other snows  
Than those of age, thy forehead wrapp'd in clouds.  
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne  
A sliding car, indebt'd to no wheels,  
But urg'd by storms along its slipp'ry way,  
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,  
And dread'd as thou art! Thou hold'st the sun  
A pris'ner in the yet undawning east,  
Short'ning his journey between morn and noon,  
And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,  
Down to the rosy west: but kindly still  
Compensating his loss with added hours  
Of social converse and instructive ease,  
And gath'ring, at short notice, in one group  
The family dispers'd by daylight and its cares.  
I crown thee King of intimate delights,  
Fireside enjoyments, homeborn happiness,  
And all the comforts that the lowly roof  
Of undisturb'd Retirement, and the hours  
Of long, uninterrupted ev'ning know.

COWPER.





**A VALUABLE MANUFACTURING POINT.**

The cut herewith presented on this page is a reproduction of a view published in the November issue of this magazine. It is located at Pickerel Lake, a portion of the city long neglected, but which is being rapidly brought into prominence, as it is within easy reach of all railroads entering the two cities. At the Pickerel Lake end of the Omaha line bridge an extensive area of level land, well adapted for manufacturing purposes, is to be found. Among the present industries located there is a Linseed Oil Mill, adjoining which is the Glass Works of the St. Paul Glass Works Co.,

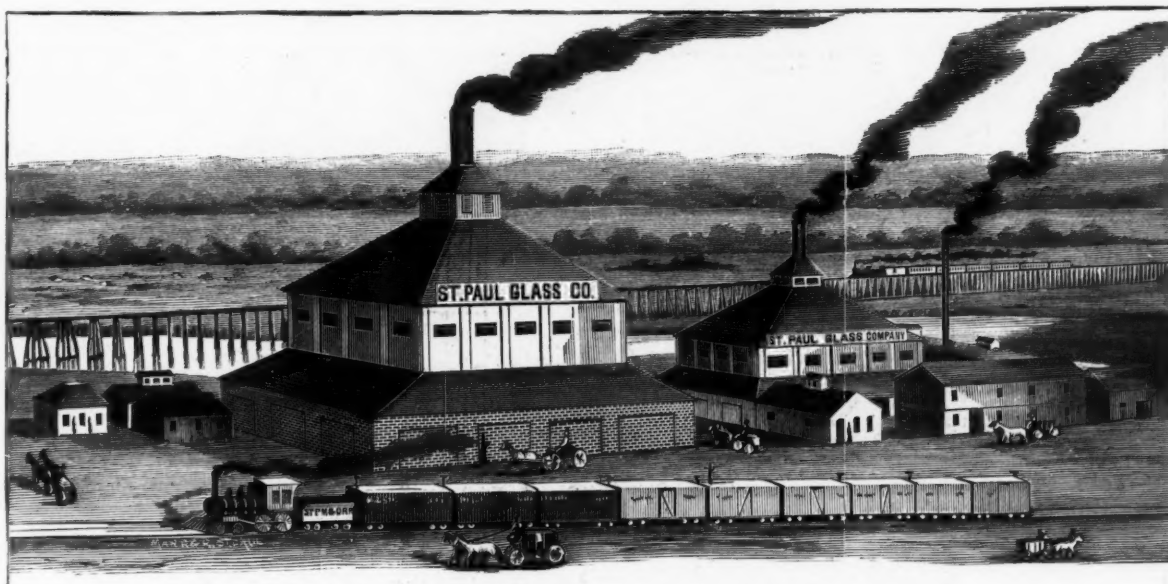
provided with side-tracks and owned by a prominent St. Paul corporation, of which the following well known business men are incorporators:

Chas. Joy, Pres't 1st National Bank. Orlando, Fla.  
Alderman Ed Long.  
Samuel M. Magoffin.  
William Hendricks.  
M. C. Tuttle.  
W. J. Cramer.  
Thos. B. Marritt.  
O. F. Sherwood.  
Ralston J. Markoe.  
James S. Burris.  
Wm. M. Bole.

All of the parties named as incorporators are

largely interested in property in this vicinity and stand ready to aid any manufacturing enterprise looking in this direction.

The sand from which the glass is manufactured, on analysis is found to be almost pure, being 96 per cent. pure silica. This sand is found in close proximity to the works, and is inexhaustible in quantity, and will cost not to exceed thirty cents per ton laid down at the factory door. At Pickerel Lake there is 3,000 feet of river dockage as convenient and suitable as any to be had on the river front.



PLANT OF THE ST. PAUL GLASS WORKS.—WEST ST. PAUL.

W. S. TUTTLE.

J. K. MANSFIELD

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FIRST SNOW STORM OF THE SEASON.



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## WINTER LIFE IN MINNEAPOLIS.

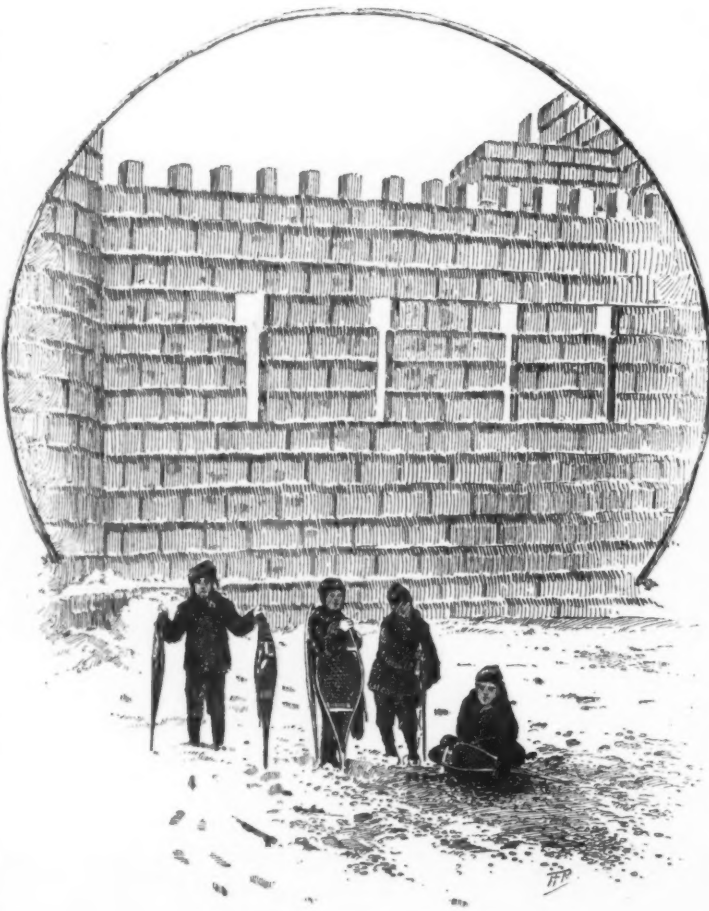
The Minnesota Winter is one of the best abused things of the present generation. Neither the mother-in-law nor the plumber has been so much or so unjustly maligned. For many years it has passed for a synonym for misery and cheerlessness with people of the Eastern states, and only as it has become better known has it grown less terrible. Now it is coming to be recognized that the Minnesota winter is not only not miserable, but that it is delightful. But people are still convinced that somewhere in this Northwest is a region of all-but-perpetual snow—a "thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice"—where life for the best part of the year is a monotony of blizzards and arctic severity mitigated with unimaginable snow-storms and a scarcity of fuel. So for a while the location of this freezing phantom has been thrust a little further west and the Dakota winter is now inheriting all the legacy of undeserved abuse which was for so long the portion of Minnesota. It is not so very long since Illinois was a name of as much terror as Dakota is to-day. In every new country the mountains are always impossibly high, the plains impossibly vast and arid, the foliage impossibly luxuriant and the savages and wild beasts impossibly wild and savage. The progress of civilization is one long chimera hunt; and the stories of the pioneers—excellent and admirable persons though the pioneers be—are seldom borne out by the experiences of later and better equipped settlers.

To the first explorers, unprovided with any means for protecting themselves from the cold, ill-clad, indifferently fed and poorly housed, the Northwestern winter may well have been a fearful thing. To them the whole of Dakota and the greater part of Minnesota were in "the great American desert" of which Washington Irving says in *Astoria* that it "defies cultivation and the habitation of civilized life." Now these same never-to-be-cultivated regions are the greatest food-producing section of the civilized globe. So with the Northwestern winter. In Tennyson's "Gareth and Lynette" the black knight, Death, was a fearsome thing to look upon, with his armor sable and skeleton ribbed. But at the first fair tilt he was unhorsed and from the cracked death's-head which served for a casket peered the "soft face of a blooming boy." The Minnesota winter has distinctly improved on acquaintance.

Hardly in all the world, perhaps nowhere but in St. Petersburg and in Montreal at Carnival time, can the scene on Nicollet Avenue, (the Fifth Avenue and upper Broadway combined of Minneapolis) be matched. On either side of the broad roadway the stately buildings stand strangely distinct and clearly-cut in the marvellously transparent atmosphere. The thermometer may show a temperature not many degrees above zero, but a bright winter sun is overhead in which the crystal snow, which is lodged on every projecting point and tower of the buildings and which sheets the whole avenue in level white, glistens and sparkles from thousands of dazzling facets. The sidewalks are



INSIDE THE ST. PAUL ICE PALACE.



OUTER COURT OF THE PALACE.

thronged and every store brilliant with holiday gaiety. Up and down the roadway flows an unending quadruple stream of sleighs, with liveried coachmen sitting between the crimson or scarlet "horse-tail" plumes and pretty faces behind peeping from among the heaped rich furs, while the air is forever clamorous with the jingle and clash of innumerable bells. It is a scene full of animation and, with the wonderful exhilaration of the air, every face is bright and laughing and every step quick and full of life.

No: on Nicollet Avenue, at least, a Minnesota winter is not a very terrible affair.

Yet thirty years ago Minneapolis was not. This is the heart of Hiawatha's hunting ground. Within a rifle-shot of the upper end of Nicollet Avenue are the Falls of Minnehaha. But they do not "laugh and leap into the valley" now. The cold breath of Kabibonokka has blown upon them, and the dull roar of the falling water comes muffled from behind a thick screen of sheeted ice. On either side, from the rocky shelf over which the waters fall, hang clustered icicles flashing in the sun, and overhead the arched boughs of interlacing trees are frosted with white and stand out in daintiest tracery against the sky which even now is clear and blue. The falls of Laughing Water are always beautiful and well deserve to have become the center of romance and poetry. But they are never more beautiful than in winter when their laugh is frozen on their rocky lips.

Very different are the other great falls of Minneapolis—the Falls of St. Anthony, which by their power have been chiefly instrumental in making Minneapolis what she is—the greatest milling center in the world. Robbed now of all its native ruggedness and grandeur, the great body of water skipping almost noiselessly down the inclined "apron" remains (in spite of dams and booms, apron and turbine, bridges and uncouth mammoth mills) strangely impressive in its strength and ceaseless, silent energy. Here, too, the face of the water is veiled in ice. Huge spars and splinters and inverted pinnacles of ice fringe the apron at either end, and up and down the river the level surface of whitened ice gleaming in the sun is flecked here and there with groups of men and horses showing that the ice crop of the Mississippi is already being harvested.

So, by the river, the Minnesota winter is a beautiful and not by any means a terrible affair.

Winter too, is the "season"—the time for entertaining—in Minneapolis. The attractions of Lake Minnetonka draw the greater portion of the entertaining public away from the city during the summer months. But as the days shorten the cottages one by one are deserted and the hotels close up. Then the train-services cease and the lake itself freezes over. The thinned ranks of Minneapolis society are filled up; the gaiter transfers itself from the Lafayette and Lake Park to the West Hotel, and the lake picnics and cottage entertainments of summer give way to large balls and sumptuous masquerades, souvenir parties and germans, kettle-drums and cards, in the city houses. Minneapolis



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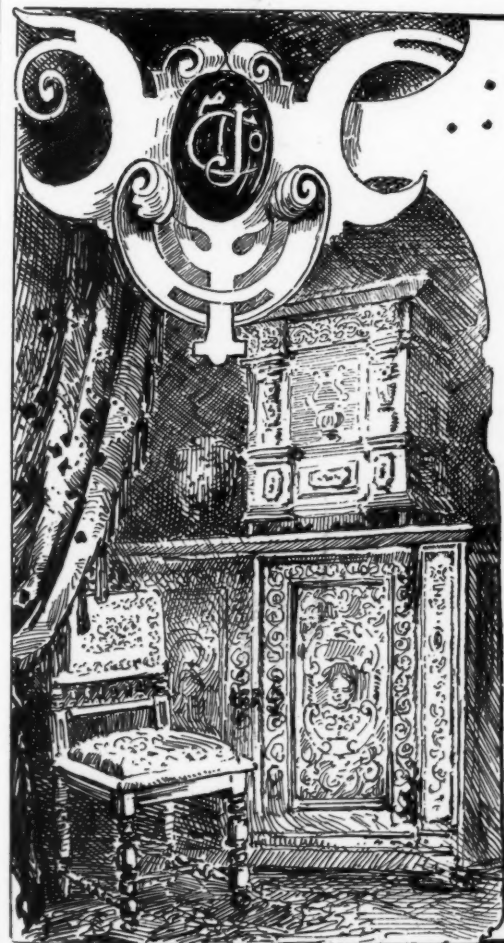
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society is just now in an anomalous, transitory stage. With a population of 140,000, the time has obviously gone by when everybody could entertain everybody and "society" could embrace the whole interior community. On the other hand the process of disintegration and re-formation into sets and cliques go on but slowly, and no one lady or house or set has yet arisen to fill without dispute the position of law-giver and to give the tone and set the fashions to Minneapolis' "best" society. Meanwhile Minneapolis succeeds in enjoying herself without any such august functionary, with a thoroughness and brilliancy which might astonish the residents of primeval and more formal Eastern cities. There are private residences here which in themselves and in the style of their entertainment are not easily eclipsed by the millionaire establishments of any city, while the West Hotel, which is not eclipsed by any hotel in the world, is the scene of many private and club dances, charity balls and the like which are on a scale of real (without being ostentatious) magnificence.

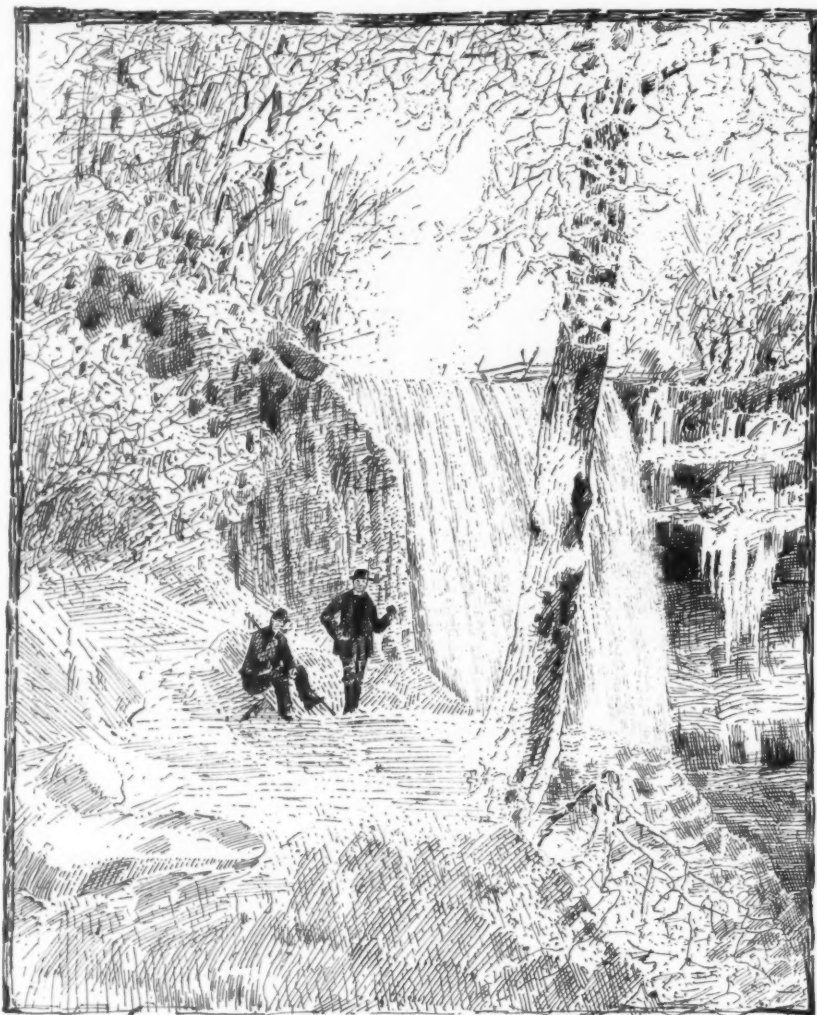
But it is not in-doors, not even in the opera house or theatres, that the real enjoyment of a Minnesota winter is to be found. It is out of doors—in the afternoon on Nicolett or Portland Avenue, on which latter a straight-away mile and a half track is covered every day with flying trotters, and still more in the evening when, in the clear frosty air the moon is hardly less brilliant than the electric lights with which the toboggan slides are ablaze: when the blue sky overhead is spangled with stars more brilliant than are known to damper, foggier climates. When the Northern heavens are a-flicker with Aurora Borealis, and when the whole city is merry with the Spirit of Carnival. The great facts of winter life in Minnesota are the out-door sports. Snow-shoeing and curling, skating and (on Lake Minnetonka) ice-boating have all become firmly established as Minnesota pastimes. Above all has tobogganing taken root. In the evening the streets are gay with the picturesque, gaily colored blanket-costumes and each one of the several club-slides is thronged throughout the evening. It is curious that tobogganing was not introduced into Minnesota earlier. Had it not been for the enthusiasm for out-door sports inspired by the St. Paul Ice Palace, it is questionable whether it would even have been introduced when it was. But

two seasons of acquaintance with the slide and its pleasures, and experience of the healthful exercise which it affords, have firmly established it as a permanent institution in Minnesota winter life. Minneapolis, with the rest of the state has recognized the rule of King Carnival; and has accepted the toboggan and the snow-shoe, the flambeau and the toque and all the other symbols of his cult among its household goods. And it is an excellent, as well as a pleasant thing for the city. There is as much health as happiness in the open air exhilaration of these Northland winter sports. It is rarely—not for more than one or two evenings in a month—that the weather in Minneapolis is too cold for tobogganing; and with the exception of those few interruptions out-door life in Minnesota is supremely enjoyable.

No; neither in-doors nor out, is a Minnesota winter a very terrible affair.

H. P. ROBINSON.

Ice boating on the Mississippi is becoming a popular sport. St. Paul and Minneapolis both possess ice yachts. This is one of the most exhilarating of all winter diversions.



MINNEHAHA FALLS IN WINTER.—[From a sketch by Frisbie.]

### THE FIRST ICE PALACE.

'Tis worthy of applause, though more admired,  
Because a novelty, the work of man,  
Imperial mistress of the fur-clad Russ,  
Thy most magnificent and mighty freak,  
The wonder of the North. No forest fell  
When thou would'st build; no quarry sent its stone  
To enrich thy walls; but thou did'st hew the floods,  
And make thy marble of the glassy wave.  
In such a palace Aristæus found  
Cyrene, when he bore the plaintive tale  
Of his lost bees to her maternal ear;  
In such a palace poetry might place  
The armory of winter; there his troops,  
The gloomy clouds, find weapons, arrowy sleet,  
Skin-piercing rolling, blossom-bruising hail,  
And snow, that often blinds the traveller's course  
And wraps him in an unexpected tomb.  
Silently as a dream the fabric rose;  
No sound of hammer or of saw was there.  
Ice upon ice, the well-adjusted parts  
Were soon join'd, nor other cement ask'd  
Than water interfused, to make them one.  
Lamps gracefully disposed, and of all hues,  
Illumin'd ev'ry side: a wat'ry light  
Gleam'd through the clear transparency, that seem'd  
Another moon new ris'n or meteor fall'n  
From Heav'n to Earth, of lambent flame serene  
So stood the little prodigy; though smooth  
And slipp'ry the materials, yet frost-bound  
Firm as a rock. Nor wanted aught within  
That regal residence might well befit,  
For grandeur or for use. Long wavy wreath  
Of flowers that feared no enemy but warmth  
Blush'd on the pannels. Mirror needed none  
Where all was vitreous; but in order due  
Convivial table and commodious seat  
(What seemed at least commodious seat) were there;  
Sofa, and couch, and high-built throne august.  
The same lubricity was found in all,  
And all was moist to the warm touch;  
A scene of evanescent glory, once a stream,  
And soon to slide into a stream again.

COWPER.



ICE YACHTING ON THE MISSISSIPPI.



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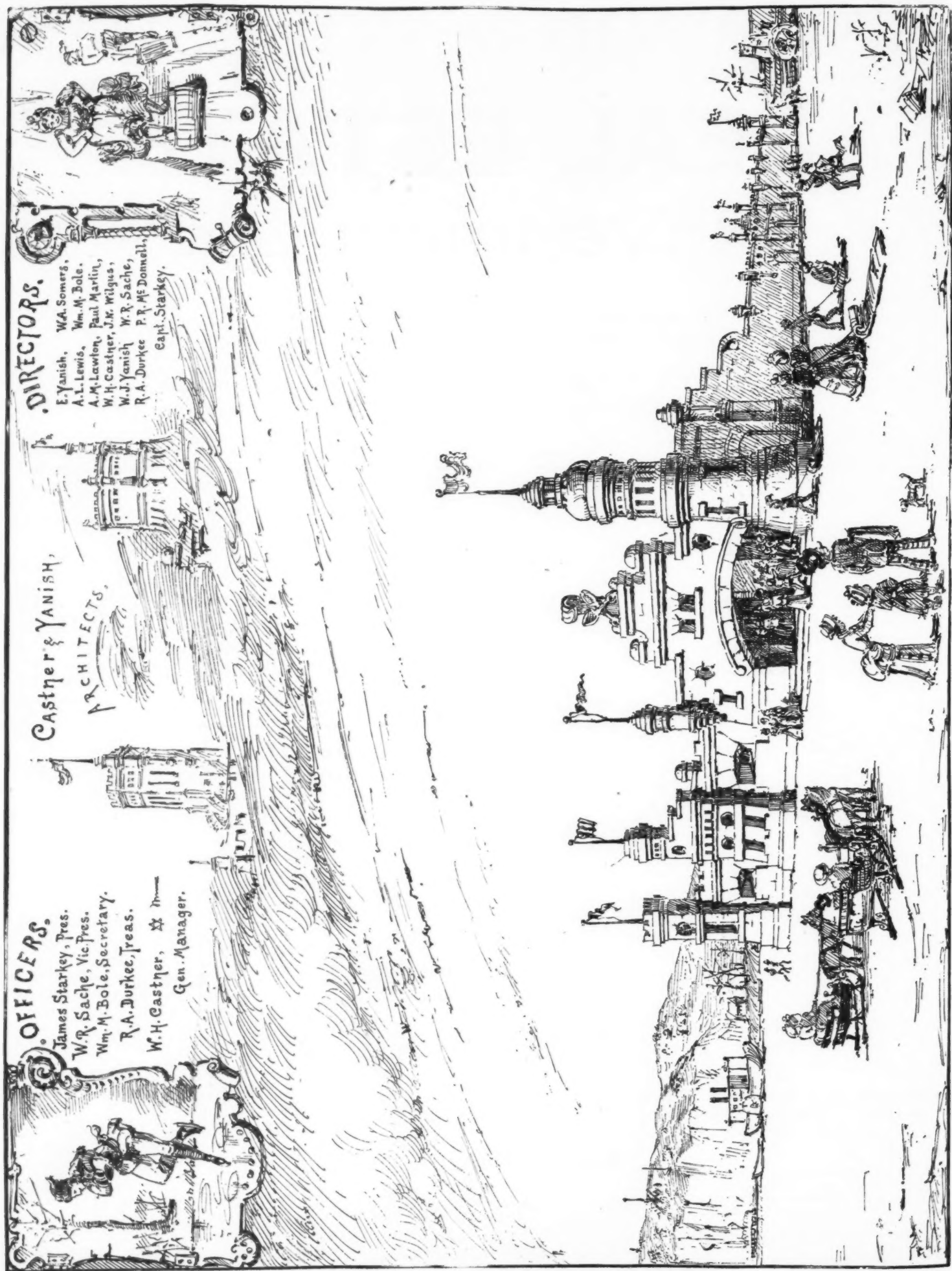
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E. Yanish, W. A. Somers.  
 A. L. Lewis, Wm. M. Bole.  
 A. M. Lawton, Paul Marlin,  
 W. H. Castner, J. M. Wilgus,  
 W. J. Yanish, W. R. Sache,  
 R. A. Durkee, P. R. Mc Donnell,  
 Capt. Starkey.





SCENE ON A CANADIAN TOBOGGAN SLIDE.

## THE WEST ST. PAUL ICE PALACE.

Desiring to call the attention of the multitude of carnival visitors to their rapidly growing section of the city, the people of West St. Paul have erected an ice palace of their own. It is not intended to rival or in any way distract interest from the great palace, but rather to typify local enterprise and to serve as a rallying place for winter sports for the West Side population. Standing as it does, immediately on the bank of the river, just below the bridges, and nearly opposite the Union Depot, it will be the first object to attract the attention of travellers coming into the city. Its principal use, beside that of standing as a showy and glittering invitation to all carnival visitors to come over to the West Side and look at the progress of that important portion of the metropolis, is as a skating rink. The walls back of the high facade of the structure enclose a rink of the ample dimensions of 150 by 400 feet. Last winter there were not enough skating facilities for those who wished to engage in this popular sport and this spacious rink will add considerably to the general success of the carnival.

It is composed of ice three and a half feet thick. The extreme height to the top of the corner tower will be forty feet. The width of the grand entrance archway is 24 feet. It is surmounted by a device representing a toboggan and a pair of skates. The interior arrangement of the palace is as follows:

Ladies' retiring and cloak room, 8x17; hot lunch and coffee room, 16x20; warming room, 27x37, in which is a mantle and fire-place eight feet wide; oyster room 20x24; gentlemen's coat room 12x20.

Extending across the entire front and abutting the

above rooms there is a gallery, at the right of which is a band stand. At the rear of the rink is a toboggan slide 900 feet long.

The cost of construction is about \$2,000, and the money was raised in a few days by a stock subscription. The comfortable interior features, not found in the great palace, will, it is believed, make the enterprise a financial success. There can be no doubt as to its utility for the purpose of advertising West St. Paul to the tens of thousands of carnival visitors. In no other way could the same amount of money be spent for this purpose so advantageously.

The officers and directors of the association are as follows:

Officers—James Starkey, President; W. R. Sache, Vice President; Wm. M. Bole, Secretary; R. A. Durkee, Treasurer; W. H. Castner, General Manager.

Directors—E. Yanish, A. L. Lewis, A. M. Lawton, W. H. Castner, W. J. Yanish, R. A. Durkee, W. A. Somers, Wm. M. Bole, Paul Martin, J. N. Wilgus, W. R. Sache, P. R. McDonnell, Capt. Starkey.

Architects—Castner & Yanish.

Hear the shining kitchen kettle,  
As upon the stove it hums;  
See for warmth the car-man settle  
Down to blow upon his thumbs.

See the old brown jug of cider,  
All our thoughts to it entice;  
See the skater etch a spider  
When he sits upon the ice.

See the sparrow coyly winning  
Crumbs upon a window-sill;  
See the plumber wildly grinning,  
As he figures up his bill.

## A WINTER WALK.

When winter winds are piercing chill,  
And though the hawthorn blows the gale,  
With solemn feet I tread the hill,  
That overbrows the lonely vale.

O'er the bare upland, and away  
Through the long reach of desert worlds,  
The embracing sunbeams chastely play,  
And gladden these deep solitudes.

Where twisted round the barren oak,  
The summer vine in beauty clung,  
And summer winds the stillness broke,  
The crystal icicle is hung.

Where, from their frozen urns, mute springs,  
Pour out the river's gradual tide,  
Shrilly the skater's iron rings,  
And voices fill the woodland side.

Alas! how changed from the fair scene,  
When birds sang out their mellow lay,  
And winds were soft, and woods were green  
And the song ceased not with the day.

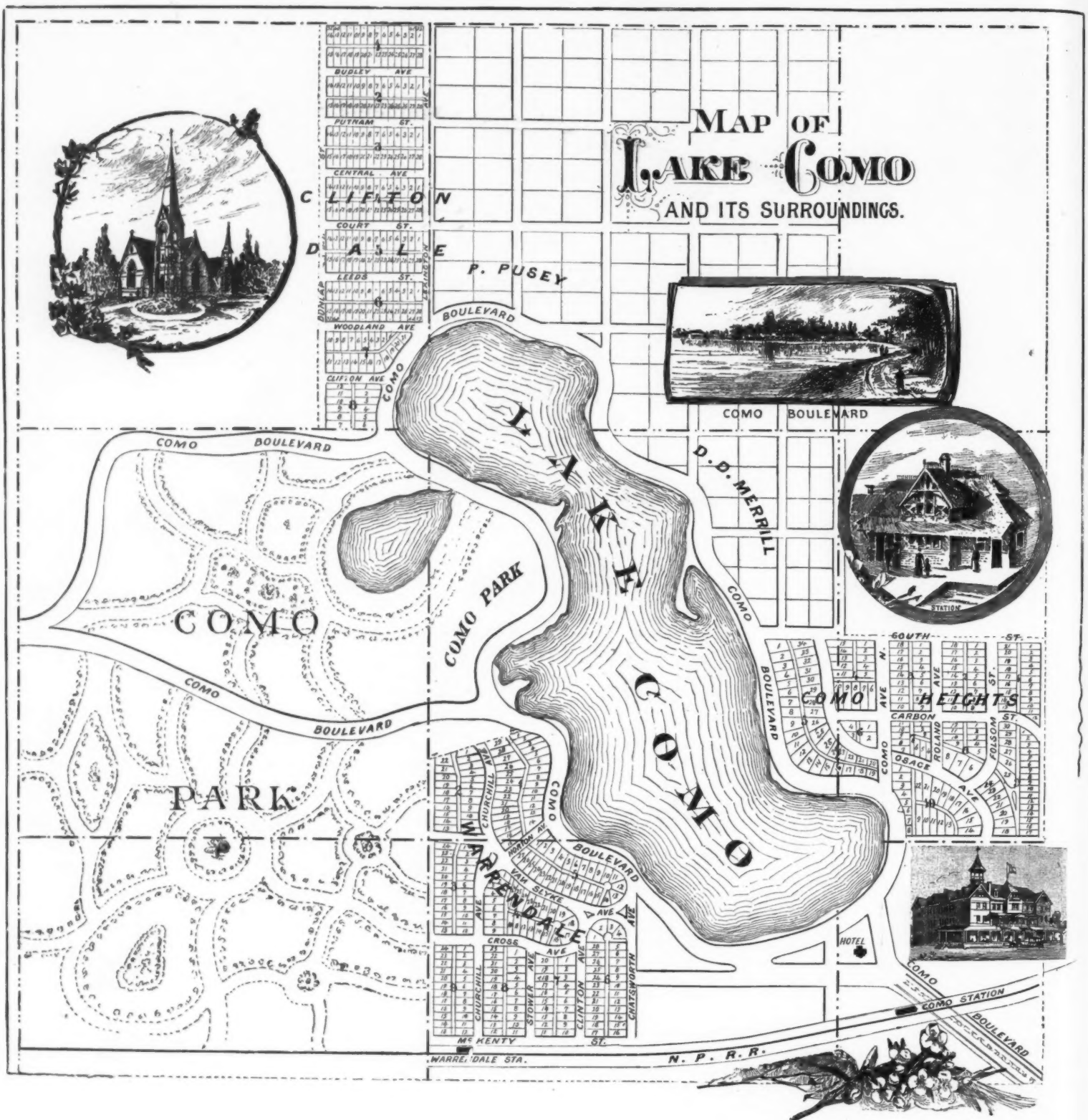
But still wild music is abroad,  
Pale, desert woods! within your crowd;  
And gathering winds, in hoarse accord,  
Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.

Chill airs and wintry winds! my ear  
Has grown familiar with your song;  
I hear it in the opening year,—  
I listen, and it cheers me long.

LONGFELLOW.

The lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill,  
Concealing the course of the dark winding rill;  
How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear!  
As Autumn to Winter resigns the pale year.  
The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,  
And all the gay foppery of Summer is flown:  
Apart let me wander, apart let me muse,  
How quick Time is flying, how keen Fate pursues!

ROBERT BURNS.



## LAKE COMO AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

Very few cities possess the treasure of a beautiful lake lying within their corporate limits. Lake Como, of which a map is given on this page, lies wholly within the boundaries of St. Paul and is only about fifteen minutes drive from the business center. It has eight and a half miles of shore line, consisting mainly of gently sloping banks, diversified here and there by groves of oak trees and admirably adapted for suburban homes. A portion of the western shore front is owned by the city and reserved for a public park. Here it is proposed that the Minnesota Soldiers' Home shall stand. The remainder of the lake shore and the neighboring property is owned by a number of public spirited citizens, who, appreciating the beauty of the locality and its peculiar advantages for handsome residence suburbs, have constantly refused to sell any part of it for manufactures or other

purposes that would be likely to bring in an undesirable class of population. Not until last spring did the lake become easily accessible by rail. Local trains were then put upon the New St. Paul & Northern Pacific line, leaving St. Paul and Minneapolis hourly, and two stations were opened in the immediate vicinity of the lake. The rapid development of the picturesque shores of this pretty sheet of water is now assured, and several owners have platted their lands and are offering them for sale to acceptable parties.

The principal owners of Lake Como property are McClung, McMurran & Co., D. D. Merrill, M. B. Curry, F. D. Hager, Cary I. Warren, E. S. Norton, J. C. McCarthy, Dr. D. W. Hand, P. Pusey, Lucius Warner, C. A. Wallingford, Phillip Riley, W. H. Johnson, A. W. Miller, Mary A. Warren, Loren J. Rice, Harry C. Warren, Geo. Thompson, A. S. Tallmadge, E. C. Varney, W. A. McManigal, Geo. W.

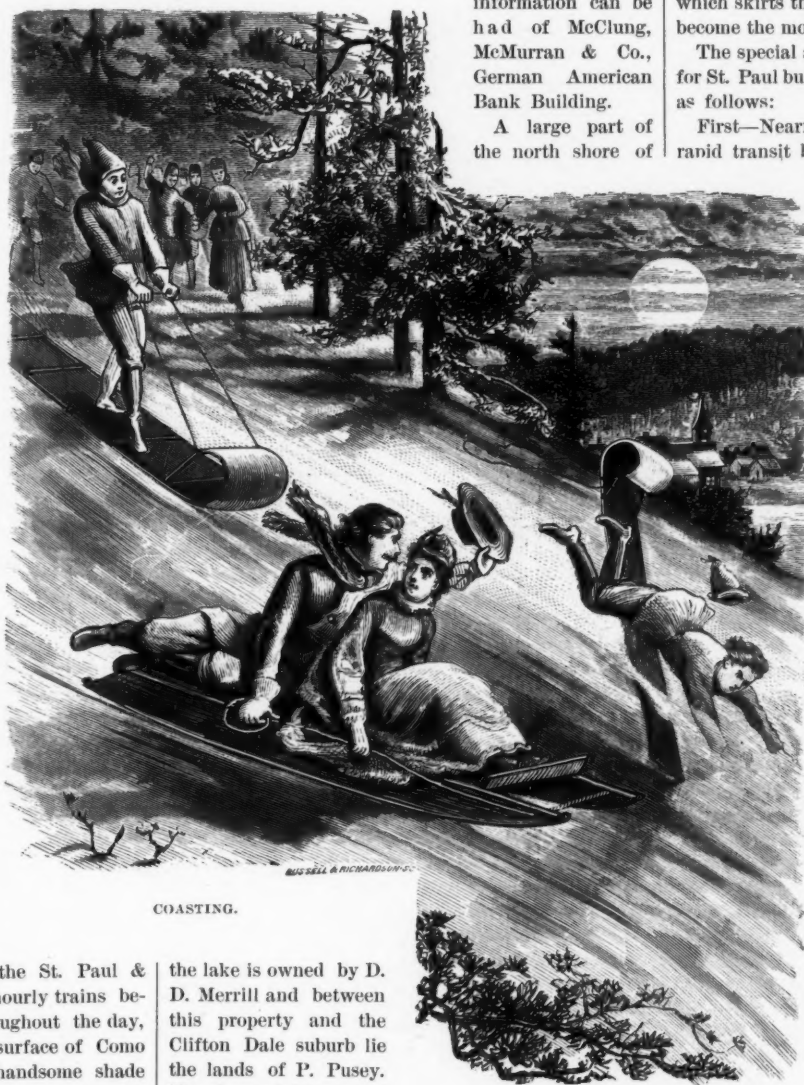
Shaw, Ella M. Warren, Eugene C. Warren, Elias Arnold and W. H. Amos. The large estates are indicated on the map. At Warrendale there is already a very attractive village of scarce a year's growth which is rapidly improving. This was originally the enterprise of Mr. Cary I. Warren, an ardent advocate of the merits of Lake Como, whose name has appropriately been given to the place. The ground at Warrendale is well adapted for building purposes, the streets are graded, the houses are all of attractive styles of architecture and there is a railway station close at hand. Among the residents who have established permanent homes here are Elias Arnold, W. H. Amos, J. C. McCarthy, C. A. Wallingford, N. W. Miller and S. J. Rice. A number of houses have been contracted for to be erected in the spring.

A short distance from Warrendale, and separated from it only by Como Park, with its 256 acres, lies Clifton Dale, the property of Messrs. A. S. Tallmadge.



E. C. Varney and W. A. McManigal. This beautiful addition to St. Paul has an elevation sufficient to give a fine view of the lake and its surroundings, including Como Park, the State Fair grounds and buildings and the State Agricultural College farm. Much of the surface of Clifton Dale is covered with an open growth of oak forest, so that the residents can have shade trees without waiting years for them to grow. The accessibility of this suburb to St. Paul and Minneapolis by delightful drives over smooth, well-kept roads and by frequent and convenient railway service, and also by the rapid transit lines soon to be built on the new boulevards, together with the many improvements to be made this year along the shores of the lake, combine to make Clifton Dale a peculiarly desirable place for pleasant and quiet home life. It is for select homes only that this property is offered for sale by the owners. It contains 201 choice lots, several of which were sold before the platting was completed. For prices and particulars application should be made to either of the three owners named above.

Como Heights is a beautiful tract of fifty-two acre of and situated on the northeast shore of Lake Como and within three minutes walk of the station upon the St. Paul & Northern Pacific Railroad that runs hourly trains between St. Paul and Minneapolis throughout the day, every train stopping at Como. The surface of Como Heights is beautifully covered with handsome shade trees and gently sloping lawns. The lots are all dry and large, some being as much as eighty feet front on the lake and 150 to 200 feet in depth. Streets in this handsome addition are to be graded at the expense of the present owners at once—and those purchasing lots will be relieved of this expense. Further



COASTING.

the lake is owned by D. D. Merrill and between this property and the Clifton Dale suburb lie the lands of P. Pusey. The shore of this part of the lake is bold and attractive, and the slope from the water front is such as to afford from almost every building site a good view over the whole surface of the lake. These two properties front upon the new Como Boulevard,

information can be had of McClung, McMullan & Co., German American Bank Building.

A large part of the north shore of

which skirts the shore of the lake, and is destined to become the most popular drive in St. Paul.

The special advantages of Lake Como for homes for St. Paul business men may be briefly summed up as follows:

First—Nearness to the business part of the city and rapid transit by rail to and from the Union Depot.

Second—Convenience of travel.

A resident at Lake Como actually lives nearer, in point of time, to the business district of the city, than a resident on St. Anthony Hill, which as everybody knows, is regarded as the most desirable residence portion of the city. He does not have to hang on to the strap of a street car for half an hour, to get home when tired out with his day's work, but can make the trip on the comfortable seat of a warm railway coach, while he is looking over the evening paper.

Third—Healthful and beautiful surroundings. The air is pure and invigorating and the landscape inviting, while the lake affords delightful boating and bathing facilities. People who live on the shores of Lake Como do not need to go to crowded and expensive summer hotels to escape the heat of the city. They have the best kind of a summer resort in their own homes.

Fourth—Certainty of an increased value. Property on the shores of Lake Como has already, and must of necessity rapidly advance in value as the city steadily marches out in that direction. When St. Paul has a quarter of a million of inhabitants, a time not many years distant, its solid growth will reach out to Lake Como. The lake will then be a little paradise of blue water,

shade and fragrance, surrounded by elegant residences, each in its environment of trees, flowers and green turf.

## PANORAMA.

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## JANUARY.

The beech is bare and bare the ash,  
The thickets white below;  
The fir-tree scowls with hoar mustache,  
He cannot sing for snow.

The waves are dumb along the shore,  
The river's pulse is still;  
The North-wind's bugle blows no more  
Reveille from the hill.

But as the blind and vacant Day  
Crawls to his ashy bed,  
I hear dull echoes far away,  
Like drums above the dead.



The body-guard of veteran pines,  
A grim battalion stands;  
They ground their arms in ordered lines,  
For winter so commands.

The rustling rift of falling snow,  
The muffled crush of leaves,  
These are the sounds suppressed that show  
How much the forest grieves;

Sigh for me, Pine that never changed!  
Thou wear'st the Summer's hue;  
Her other loves are all estranged,  
But thou and I are true!

BAYARD TAYLOR.



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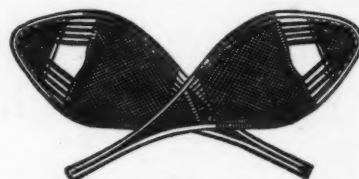
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# The Northwest

Illustrated Monthly Magazine.

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TERMS: { 15 Cents per Copy.  
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## LANDS TO THE NORTH OF US.

### An October Journey Over the Canadian Pacific Railway.

BY E. V. SMALLLEY.

#### Concluding Article—From Winnipeg to Montreal.

My first article on the Canadian Pacific Railway, printed in the December number of THE NORTHWEST, left me at Vancouver, the western terminal town of the road, situated on Coal Harbor, at the mouth of Burrard Inlet, and looking out upon the Georgian straits, which separate Vancouver Island from the main land of British Columbia. From this ambitious new town I went direct to Montreal without stopping, the journey occupying six days and six nights. It was the longest continuous railway ride I ever made. The train consisted of a baggage and express car, an emigrant sleeper, a day coach, and a sleeper, and dining cars were attached from time to time, during four days of the trip. Although delayed two hours in the Selkirk Mountains by a boulder which rolled down a precipitous slope and derailed our tender, and four hours east of Port Arthur by a freight wreck, we ran into Montreal on time. The passenger equipment of the road is very good. Sleepers and dining cars were made in Dayton, Ohio, day cars in Canada, (rather inferior) and locomotives at several of the best American works. The sleepers have the novelty of a small bathroom, which the porter fills with cold water tempered a trifle with a bucket of hot water brought from the dining car. These sleepers are operated by the railway company. They carry no conductor—the porter selling the tickets as well as attending to the car and the train conductor taking up the tickets. The porter is paid \$40 per month, instead of the pittance of \$15 allowed by the Pullman company, and he gets the usual fees besides.

We arrived in Winnipeg in the evening of the third day, traversing by daylight the same portions of the road on the return trip I had seen on the westward journey. Leaving Winnipeg at five, there was but an hour of daylight to sea, through the falling snow-flakes, the eastern side of the Red River Valley. It is quite flat, and appears to support only a scanty settlement. During the night we passed through a timbered country closely resembling, I was informed, the portion of Northern Minnesota between Brainerd and Duluth. It contains some pine, and there are large saw mills at Rat Portage, which furnish lumber to the Manitoba prairies and traffic to the railway.

Next morning our train was running through the great northern wilderness, which extends all the way from the Red River Valley to the Ottawa River, and is nowhere broken by settlements save at a few lumber camps, and at points where the needs of the railway require some population. There is very little timber fit for sawing in this sombre desert of rocks, scrubby trees, swamps and small lakes, and no part of it offers any inducement for permanent occupation by human beings. I of course except Port

Arthur, which is the lake port of Manitoba and the entire Canadian Northwest, and has its supporting country nearly five hundred miles distant. This town was reached about noon of the first day, after leaving Winnipeg. It appears to have a population of about 3,000 and has an excellent harbor, sheltered by islands. Old Fort William, a small town, is seven miles distant up the Kaministiquia River, which resembles a deep, wide canal, and affords water enough for large steam crafts to sail up to the old town. Its banks for the whole seven miles would be available for

wilderness, that portion which lies north of Lake Superior is the most forbidding. Huge ribs of rock thrust themselves out of the earth. This is the ancient Laurentian rock, the first formed of any part of the surface of the planet; the first, geologists tell us, to emerge above the universal ocean. The bulging hills and hillocks of stone, in some places half a mile long and two or three hundred feet high, in others much smaller, were very troublesome to the railway engineers, who had to run their lines around them, as well as to dodge the numerous small lakes

and black little ponds, scattered thickly all through the region. These obstacles make the road a very crooked one, one curve following another in quick succession. The stunted pine and tamarack trees look discouraged; there is no soil to attract hardy settlers to clear up the land, and the whole country seems to be hopelessly uninhabitable. North of Georgian Bay, the eastern arm of Lake Huron, the rocks are not so plentiful, but there are no robust trees to invite lumbering operations, and although the old-settled portion of Ontario is close at hand, the country is as lonesome and desolate as when nature made it. Whoever wishes to hold on to that pleasant and pious fallacy that the earth is specially fitted by a kind providence for man's use, still inculcated in the Sunday-schools, would do well not to make the journey from Winnipeg eastward over the Canadian Pacific. The traveler through these wilds is forced to the conclusion that there is a large amount of the surface of the globe which was made with no view whatever to its occupancy by human beings.

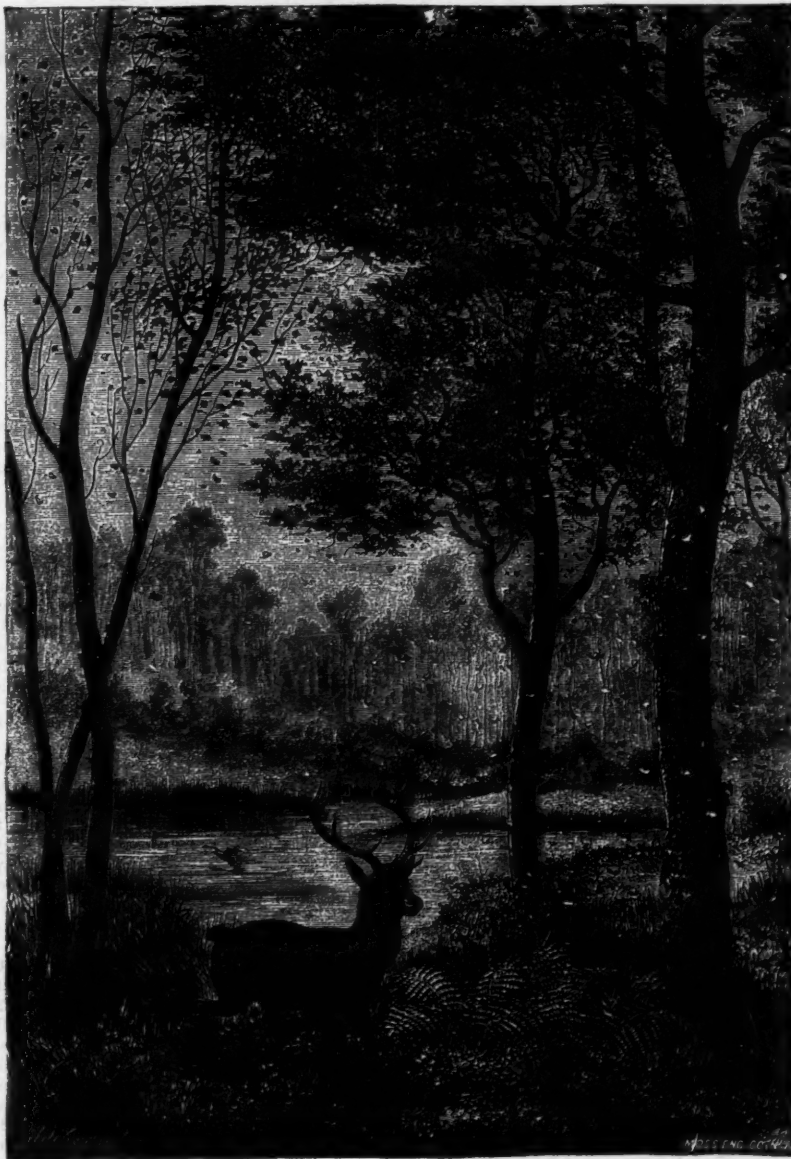
On Monday morning, (we had left Winnipeg Friday afternoon,) we arrived in Montreal. Save at Fort William and Port Arthur, at Schreiber, where there are railway shops and two or three hundred people, and during the two hours of daylight before reaching Montreal, there is not a town, farm or village to be seen in the entire journey. During the night before reaching the end of the journey, we were in a settled country along the Ottawa River, but of this the passengers could see nothing. I should say that of the whole distance of 1,423 miles between Winnipeg and Montreal, at least 1,000 miles of the country traversed is absolutely worthless to the railroad, producing no traffic, and having no visible possibilities of development.

I was sorry not to see Ottawa, which we passed through at three in the morning. Montreal is a handsome, solid commercial city, half French, half English in its population, rich, well-built, picturesque, with something of a foreign

IN THE WILDERNESS NORTH OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

look in the eyes of an American, abounding in costly churches, and altogether a very interesting place to the tourist. Several lines of transatlantic steamers make it their summer port; but the broad St. Lawrence freezes up in winter, and commerce comes to a dead stop. To get a winter port that shall be in the Dominion the Canadian Pacific is now building a road across Northern Maine to connect with existing lines across New Brunswick and Nova Scotia and afford a short route to Halifax and Liverpool and reduce the time from land to land to five days. Then the time on the railroad is to be so much shortened that trains will run

Of all the weary waste of the great Northern





from Halifax to Vancouver, on the Pacific, coast in five days.

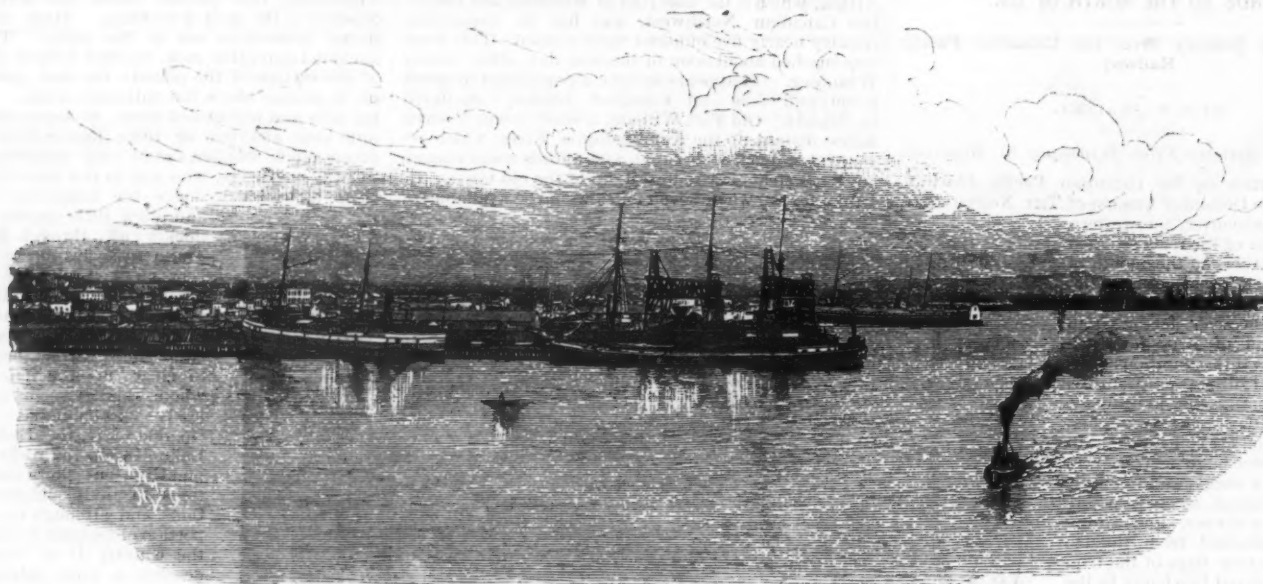
A line of Pacific steamships, running to China, Japan and Australia, is a part of this ambitious scheme, and for both Atlantic and Pacific lines a heavy subsidy is asked of the Imperial government. I hear that \$500,000 a year is the amount expected for the Pacific line, and that George Stephen, the President of the Canadian Pacific, is now in England to urge the matter before the cabinet.\* Patriotism will be the chord harped upon, just as it was when the heavy subsidies were obtained from the Canadian government. The grand conception of an imperial federation, reaching around the entire globe and embracing all the British colonies and dependencies, is beginning to ferment in the English mind. An important step towards its realization is the establishment of as rapid a communication as is practicable

stantly stimulated and forced by expensive efforts. CANADIAN PACIFIC FINANCES.

The financial history and status of the Canadian Pacific is of interest to American railroad men and especially to those familiar with our own transcontinental lines. The road was started as a government enterprise and work was begun on the Pacific coast and on the shore of Lake Superior with government appropriations expended under the direction of government engineers. In this way the section from Port Moody to Kamloops, in British Columbia (238 miles) was built, and that from Port Arthur, on Lake Superior, to Winnipeg (430 miles) was mainly completed. By this time the sum of \$35,000,000 had been expended, and there was a great political outcry in the Dominion about jobbery, favored contractors, enormous expense and the slow progress of the work. Then a strong syndicate was organized,

last annual report of the President. Somebody must have made a good deal of money when it was lifted up to its present market price by the three per cent. interest scheme. In the last balance sheet of the company the total cost of the main line, not including the \$35,000,000 spent on it by the government is given at \$107,251,468. Acquired lines cost \$8,436,341, and branch lines built by the company, \$4,967,253. Expenditures for equipment up to the close of 1885, amounted to \$9,344,297. Advances and expenditures on leased lines aggregated \$3,313,906.

Railroad men await with interest the next annual report of the Canadian company. Its last report, made in May, 1886, embraced the operations of the road for the calendar year 1885, when neither the unprofitable division north of Lake Superior and Georgian Bay, nor that across the Rocky Mountains and the Selkirks was operated. That report showed



VIEW OF PORT ARTHUR FROM THE BAY.

between the distant colonies and the mother country. The present time between London and the growing colonies of Australia and New Zealand, by way of the Suez canal, is considerably longer than could be made by way of Halifax and Vancouver, with fast steamships on both oceans. President Stephen will not say to British statesmen that he must have through travel over his road or it will fall as a business enterprise, because it has not enough productive country to sustain it. He will only talk about British power and British ambition, and what a magnificent thing it would be for British mails and British travel and British troops, if need be, to go out to the great Australasian communities, (almost ready for independence, unless tied more firmly to the mother country), across British territory in North America.

One cannot help admiring the magnificent proportions of this scheme. It is weak, however, from a business point of view, and can only be sustained by governmental effort. Its weakness lies in the fact that travel does not always follow the shortest lines, but is drawn to the great centers of population and over the most frequented routes. The traveler starting from London and bound for Japan, China or Australia, unless greatly pressed for time, would not land at an unimportant Canadian port and go through the vast Northern wilderness for the sake of saving a few days. He would want to see New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Chicago, and other great American cities, of which he had all his life heard. He would want to see the rich, populous American states, instead of the Canadian woods, when crossing the continent, and he would prefer to sail from an important city on the Pacific coast instead of from a rude town in the woods. Then as to the movements of merchandise, how well we know that they are controlled by great commercial centers, where capital and enterprise is massed and organized, and how fruitless have been all attempts to divert them from their established channels. Some through traffic can doubtless be secured by governmental aid for the new Canadian transcontinental line, but its volume will be small and it will have to be con-

which formed a company to complete the road under a contract with the government. The gist of this contract was that the government was to present as a free gift to the company, the \$35,000,000 worth of work already done, a bonus of \$25,000,000 in cash and a land grant of 20 sections to the mile from the eastern boundary of Manitoba to the eastern boundary of British Columbia, and that the company should finish the road from Montreal to the Pacific coast. The land grant did not extend through Ontario or British Columbia because those provinces never surrendered their public lands to the Dominion government.

When twenty-five millions were expended the company went to the government again and obtained a loan of \$30,000,000. After a time a new deal was made with the compliant government by which the company paid \$10,000,000 of its debt by surrendering a part of its land grant at the rate of \$1.50 per

gross earnings, \$8,368,493, of which \$716,418 were from construction material; expenses, \$5,143,276; net earnings, \$3,225,216. The safety of the company, financially, if it is safe, lies in the comparatively small amount of fixed charges it has to meet. Its entire bonded debt, including the bonds of leased and purchased lines, is \$61,884,013, and the interest and rentals are only \$3,110,434 annually. These charges represent 4,338 miles of main line and branches and a telegraph system. Small as is the amount of aggregate annual liabilities in proportion to the mileage of road operated, many practical railway men doubt whether the company can carry them successfully, owing to the great extent of hopelessly unproductive territory its line traverses, and the small amount of through business between its termini. If it does succeed in solving its financial problem, it will be because the branches earn enough to make up for the deficiencies of the main line. Most of these

branches are productive, reaching as they do, the large cities of the old provinces. They are subject, however, to the sharp competition of the Grand Trunk system, which runs to the same cities. If the very competent General Manager of the Canadian Pacific, Mr. W. C. Van Horne, an American of large experience in western railroading, succeeds in making three thousand miles of main line pay, with only three hundred to afford local traffic, and with very little through business, except what is taken away by costly efforts and at low rates from its natural channels, he will accomplish a feat without parallel in the history of railroads. Just now the C. P. is in its boom period. Its credit is good; its stock is up, its policy is expansive, its management is enthusiastic, and the investing

public has not begun to look critically at its real situation as a money earning property. That there are hard times ahead for this magnificent enterprise, when it will run very close to the perilous verge of bankruptcy, no impartial observer, who is at all acquainted with the resources of its tributary country can well doubt.

#### TRAFFIC MATTERS.

Nothing is plainer than that the Canadian Pacific cannot make its main line remunerative from any local traffic now existing or likely to be developed during the next ten years. Its chief efforts are now



VIEW OF MONTREAL FROM THE RIVER.

acre. The remaining \$20,000,000 was paid from the proceeds of a \$35,000,000 loan negotiated in Europe. The company has also issued and sold \$25,000,000 of land grant bonds, which are to be provided for by sales of lands. From its resources it deposited with the Canadian government \$12,263,264 in cash to pay three per cent. interest on its \$65,000,000 of capital stock for the period of seven and a half years. This sagacious arrangement floated the stock in London and New York. At present it is worth close up to 70 cents on the dollar. How much of this stock has been sold and at what prices does not appear in the

\* Since the above was put in type I learn that Mr. Stephen has been successful in his mission and has a promise of a subsidy for his Pacific line, beginning in 1888.



very naturally thrown in the direction of securing through business. Having no large cities and no populous country at its western terminus on the Pacific coast to create business, it is eagerly reaching down into the American territory to take freight and passengers away from the American transcontinental lines at San Francisco, Portland, Tacoma and Seattle. Its agents in those places are instructed not to quote rates until the other lines have done so and then to cut under them. During the fall it took passengers from San Francisco to New York at rates that left it less than one cent per mile after it had paid the connecting lines at both ends their share of price of the through tickets. It enters into no agreements with the American roads, and is regarded by them as a piratical concern, bent on robbing them of their legitimate business. It is tolerably safe from reprisals, because no portion of its territory can be invaded, by reason of the monopoly clause in its charter, which prohibits any other company from building within twenty miles of the international boundary. Only on the Pacific coast, where there is ocean navigation, can it be hurt by retaliatory measures, and on that coast, outside of the trade of Victoria, there is scarcely any business for the American lines to get away from it. As Victoria has only 10,000 people and the whole island of Vancouver and the neighboring settled mainland districts have hardly 40,000 more, the competitive field open to our roads is of small account compared with that in Washington, Oregon and California, which the Canadian Pacific is invading.

The C. P. is also making special efforts to divert the traffic between Great Britain and China, Japan, Australia and New Zealand from the Suez Canal route to its own line. This is a much more important undertaking than that which seeks to capture business from the American roads and carry it by the long detour through Canada. If the Canadian Pacific can secure for itself the bulk of the Asiatic and Australian trade, it will be greatly strengthened, and may safely ride through the financial breakers ahead. Its American business will necessarily be forced and unprofitable, and sooner or later the American roads will combine against it and discover some method of effective retaliation. The provinces of Manitoba and British Columbia are disposed to resent the action of the Dominion government in bargaining away without their consent their right to charter railroads anywhere within their own borders. This issue has already come into politics and the triumph of the liberal party, already achieved in the province of Quebec, may be fatal to the Canadian Pacific's monopoly of territory.

#### THE TRUTH ABOUT LAND GRANTS.

Thomas M. Nichols of Elkhart, Ind., a man who formerly earned his bread at a blacksmith's forge and bellows, recently published a pamphlet on the labor question, railroads, land grants, etc. In this pamphlet he points out what every reasonably well-informed person knows; namely, that land grants to promote the construction of railroads never took a dollar from the workingman, while they did place opportunities within the reach of laboring men, by causing hundreds of millions of dollars to be expended for labor that otherwise would not have been expended; and in connection with the homestead laws, brought farms and homes with ready markets within the reach of all who would go and take them. The benevolence and excellence of the homestead act is generally admitted, but, as Mr. Nichols remarks, it would have been a dead letter without the railroads, and the railroads could not have been built without the land grants. Those grants enabled the roads to be built in advance of population, thus making settlement easy and cheap, and "the only question would seem to be whether the Government did not give the companies too much land, and as that is a question of difference of opinion it will never be settled." It could be very easily settled if it were left to the pioneers who "bull-whacked" it across the continent from the Missouri River to the Pacific, or to those who traveled over the "dreary waste" in one of Ben. Holladay's stages. But it will "never be settled," as the writer says, if it is left to those noisy demagogues, who only know how to tear down the work others have built up, and who have probably never traveled in any other conveyance than a Pullman sleeper. It is surprising how easily the people are gulled on these "immense railroad land grants," upon millions of acres of which even a grasshopper would starve.

Commenting upon the organization of a new railroad to run through northern Minnesota, the *Fergus Falls Journal* concludes that "the building of so many eastern lines into Minneapolis and St. Paul will force them to reach out still further for the traffic of the northwest. They will not be content to remain there and fight for the business which the northwestern roads bring into those cities."

For The Northwest Magazine.

#### THE LOST CORPSE CLAIM.

BY HARRY P. ROBINSON.

You h'en't never heard how Coyote Jim found the Lost Corpse Claim, h'ev ye? You h'en't likely never heard of the Lost Corpse Claim? Wal' ther' ain't hardly no camp in the West as h'en't its story of a lost claim somewheres near. In some camps it's



Coyote Jim.

called "Lost Claim," in some jest "Lost Prospect." Some on 'em hes the'r Lost Creeks. But they've putty nigh all got it to one shape or another,—an' many good lives has bin lost a lookin' for 'em. Down to Pine Gulch Camp in the Clark's Fork country, it was the Lost Corpse Claim. An' Coyote Jim, he found it, and I guess it's 'bout the only time, as one o' these Lost Claims ever wer' found.

I heard the story o' the findin' from Jim himself; an' this is how it wer':

It wer' a long in the sixties, an' Clark's Fork then wer' only placer country. They didn't know nawthin' 'bout quartz. Ther' warn't no craze like over the country. It wer' ter'ble wild, with no way o' gittin' in or out, an' in Pine Gulch ther' warn't mor'en a couple o' dozen o' us chaps all told. An' I don't know as we would a stayed ther' long, if it hedn't bin fur this Lost Corpse Claim; for the ground as warn't lost,—that as we was workin'—didn't pay more'n jest for grub, even in spots; and them spots powerful few. But we all of us hoped to strike the Lost Corpse, an' went on a-prospectin' an' a-prospectin' hopin' to git it.

The story o' the claim wer' as it wer' riginally found by Indians. At the head of a narrier gulch there wer' a wall o' quartz-rock, and more'n half the face of it wer' jest pure gold. The Indians used to worship it. They started in worshippin' it, I reckon, along before they knowed as gold hed any value. Then when they did come so's to know what it wer' worth, it hed became too sacred for 'em to touch it. The whole tribe (Crows) used to go up oncert or twicet a year (it war a three-weeks'-journey fur 'em from the prairie up through the timber an' over the foot-hills to wher' the claim wer') an' worship in great shape, an' then go home agin. They used to say as if they didn't worship properly, the camas crop 'ld fail. So they kept right on year arter year an' every man wer' forbidden to touch the ledge with a hammer on pain o' bein' pounded to death with hammers by the squaws hisself.

But one night one o' the red-skinned thieves—a kind of a loafin' unbelievin' sort o' galoot, I guess, struck off and went up to see if he couldn't chip off a bit o' the gold. He wer' missed, an' the tribe concluded as the Blackfeet had caught him. So they hed a dance in his mem'ry an' all got drunk, divided up his outfit, an' thought no more of him. That summer, however, just before the camas crop came ripe, they went up with medicine men and the whole blamed pan-jandery to worship. An' when they got to the gulch, the first thing they seed was the lost buck lyin' dead before the rock, with his stone-hammer in his hand, without anythin' to tell what killed him, an' his body not touched by wolves. That year the camas crop wer' the lightest on record.

That made 'em more afeard o' the great, glitterin' mass 'n ever; an' it was a long time afore any one else dared to try an' rob the Great Spirit's Teepee, as they called the claim. Howsoever, as years went by, an' game got scarcer, and white men more plenty;

they came to think more 'n more o' gold an' less 'n less o' the Great Spirit. At last, one o' the high muck-a-mucks, a big, tyee among 'em, an' boss medicine man, began to tell 'em as that gold wer' thei'r'n, that the Great Spirit had put it ther' for ther' use when they needed it, an' the only reason as he had killed the other buck war 'cos he had gone up an' tried to take it all to hisself, instead o' takin' the whole tribe along, an' goin' cahoots like a square man. At first they wanted to set the squaws to poundin' the old man with hammers. But bit by bit they came to think as it wer' a dog-goned shame to hev all that gold lyin' ther' idle; and all the good fire-water as the white man had to swap fur jest such truck. So to last they let 'emselves be persuaded; an' next time as they went up to worship, they took hammers along, and after a bigger celebration 'n usual, to kind o' tickle the Great Spirit, the old medicine man, he war to thank the Great Spirit fur havin' given 'em the gold, and war to set to work before the whole tribe an' lick in at it.

So they had jest the all-firedest big worship as they'd ever had, and it wasn't till arter three days o' straight howlin' and dancin' as the man he cluded as the Great Spirit was satisfied o' the religiousness o' ther' scheme. About noon o' the fourth day, the whole tribe filed itself up with paint an' feathers, an' gathered roun' facin' the great yellow slab—the bucks in front, then the young men; then the squaws an' papooses behind. Then the old Indian man he came out with a bear's scalp over his head, an' lay down on his face before the rock an' talked a deal o' truck about the piety o' the tribe as the best, an' meekest o' all the Great Spirit's children—damned, thievin' scamps as them Crows are, too! Then he humbly thanked the Great Spirit for givin' 'em the gold an' hoped he wouldn't hurt the camas crop arter they had took it. When he gets through, the whole tribe yelled an' barked, "Hi-yi-yi-yi-yi. Hi-yi!" an' stood on one leg an' then on the other an' did everythin' else that was pious.

It wer' dark an' cloudy, an' in ther' among the trees jest awful gloom'some. The old man he threw off his bear's head, freed his arm from his buffalo-robe, an' gripping his hammer, give a great whoop an' raised it fur a lick. Suddenly the sun shone out, an' through a gap in the pine-boughs overhead struck full on the gold, till it flashed like lightnin'. The old man checked his lick; the hammer dropped to the ground, an' then with a yell he clapped his hands over his eyes and fell—stone blinded!

They didn't make no more efforts to take the gold. They jest went home, and when they got ther' they found as a worm had got in an' ruined the camas crop. That year they moved away up to where they was found by the white men, and where they are now located on the Crow Reservation. There's old men among the Crows yet as was present as papooses when the old man was struck blinded, an' they still tell the story o' their shifftin' ther' huntin' ground in the big pow-wows.

It's ther' belief that if it hadn't bin fur the old man tacklin' that lead, the Great Spirit 'd never hev let the white men whip his children.

The first white men as went in, some ten years after the time I'm tellin' of heard o' the claim from the redskins, an' they started in to hunt for it. With the directions o' some o' the Indians, a gang o' three men found the claim sure enough an' it was every bit as great as the redskins had said.

Wal, ther' was three on 'em as I've told you, an' when they came upon that wall o' gold they knowed as ther' fortins was made. It took 'em ten minnites o' whoopin' an' lettin' off ther' guns afore they could settle down to business. Then they examines the rock all over, and ther', right in sight (let alone what ran back into the ledge) war enough gold to keep 'em all drunk as long as they lived. Arter they'd looked all over, one on 'em proposes to knock a piece out with his hammer. The other two stood back while he took a lick at it. "Crack!" went his hammer agin the rock, and "crack! crash!" went suthin' else. Right above the ledge an old pine tree, dead and withered, juttet out over the gulch—which warn't more'n a rod across—and whether it wer' that they'd loosened its roots by firin' ther' guns into it, or whether the lick with the hammer (which ain't no wise likely) had shocked it, or whether it wer' just an accident, no one can say; but crash! down it came just at that moment right on to the man below. When the other two got him out from under the stem, he was dead; whilst one o' the others found as a bough in passing had struck his right shoulder hard enough to lame his arm sure enough.

What with buryin' him as was killed an' nursin' the sick arm, they didn't have much time to give the gold for a day or so. But it stayed ther', all right; an' seemed to look puttier every day. Meanwhile ther' grub begin to give out; an' they decided as one o' 'em hed better go back to camp an' git out some more grub an' some tools. So they drew grasses, an' the one with the lame arm had to stay behind. It took the other a week to get out to wher' they'd "cached" ther' grub, and nigh on to two more to git



in agin, with the tools an' a month's grub fur two packed on his back. But he did git in agin. It was 'long in the artemnoon as he came nigh the gulch, an' though he hollered an' let off his gun he couldn't git no answer. Then he started workin' his way up the gulch bottom. Still not a sound, an' as he gets near the head a couple of grey wolfs slunk off into the timbers.

At last he came in sight of the wall o' gold and it was gettin' darkish now an' he felt kind o' skeary. Still dead silence. Then he started, for before him was the same light as the Indians had seed that time they went in after the buck had got lost—close up by the foot of rock lay his pardner—dead!

He had been dead some time. The grub was all uneaten, and he was stiff an' beginnin' to rot. The wolves, too, curious enough, had not touched him. That was enough for the last of the three. With two dead beside him, an' the memory of all that the Indians had told him about the jealousy of the Great Spirit, an' with the wolves howling in the woods around him, he made up his mind as he didn't want none o' that gold. Throwing most of his grub away an' leavin' his pardner's body lyin' ther' he turned in the half-light an' shouted down the gulch. He had had enough of prospectin', and headed for God's country. But he never got there. The Sioux got him. But not until arter he'd met a gang goin' in to the mountains to prospect, a hundred mile or so away from wher' the ledge war. He told all about it, an' they swore as they would find it.

"Mebbe you will," says he, "mebbe you won't. It 'll be better for you if you don't. If you do you'll know the place by Jake's body which is lyin' there."

An' that was how it came to be called the Lost Corpse Claim. An' that brings me to Coyote Jim.

Things was gettin' all-fired low in Pine Gulch. The ground wern't payin' wages, and the camp was about busted. Still we all kiner hung on like in hopes o' some day strikin' suthin'. Every night we'd git together an' talk round the fire o' the lost corpse, an' half a dozen of us, mebbe, had agreed as if anyone was to strike it as he'd let the other boys in share an' share alike. But talkin' about it didn't bring us no dust; an' our patience wer' pretty well gone, I reckon. Leastwise mine wer', an' we was all talkin' o' gettin' out afore snow came.

Jim, he lived in the next cabin to me, an' one mornin' he came in just as I wer' buildin' a fire, an'—"Jack," says he, "I've had a dream." "That so?" says I. "What about?" "About the lost corpse," says he. "I know wher' to find her, an' I'm goin' to do it." Jake he cries slappin' me on the back, "we shall be rich yet, for we goes share an' share alike." He wer' a good honest white man, wer' Jim.

Then he toll me all about his dream. How he had gone the whole way to the claim (not tellin' me what way though) an' had found it ther'—gold an' corpse an' all. Miners is terrible superstitious about dreams. An' yet I don't know as it's superstition, either; for some o' the best claims ever struck has bin found through dreams. Jim believed in 'em thoroughly, an' he set to work to tell me o' all the leads he'd known as had been shown to men in ther sleep, an' he was jest sartin as he'd got the lost corpse at last. I didn't take no stock in what he said, nor did me or two other boys as he told; an' next mornin' he started out alone to follow the trail the dream had given him.

He told me the story of his prospectin' when he came in, as you shall hear how.

In his dream he had found the claim by a certain growth of trees—a queer clump o' tamaracks; an' if he could find them he knew he could find the ledge. But though he knowed in what quarter this clump war, he couldn't remember how he got ther' in his sleep. So he started with grub for six weeks, an' it wer' nigh on to four week afore he struck signs. He'd jest follow one gulch up its top, an' then follow the divide to the next an' go down that an' up the other side o' the main creek, an' so on; climbin' tall trees now an' agin an' gettin' up on hill-tops to look around fur them tamaracks. It's all-fired slow work, prospectin' that way, an' tent likly as a man would get over more'n a hundred miles away in four weeks. Howsoever that may be, at last Jim struck the tamaracks—well up towards the top of a ridge, between two pretty big creeks, an' he knowed as the next side gulch to the right on the south side o' the divide, would be the one.

From them tamaracks, he said, he knowed every foot o' the way, recognisin' every tree on rock, an' in half an hour he was at the place.

He'd felt so sartin o' findin' it jest as he did, that he warn't s'prised nor elated like; but jest set to work, so he said, to look the rock over in a business-like way. An' it war a dandy—jest a mass four or five feet square, all good solid gold, an' then runnin' out from it all over the ledge streaks and nuggets and plums o' yellow metal. It didn't look like a slide nor a boulder neither, but a genuine vein.

Wall, Jim he war a white man, as I've said; an' he wasn't goin' to play no durned shinanagan on us

as he'd promised to go cahoots with. He concluded to camp in the gulch that night an' came back to camp next day with just a specimen o' the rock to show us and bring us out with him. So he built his fire, eat his bacon an' curled up.

Oncet in the night he woke up an' heard a queer kind o' roarin' noise. "Wind gitten' up," he thought to himself half awake, "an' if it brings rain it'll be a mighty good thing arter three months drought." Then he went to sleep agin an' thinked no more of it. How long he'd slep he didn't know, when he was woke agin. "An all-fired hot night," he thought to himself "an' a danged suffocatin' kind o' gulch this; my fire must be smokin' pretty bad"—then he opened his eyes. In a moment he was on his feet. The whole sky, through the boughs o' the pines was red as a flame. Suddenly the roarin' he had heard broke out stronger'n ever; a dense column o' smoke rolled down the side o' the gulch. A moment more an' the fire had topped the hill, first at one point an' then another, an' in a second the whole line o' the hill-side from divide to creek-bottom was a red line o' leaping, roaring flame!

Have you ever seed a fire go through a forest arter a drought, pard? No? Well, you've seed the hills, I reckon, blackened for miles an' miles arter a fire's bin through; and you've seed a prairie fire? Wall, you know how with a stiff wind behind it, the line o' flame sweeps across the grass, makin' a man travel to keep ahead of it, an' how it jumps up to each tall bunch o' grass an' flickers low on the bare spots? Wal, think o' that fifty times bigger, pine trees a hundred feet high, an' spruce an' tamarack, instead o' bunches o' grass, an' the red flames swallerin' 'em as quick; now leapin' into the sky an' then lyin' flat before the wind with the black smoke rollin' out afore.

That's what Jim seed, an' not forty rod away, sweepin' down the other side o' the gulch towards him an' the heat an' the smoke already round him.

It war a race for life, an' he knowed it. Without stoppin' to pick up any grub or a tool he started down the gulch, now leapin' over a fallen log, then crashin' through the brush, caromng agin the tree-trunks an' fallin' flat on his face over boulders. Everythin' now was plain as daylight. The trees stood out red an' black an' the croppings on the hill-sides flashed in the light. At one time he nearly ran agin a bear that was too scared to git out of his way. At another time a cotton tail ran into him, an' still the heat git hotter and the sparks sometimes'd fall around him in showers.

If he could git across the creek at the bottom, he thought he'd be safe, but Scott! what a length that gulch was.

Fortunately a fire runs slower down the lee side of a hill. It's up the next face an' along the ridges as it gathers strength an' goes so's no man nor horse can keep ahead of it on rough ground. An' at last Jim heard the rush o' the waters below, loud he heard 'em, too, an' he amost give out as he remembered that wher that gulch went in the creek was jist one foamng rapid as no man could cross. He turned to try up stream, but the flames headed him off. They war already lickin' along the creek banks an' not a couple o' rods from the gulch bottom. Here in the open bottom, too, the wind caught 'em agin an' the thick smoke with the heat that scorched his face an' parched his tongue, made him stagger.

With a last effort he turned down stream. Only a couple of rods an' the rapids would be passed. How he got over those rods he never knowed. He remembered the scorching heat, the black, blinding smoke that choked him an' made his eyes sting an' then the plunge into the water.

How he came not to be drowned war a wonder. But he crawled out on tother bank an' swooned, as the red flames swept by across the water. It warn't long, however, afore he came to, an' amost wished he hadn't, but had stayed and been burnt in his swoond. Fur somewheres above the flames had crossed the creek an' was comin' down on his side. They war already close, 'n ther warn't more'n thin 400 feet to cross back agin. So in he plunged into the water, and staggered back—fallin' more'n oncet an' goin' under, but each time the cool o' the water revived him and he staggered on. The stumps was still smokin' an' the air war terrible hot an' half suffocatin'. The roar o' the fire comin' down on tother side was gettin' louder an' louder, an' overhead the day break shone white an' greenish through the breaks in the smoke which was lit up with the glow o' the flames.

Then he knowed no more till noon. Whether noon o' the same day or the next he didn't know. But he woke an' found himself lyin' along the edge o' the water, so's it licked agin him an' his face buried in the strip o' green reeds as war the only thing not burned and blackened in sight.

It war some time afore he could stand on his legs, an' then he started for camp, a hundred miles away, an' him sick an' without grub. It must have been a awful time! If you've ever went through timber which'd jist bin burnt you know what travellin' ti

makes. On both sides o' him the hill slopes was covered with the black stumps standin' like rows o' tombstones an' all smokin'. Every half rod or so he had to climb over one as had fallen across the creek, an' all the way he war staggerin' with tire an' hunger. All he had to eat was the inside bark o' the pines, under the blackened stuff outside, an' the grass roots an' a few snails an' bugs, an' such as he'd find on the water's edge. It war days—he did not know how many—afore he got out o' the track o' the fire an' into green trees an' grass agin, an' then two more days afore we found him.

It was seven miles from camp as we came upon what we took to be a dead man—lyin' by the creek side—his face bloody an' blackened, his clothes all burnt to holes an' his hands torn and mangled by climbin' over stumps an' rocks. Arter a bit he come round, an' we started to carry him to camp arter he'd eaten some bread soaked in water. When we started he swooned agin, an' only woke up oncet jist to say: "I've found her, boys, She's there, an' we'll go cahoots, sure!" an' fainted away agin.

At last we got him to camp and arter nursin' him for three days he came round so's to be able to walk.

It war then as he told me the story as I've written it. His voice wer' awful weak an' as he lay on the ground with pine boughs for a bed, he'd hev to stop talkin' every few minutes to get strength to go on. It took him purty nigh a whole day to tell down to wher we found him.

"But it's all right now, boys," he said agin. "I've found her. She's there, an' we'll all go cahoots, sure! Share an' share alike." He wer' a white man, were Jim.

The night arter he'd told me he swooned agin an' come delirious. He wanted to start at oncet to git the gold. He said as the fire was meltin' it all away, an' we'd hev to go quick to git it. He'd show us the way (an' he wer' right ther' for we knowed as none of us could find it without him. We couldn't find it before the fire, and arter the fire it wer' ever so much worsed) an' we'd all go back to God's country an' be rich.

So he kep on all night. Next mornin' he came to agin. I was alone with him when he did.

"Jake," says he "suthin's goin' to happen." An' he looked so white, I guessed what it was, an' the tears came into my eyes, fur I always will say as Jim wer' a white man.

"Jake," says he, "suthin's goin' to happen. I feel awful weak, an' kind o' quiet an' far away like. But it don't matter what happens now, I've found the claim." Here he wandered a bit, an' then come sober agin.

"I've found her, Jake, sure! I'm awful sick and tired now—but I can't be long. Soon as I gits about agin, we'll go out to her—an' we'll all be rich" (his voice was terrible weak an' husky like an' whisperin') "an' we'll go to God's country agin—an' see the old place agin—an' we'll be rich—an' I've found her, sure, this time—an' kin take you to her—an'—an'—we'll all go cahoots mind, Jake," an' here I had to prop him up with my arm, an' put my ear to his lips to hear him. "We'll—go—cahoots; Jake—share—an'—share—an'—sh—sh!"

An' he wer' dead!

That's how Coyote Jim found the lost corpse claim. It hain't never bin found agin since.

## OLD JONES IS DEAD.

I sat in my window, high overhead,  
And heard them say below in the street:  
"I suppose you know that old Jones is dead?"  
Then the speaker passed and I heard their feet  
Heedlessly walking their onward way,  
"Dead!" what more could there be to say?

But I sat and pondered what it might mean  
Thus to be dead while the world went by;  
Did Jones see further than we have seen?  
Was he one with the stars in the watching sky?  
Or, down there under the growing grass,  
Did he hear the feet of the daylight pass?

Were day time and night time as one to him now,  
A grieving and hoping a tale that is told?  
A kiss on his lips or a hand on his brow,  
Could he feel them under the churchyard mold,  
As he surely had felt them his whole life long,  
Though they passed with his youth time hot and strong?

They called him "Old Jones" when at last he died;  
"Old Jones" he had been for many a year;  
Yet his faithful memory Time defied,  
And dwelt in the days so distant and dear,  
When first he had found that love was sweet,  
And recked not the speed of its hurrying feet.

Does he brood in the long night under the sod  
On the joys and sorrows he used to know;  
Or, far in some wonderful world of God,  
Where the shining seraphs stand, row on row,  
Does he wake like a child at the daylight's gleam,  
And know that the past was a night's short dream?

Is he dead, and a clod there down below,  
Or dead and wiser than any behind?  
Which? Ah! who of us all may know,  
Or who can say how the dead folks thrive?  
But the summer morning is cool and sweet,  
And I heard the live folks laugh in the street.



## GLIMPSES OF WESTERN LIFE.

## THE WILD, WILD WEST.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

Room! Room to turn round in, to breathe and be free,  
And grow to be giant—to sail as at sea  
With the speed of the wind on a steed with his mane  
To the wind—without pathway or route or a rein!  
Room! Room to be free where the white bordered sea  
Blows a kiss to a brother as boundless as he;  
And to East and to West, to North and the sun,  
Blue skies and brown grasses are welded as one,  
And the buffalo come like a cloud on the plain—  
Pouring on like the tide of a storm driven main;  
And the lodge of the hunter to friend or to foe  
Offers rest, and unquestioned you come or you go!  
My plains of America! seas of wild lands!  
From a land in the seas with a raiment of foam,  
That has reached to a stranger the welcome of home,  
I turn to you, lean to you, lift you my hand!

## Must be Fun for the Chessmen.

Says the Butte *Inter Mountain*: Dr. Holmes and Mr. John Noyes played a match game of chess Tuesday evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Baldwin, the chess-board being a checkered canvass stretched upon the floor of one of the parlors, and the chessmen being represented by ladies and gentlemen who walked from square to square as instructed by the players. Mr. Noyes won the game.

## T-t-they St-stuttered:

A Portland hunter afflicted with an impediment in his speech, took dinner at a Hillsboro hotel and calling to a waiter, addressed him thus: "We-w-waiter, gl-give me s-s-some r-r-roast b-b-beef." The waiter stammered out in reply: "W-w-w-e a-ain't g-got any." At which the gentleman, highly enraged, supposing the servant was mocking, sprang from his seat and was proceeding to knock him down, when Uncle Dick Wiley arrested his arm and cried to him not to strike, saying: "He st-st-stutters s-s-same as w-w-e d-d-do."—*Yamhill, (Or.) Reporter*.

## She was on the Jury.

Under the heading of "A Warning," a Washington Territory husband, whose wife is on the jury, says: "My wife has been gone away on the jury four days. I have not had a square meal since she left. My children are crying for bread, and everything goes wrong. I am hungry, angry and all out of sorts in every respect. I write this to warn people. He who advocate woman's rights in my presence again, must be a very large man, and if the sheriff comes after my wife again he had better bring a posse with him, for my shotgun is loaded and I will not hesitate to use it."

## A Curiosity.

While Moses Freeland was prospecting about on the weather beach, a few miles north of the road leading to town, Thursday, he came across what appears to be the remains of an old Chinese junk. In size it is about as large as an ordinary scow, with a depth unable to determine, as only the upper portion is left intact. The woodwork is made of solid oak and thoroughly braced with rudely constructed iron trimmings. It has the appearance of being 100 years old at the very least, and is a decided curiosity when compared with our modern ship architecture. The vessel must have come ashore many years ago as it is resting upon the sands a long way from water.—*Oysterville (Wash. Ter.) Journal*.

## Dakota Farmers Hopeful.

Those traveling through Dakota are impressed with the prevalent cheerfulness among the farmers and their hopefulness as regards the future. They have lost the worry and anxiety resulting from the advent of the era of low prices for wheat two years ago, and, except in the comparatively small area of severe drought, have realized good crops the present year. The low prices of our great staple was followed by greater economy, and more attention to stock and the garden and other sources of revenue, and many are realizing a larger profit than when higher prices prevailed. To-day, the Dakota farmer who conducts his operations intelligently, is doing much better than he could in any other part of the country with the same capital.—*North Dakota Farmer*.

## Don't Kick.

For the benefit of those out here in the Big Bend, who have taken up all the way from 160 to 480 acres of Uncle Sam's dirt, and yet kick, we publish the following:

In Ireland tens of thousands of acres of farming lands rent from \$10 to \$15 per acre. There are more than 16,000 families in Ireland by the last census who are living on farms of not more than one acre,

and 58,000 families who live on more than one and less than five acres; 83,000 families, in round numbers, live on rented farms of between five and ten acres, and 69,000 families on holdings of between ten and fifteen acres. This land is no better than the land of the Big Bend. It requires manure and needs the best of cultivation, and the farmer there has to pay his rent whether crops fail or not. Now you Big Benders don't kick any more.—*Davenport (Wash. Ter.) Times*.

## Alaska Glaciers.

Luther Holden, of Boston, returned from Glacier Bay on the Alaskan coast and says: "In comparison to the glaciers at that point, those on the Alps are small affairs. The Muir glacier is a mass of ice a mile wide and of average height above the water 25 feet. The water in the immediate vicinity of the glacier is 550 feet deep, showing the tremendous bulk of the glacier. It is constantly breaking, and pieces of ice weighing thousands of tons fall into the ocean with a tremendous roar, creating waves that extend miles away. There is a continual sound as of thunder, or cannonading, caused by the cracking of the ice inside the mass. Professor Wright's investigations are quite curious and interesting. He has demonstrated that the Alaskan glaciers flow southward at about the rate of 40 feet per day, and that the Muir is discharging into the ocean at about the rate of 149,000,000 cubic feet per day."

## Onion Bill's Proclamation.

In the rip-roaring frontier town of Beef Gap, Idaho, there is a new city marshal. He was "Onion Bill" before the election, but now they call him "Chief," and add respectfully his last name, Birdell. Here is a copy of a circular he posted in prominent places in the town and its outskirts. It had a good effect:

## NOTICE.

This is to inform the citizens of Beef Gap and strangers adjoining therein that on and after this date it will be unlawful for any person in this town to carouse! cuss! or whoop!

On and after this date, also, there will be in this town

No more compelling people to drink when they don't feel like it.

No more shooting of plug hats.

No more short card games of chance.

No more drinking of whisky out of bottles when the bars are open.

No more noisy deviltry.

Any man riding or driving a horse into a bar will be shot.

Any man or men compelling a man to dance will be shot.

Any man raking down the pot at a poker game without the cards to back it up will be shot dead.

Tramps, tin-horn gamblers, back door lunchers, boneyard bummers, horse thieves, three card men, swill pail scrapers and coffin-paint demolishers are warned away from Beef Gap. It is the new determination to usher in an era of reform and all good citizens will array themselves on the side of the law. All others will be turned over to the coroner.

By the Mayor.

BILL BIEDEL, Chief.

## A Golden Fleece.

Mr. S. B. McDaniels, a sheepman of the upper Sweetwater, passed through the city yesterday on his way to Philadelphia, his old home. Mr. McDaniels had the most valuable sheep clip with him the world, beyond a doubt, has ever produced. The wool was full of fine scales of gold, from the size of a pin point to that of an average thumb nail. Mr. McDaniels told the story of his golden fleece to the reporter while the latter was examining its curious and rare richness.

About a month ago, one of Mr. McDaniels' herders came into camp in great excitement and said that a sheep the color of the sun was in the herd. His employer accompanied him back to the herd, and there sure enough, when they came in sight of the flock, was the sun-colored sheep. The glittering animal was standing on a small elevation, and the herd, evidently inspired by curious fears, was circling around it a safe distance. The golden stranger appeared in no manner different from any other sheep, with the exception of his coat.

The animal proved to be shy, however, and when the two spectators approached it broke and ran away, making toward the bluffs. Determined not to lose such a singular prize, McDaniels put spurs to his horse in pursuit, intending to circle the fleeing sheep back to the herd. He soon found, however, that he was getting left in the race, and reluctantly made up his mind to shoot the animal. The third shot from the Winchester brought down his quarry, and riding up he dismounted and examined it at his leisure. The animal was a specimen of the common range sheep, but had no owner's mark on it. The wool

was of average thickness and weight, and was absolutely mixed with golden scales. On being removed and rolled up it glittered in the sun like a ball of fire.

Mr. McDaniels came to the conclusion that the animal belonged to a band of range strays, and had acquired the golden scales by rolling in some rich mountain deposit. Impressed with this idea, he spent a couple of weeks prospecting the surrounding country, but he failed to find any golden mountain pocket or any more golden sheep.

Mr. McDaniels estimates the value of his golden fleece at \$500. He will probably place it on exhibition East.—*Cheyenne Leader*.

## An Excellent Method of Courting.

About two weeks ago the *Journal* contained an announcement of the marriage of A. J. Kimball of Forsyth to an Eastern lady, Miss Maggie A. Rhodes. There was nothing wonderful about this marriage so far as we then knew, but later developments are extremely interesting. It transpired that the now happily married couple did all their courting by letter and had never seen one another until the day they were married. The *Washington Star* contains the particulars of this (to the inhabitants of the effete East) peculiar mode of getting a wife, which we give in full:

About a year ago Andrew J. Kimball of Forsyth, Montana, sought acquaintance with an Eastern lady with a view to marriage. Meeting a friend who was coming East he requested him to hunt up a lady with whom he might correspond. The gentleman interested himself in Kimball's behalf, and secured Miss Maggie Rhodes of Huntington, Pa., as correspondent, and letters were exchanged as well as photographs. After a year's correspondence, and though Miss Rhodes and Mr. Kimball had never seen each other, they agreed to marry and Kimball sent Miss Rhodes money enough to take her to Bismarck, Dakota, where he promised to meet her. She left Huntington on the 25th day of October and on the 29th the couple were married at Miles City, Montana, by Rev. S. E. Snider.—*Yellowstone Journal*.

## Idaho Humor.

Aaron Parker, the versatile editor of the Idaho *Free Press*, from his print-shop on Camas prairie sends forth the following ideas:

The great need of this country is more mint-juleps. Justice is the soapuds with which we wash the flannel shirt of wrong. This is the time of year when a lot of old stiffs trot out their predictions for a hard winter. One, more idiotic than the rest, bases his reasons for the prediction on the fact that he has seen crows flying southward. The chances are ten to one that the old chap was too full to tell South from any other point of the compass. Another old-timer, a packer, tells us that the hair on mules' tails is longer and thicker than usual, a never-failing sign of a hard winter, and his opinion was delivered in a breath strong enough to knock down a weak minded man. Recently it appears to us that a large number of people in this wicked world have nothing to do but to write postal cards asking for a sample copy of this paper. Maybe they think we are publishing this paper to wear out our young life, but that is where they fall into a common error. We are trying to secure a competence so that we can carry a cane, wear a linen duster next summer, and have a special mug with our monogram on it when a barber shop is established here, and this is why we ask pay for things sometimes when it seems unladylike and eccentric to do so. People who inclose stamps will be waited on as soon as the mailing brigade can catch up, but the d. f's who expect this priceless repository of the brilliant offspring of a fertile brain to be sent to them in exchange for a chunk of taffy on a postal card will anxiously watch through the gloaming till a late hour after the mails are distributed, but they will wait in vain.

## A Bear-Hunter's Story.

Fort Keogh Letter in Philadelphia Times.

"Tell you what, pard," said the grizzled hunter, "any man's a fool to go in after bar alone, no matter how many shootin' irons he's got, an' I don't care ef he can pump 'em in like chain lightning'. A bar's a bar all the time, an' he's no man's meat until daylight's put clean through him a dozen times, more or less."

"Well, did it take two of you to kill the old she-bear you refer to?"

"No, it didn't; but that wasn't the fault of the bar, for I tackled her myself, and came near passing in my checks for the little bit of fun. I sent an ounce of lead plum through her heart, 'an yet she walked more than fifty yards before toppling over."

"You don't mean to say," interposed I, "that a live bear, wide-awake and in good health, after being shot through the heart, actually walked a distance of 150 feet before falling?"

"That's what I mean, pard, an' no snakes. It was





A LIVELY MONTANA FAMILY.



a close call for my bar, I tell you. You see, I was behind a log when I spied the old sow and her two cubs, an' I up with my gun an' pulled on her at once; but I better tell the whole story so you can see how it was yourself. Me and Buck Simpson were back in the Big Horn Range an' had made our winter camp down in a deep canyon away from the frost, so as to get water all the time. Water don't freeze deep down in the canyons, you know. I had gone up the canyon a piece an' broke off into some timber on the trail of a tarnal catamount or mountain lion that had stole our meat the night before. Wasn't thinking of bar at all, as I was all alone and not hunting for a fight of that kind. Suddenly I came upon a powerful big sow and her two cubs, who were having a sort of rolling, tumbling game in the middle of a small clearing. I dropped like a shot behind a log and looked to my repeater. Had six slugs in the chamber an' no more.

"The little picnic party was only sixty or sixty-five yards away, just a good distance for a safe, comfortable shoot. I took dead aim at the shoulder of the dam and pulled the trigger. Down dropped the big mother all in a heap, and, as I thought, stone dead. But she was no more dead than you or I. That was shot No. 1. I sized the largest cub an' put a bullet into its skull. The tarnal youngster dropped like the old one, but it set up such an infernal squealing that the big bar jumped to her feet in a perfect rage and went thrashing about awfully, tearing up the shrubs and roots and licking the blood from her baby. That was shot No. 2. I took another sighter at the old one and caught her in the shoulder once more. Down she went like a bullet an' rolled over in the brush, as I thought, dead again. That was shot No. 3. I turned to the other cub and let him have a dose just for luck. That was shot No. 4. The first cub was lying dead on the ground, and this second fellow also went to grass, all in a heap; but he, like his brother, set up such an awful squealing that it brought the old bar to life once more, who jumped to her feet and acted like she was crazy. She snarled and spit blood and tore around at a great rate, intent on finding the fellow who was breaking up her family. She was a perfect fury. Mother of Moses! She spied me from behind the puff of smoke, and dropping on all fours, came towards me with a kind of shambling gait, at the same time rolling her head wickedly from side to side. It's a mistake most people have, who think a bar comes at a fellow standing on their hind legs. No man ever saw a bar attack in that position. They always drop on all fours and roll along towards you, only standing up when any hugging is to be done or a blow is to be struck. An' a bar, when he walks on his four legs, rolls his head from side to side, making it awful hard to get a shot in, to kill. Well, the fourth shot killed the second cub, an' I had only two left between me and that bar. I had to catch her in a vital part the next clip, or the jig was up with me. I took another good aim at the shoulder and pulled a steady hand. But, would you believe it? she wagged her head just as the gun banged and the bullet tore her whole lower jaw off.

"Great snakes and rattlers! How she did howl for a minute. She sat down on her haunches like a dog and wagged her broken jaw from side to side. Then casting an evil eye on me, she dropped on all fours again and came at me in a strictly business-like way. That was shot No. 5. How I wished I had not wasted those two cartridges on the cubs. Well, sir, she was just fifty yards from me, when I took dead aim at her heart and pulled for the last time. The old brute paid no more attention to the pill than if I hadn't fired at all, an' for a moment I was sure I must have missed her. But that couldn't be, for the bead was on her heart and the lead must have got there somehow. She never winked, but came straight at me, with a steady gait, without a flinch, a halt or a hitch of any kind. I tell you, pard, I was scared then. What could be the matter with the beast that she wouldn't get killed? I sprang to my feet, threw the gun away, and whipped out my long hunting-knife, ready for a death-struggle with her, hand to hand. On came the bar, without a pause, ten, eight, six, five, four, yes an' to three yards she came, with her lower jaw hanging broken and bleeding, and her big ugly paw raised in the air ready to give me a blow. I felt my hair turning white and raised my knife to plunge into her shaggy side. She made a wicked wipe at me with that terrible paw, but instead of catching me a whack, she tottered and trembled, fell to the ground and rolled over dead. I could hardly believe my eyes, but there she was, the biggest bar I had ever seen, lying out stark an' stiff without a kick, an' all my meat. Well, sir, I sat down on her body and actually felt her pulse to see if the old rascal was sure enough dead and no spooning, but she was a goner for certain, and I hadn't a scratch. I was so badly frightened that I couldn't skin her then, but went back to camp an' told Buck Simpson the whole story. He wouldn't believe me; or, at least, couldn't understand how she came to topple over so suddenly. We agreed to go back up the canyon that very night, an' cut her open to see

what was the matter. We took off the hide an' found the two bullets snugly lodged in her shoulder and traced the third ball, which had broke her lower jaw. The fourth ball—well, we found the fourth ball on the other side of the carcass, an' would you believe it pard? that old she-monster had really walked full fifty yards directly at me, with a hole in her heart nearly as big as your fist."

"And what became of the mountain lion you started out to get in the first place?" I inquired.

"Oh, the catamount, you mean; well, he got away, an' had I known that the stolen meat would have got me into such a scrape as it did, Mr. Catamount could have taken all the meat in camp an' Buck Simpson in the bargain, before I'd a gone after it. Let's take something wet."

#### X. BEIDLER.

X. Beidler's presence recalls a story we recently heard of him. X., during the past summer, has, as he calls it, been "monkeying on the formations." In other words he has been employed in the National Park in the capacity of a peace officer. He accompanied several parties making the rounds of the park, and regaled them with many a true and wondrous tale of border life. One party approached the new telephone poles, which, at that time were without wires, but had been provided with iron rods, inserted at a distance of two feet apart the entire length of the poles, upon which the linemen ascended to the top. The eastern visitors had never seen such telephone poles, and with that curiosity for which they are noted, asked what they were for. With that earnestness and innocence that has made him famous, he informs them that owing to the great number of grizzlies in that vicinity, the improvement company had found it necessary to provide safety poles for tourists, and had instructed their drivers, when a bear was seen, to drive with all possible speed to the nearest pole and seek safety near its top. This statement the driver unblushingly corroborated, and in the evening, at a hotel, the lady reporter of the party was seen busily questioning the guileless X., who again repeated the above statement, that she might note it down for publication. During the summer, X. was one of the greatest attractions of the park, and not a few recognized him by his picture in A. K. McClure's great book, "Three Thousand Miles Across the Rockies." His memory is still excellent and he can repeat, in his own way, every detail of his famous career from Kansas in the border war, when he was hit in the hip by a bullet; his journeying and experiences in Colorado, and many events that have transpired in Montana, already recorded in a general way, regarding the stirring events in our first settlements, when twenty-two outlaws were hung and X. assisted materially in bringing them to justice. His has been a life of adventure well worthy to be perpetuated side by side with that of Kit Carson, Jim Bridger and other noted pioneers. X. is now fifty-five years of age.—*Bozeman (Mont.) Chronicle.*

#### HUNTING NEAR MISSOULA.

*Lieut. Schwatka, in New York Times.*

The most formidable of these ranges for a road to break through is the Bitter Root Mountains, forming the boundary between Montana and Idaho territories, and a grand old backbone ridge it is. It almost forced the Northern Pacific Railroad into Canadian dominions in order to find a pass, and even then it was compelled to build a bridge across Lake Pend d'Oreille, one of the most picturesque sheets of water in our picturesque country and one of the largest lakes in the far West, having an irregular coast line of about 250 miles in length. Its length is between fifty and sixty miles, and it is from three to twelve miles in width. Nowhere on its length, however, does it show all its waters, so winding is it, but in these graceful sweepings of its alpine shores lies much of its scenic beauty. With the railroad running for twenty-five to thirty miles along its shores and crossing its waters, I thought it singular that such a beautiful surrounding had not been utilized to cater to that peculiar want of the American people for a summer resort, but I have since understood that that had been done or soon was to be done. Here for 100 miles on either side of the Lake of the Pend-ant Ear, the Nimrod enters one of the finest game countries in the world. In the more level places are the deer, in the foot-hills the American elk, or wapiti, caribou and moose, and in the mountains bear and mountain sheep and goats. The amateur hunter can thus regulate the amount of exercise he may want to take by the animals he may choose to hunt. Aquatic fowl, grouse and prairie chickens are also plentiful in all directions. At Missoula, it is said on good authority, one hunter of local reputation cleared nearly \$200 one year on bounty for bear scalps at \$10 per topknot. The mountain fishing is unexcelled.

So hard is it to clamber over the hills that no game law is needed to protect the trout and grayling that swarm in the waters. It is undoubtedly one of the finest hunting districts in the United States.

#### SPOKANE FALLS AS A MILLING POINT.

Spokane Falls, Wash. T'y., is growing rapidly and is attracting much attention, at present, from capitalists and manufacturers. It is evidently destined to become a great manufacturing center. Its water power and milling interests are thus described by a correspondent of the *Northwestern Architect*:

The Spokane River, which is the outlet of Cœur d'Alene lake, flows in a westerly direction for a distance of thirty miles through a broad valley, when it reaches this city. At this point the river enters into a narrow canyon by means of a series of cascades of surpassing beauty, and before gathering for a final grand plunge into one channel, its waters are divided into four separate channels, with islands between. The entire distance covered with the falls will not exceed a quarter of a mile, and are all embraced within the city limits of Spokane Falls. The banks and islands are all of a solid basaltic rock formation, assuring a condition of firmness greatly advantageous to manufacturing interests. The entire fall of the river, within the city limits is 156 feet, and furnishes at low water 114,000 horse power, while at high water stages it goes as high as 240,000 horse power. A correspondent of a Chicago daily has this to say concerning this water power:

"The wonder of the place is the immense water power, and which, in the means at hand for utilizing the same is perhaps greater than that at Minneapolis. One must first become accustomed to the grandeur and beauty of the scene, which fairly rivals Niagara, before any proper conception can be had of the magnitude of the medium as a means of development and manufacture. There is power sufficient for twice the spindles, machines, and manufactures of the New England States—more than is used in the manufacturing cities of Lowell, Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Rochester, and Patterson combined; is in excess of that at Minneapolis, and best illustrated, comparatively, with that at Appleton, Wis. There is more value, in dollars and cents, in the water power at Spokane Falls than is possible to attain—more than any other known, unless it be at Appleton. The source of supply is not drawn from mountain torrents, but covers a vast extent of undulating country in Cœur d'Alene district and proceeding directly from that large body of water is reinforced in innumerable streams, and of such a temperature from the conditions incident that its flow is perpetual, and never freezes. Its value is simply incalculable, and, with the immense forests at hand and other means of manufacture common to the country, must prove a first means in maintenance of the same. The natural advantages incident with such diversity of interest tributary to its doors as is found in all surroundings fixes in the natural channel of trade such conditions as must inevitably result in the building of an important city."

It may not be generally known that Spokane Falls is rapidly growing into importance in the manufacture of flour, but such is the fact. As a milling point, surrounded as Spokane Falls is, by one of the finest wheat belts in the world, and with a water power unsurpassed, there is no limit to her possibilities in the future. Certain it is, Spokane is and will continue to be the banner milling point of the far Northwest and of the entire Pacific coast region. The flour manufactured is of the very best quality, and by reason of its excellence is in great demand, shipments being anxiously solicited by leading produce dealers of Chicago, and other Eastern cities. At present there are only three mills in operation, but I am assured that before another season passes, there will not only be two other large mills erected, but the output of those already operating will be at least three times greater than at present.

The *McLeod Gazette* pours hot shot into the Northwest Council for endorsing Lieut. Gov. Dewdney's statement that "they have safe cattle ranges extending from the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains to a point south of Regina, and extending almost to the Souris River." It says that they had no more right to recommend the Regina district as a cow country than they would have to encourage farmers to take up land and attempt to raise wheat in one of the canyons of the Rocky Mountains. It intimates that the Home Land and Cattle Co., the only cattle firm in that district, will not have many animals to round up next spring. The *Gazette* is probably right, as the winter climate at Regina is something frightful. A friend of ours who became enthused over that district and took up land there in 1882, deserted it in 1884, with the remark: "My constitution is not adapted to Arctic explorations."—*Bullings (Mont.) Gazette.*



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# The Northwest

ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Entered for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.

E. V. SMALLEY, - EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

## BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENT.

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## OUR WINTER CARNIVAL NUMBER.

Our Winter Carnival number will be published early in January and will be an extra issue. The Carnival edition will be much the finest specimen of illustrated periodical literature ever issued in the Northwest. It will be wholly devoted to winter sports and winter life, and will picture all the brilliant and vivacious phases of the great St. Paul winter holiday season. It will contain over fifty handsome engravings.

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ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS, JANUARY, 1887.

## TACOMA'S BRIGHT PROSPECTS.

Tacoma, the western terminal city of the Northern Pacific Railroad, has good and substantial reasons for anticipating a larger growth in 1887 than has taken place in any year of her brief history. The short line of the Northern Pacific from the great wheat regions and grazing regions of Eastern Washington and Western Idaho to the tide water of Puget Sound will be opened for traffic early in the spring. This line, known as the Cascade Division, from the fact that it crosses the Cascade Mountains, ends at the wharves of Tacoma. It is not properly a branch, though so denominated in the amended charter of the company, but is a prolongation of the main line by the shortest practicable route to reach the deep water of the Pacific where navigation is unobstructed and the largest ship can sail safely out to the open sea. A large portion of the enormous grain crop of what is known as the "Inland Empire" must inevitably go to market by way of this new route. Tacoma will at once become an important wheat shipping port. A commodious dock system is now being planned by the railroad engineers to meet the needs of the new commerce.

New branches of trade will be sure to get a firm footing where the wheat is poured from trains to store-

houses and from storehouses to the ships sailing to Liverpool, Southampton, Havre and Bremen. Manufactures will follow trade. The place where the wheat is sold will be the point where many of the merchants of the wheat country will want to buy their goods. The ships themselves will give business to new industries furnishing them with material and supplies. There will be an increased demand for skilled and common labor and the laborers' families will require houses to live in and will in their turn support more tradesmen. In fact there are numerous ways in which the city will profit and grow from the flow of wheat into its lap. Besides, Tacoma will be the nearest large town to the whole Yakima Valley and will consequently be the market for the hops, fruits, cattle, and garden stuff as well as the grain of the farming country in the great valley and its supply point for merchandise. The new Cle-elum coal district will also contribute to Tacoma's general business, although the coal mined there will go eastward, Tacoma having her own coal fields much nearer, and on the western side of the mountains. On both sides of the range there are many fertile valleys which will soon be settled by small farmers, now that the road has made them accessible, and the new districts thus populated will be additional territory for the support of the terminal city.

The hop business of the neighboring valleys of the Puyallup and other rivers, which has lately been depressed by low prices, has now become once more active and prosperous under the stimulus of a heavy advance. New land is being cleared and new fields planted. The recuperation of this important industry cannot fail to have a salutary influence on the trade of Tacoma. The railroad company will be pretty sure to make of its experimental shipments of tea from Japan a regular commerce now that it will have its own line from the seaboard to the East and will not have to give an unreasonable proportion of the through freight charges to another corporation. These are some of the immediate influences which will work for Tacoma's advantage. We shall be greatly surprised if this coming year does not prove the most successful by far she has ever experienced.

## DAKOTA IN 1887.

Dakota is now the only region east of the Rocky Mountains where large areas of fertile land adapted for general farming without irrigation are still open to homestead settlement. Kansas and Nebraska are pretty well occupied as far west as farming can be carried on with a certainty of sufficient rainfall to produce crops. So is Texas. Indeed in some parts of those States settlement has gone beyond the line of safety from drought and has been compelled to draw back. To Dakota alone can the emigrant now go with the certainty of finding a free farm, unless he pushes on beyond the continental divide to the plains of Eastern Washington or engages in irrigated farming in Montana. Dakota must of necessity receive a large immigration this year. It is close to the cities and markets of the older West, is easily and cheaply reached by settlers and is penetrated in all of its great area by railroads. A few items of information concerning this rapidly developing Territory will be of interest to many of our Eastern readers.

The winters are long and cold—a fact there is no use of overlooking. The ground is covered with snow, as a rule, from the first of December to the middle of March. Every vehicle, except railway cars and engines, goes upon runners. The dry air makes the cold not only endurable but positively exhilarating. There is very little sickness in winter. People are out of doors more than in the East, where the damp cold weather is much more disagreeable. Thick clothing is worn, and men who are out driving much wear fur coats and caps.

The summers are warm but breezy, and the same quality of dryness in the air which lessens the effect of low temperatures makes the heat far less oppressive than in regions where the atmosphere carries considerable moisture. Spring comes with a bound,

and plowing begins as soon as the frost is out of the ground deep enough to put in the plowshare. Crops grow and mature rapidly.

The land is rolling prairie west of the level Red River Valley. Timber is scarce. Cottonwoods and willows grow along the streams. West of the Missouri, where the land is hilly, considerable oak is found. In that part of the Territory veins of lignite coal are so frequent that fuel is a small item of expense.

The native growth of grasses is luxuriant, and on low ground abundance of hay can be cut from natural meadows. Stock-raising is profitable in connection with general farming. A great deal of money has been made from wheat-growing and wheat is still the great staple crop, but prices have been so low for the past two years that many farmers have realized the wisdom of diversifying their crops and keeping cattle and sheep. Dakota will always, however, be mainly a wheat country, for two reasons, first the fact that what is known as "number one hard," the highest priced wheat grown, can only be produced successfully in that Territory and in the adjacent portions of Minnesota and Manitoba; and second, because of the comparative nearness of the Dakota wheat regions to water transportation at Duluth.

The new settler need not go into a vacant wilderness. He can find free government land and cheap railroad land within a few miles of a railway station and post-office and the public school system will provide for his children as soon as he has a few neighbors to form a school district. His homestead need not be farther from a town where there are competing stores and shops than he can drive both ways in a day.

The farmers' working season is fully as long as it is in Illinois or Ohio, by reason of the fact that there is hardly any raw, sloppy, disagreeable weather in spring or fall. Taking one year with another the farmer can count on seven months for his out-door operations and five for rest and sociability, the care of stock being the only winter labor required.

The one great conspicuous advantage Dakota offers to immigrants is a wide range of choice of good lands, and the opportunity to begin farming with small capital and work up in a few years to a position of independence. The poor man who in the east must always remain a hired laborer or a renter of others' land can become his own master and his own landlord, and the small farmer can begin life anew with means enough to own a large tract and to prosper as he never could hope to do in his old home.

## RECIPROCITY WITH CANADA.

Few states have as great an interest in the proposed reciprocity treaty with Canada as Minnesota. On our Northern border lies the agricultural Province of Manitoba, separated from us by no natural geographical boundary. The resources of that province are identical with those of the neighboring regions in Minnesota and Dakota. Its present population is about 70,000, and in spite of its extremely cold winters and its short summers it has the capacity for considerable further growth, not one-tenth of its valuable lands being now under cultivation. Except the milling of wheat and a little sawing of lumber, Manitoba has no manufactories to speak of. The manufactured goods required by its inhabitants are either made in the cities of Ontario or imported through the port of Montreal. An average tariff of 35 per cent. effectually bars out the fabrics, implements and machinery produced at Minneapolis, St. Paul and other Minnesota cities. Only a few articles, notably superior in quality to the imitations made in Toronto, Hamilton and Chatham, can be sold in Manitoba after paying the Dominion tariff duties. Practically the great prairie country north of us is walled in, so far as our trade interests are concerned, and forced to pay tribute to the far off factories and importing houses of Ontario and Quebec.

From the nearest Canadian towns on the east Manitoba is separated by a thousand miles of wilderness, so sterile and so destitute of resources that it



can never be peopled. All the natural trade movements to and from the Province would be with the neighboring towns in Dakota and Minnesota and the two cities which form the dual metropolis of the entire Northwest. There can be no question that were the tariff restrictions removed the business relations of Manitoba with these cities would immediately become as close as are those of Dakota at present.

But what would be the effect on our own industries other than those of trade and manufactures? We are told by the opponents of a reciprocity treaty that while it would be a good thing for us to sell the Canadians our machinery and merchandise it would be a bad thing for us to permit them to bring their grain to our markets. This is a short-sighted view. The Manitoba wheat goes into the world's great aggregate of breadstuffs just the same, whether it comes first to our mills, elevators and lake ports or goes through Dominion territory to Montreal. We rejoice at the increase of wheat acreage in Dakota, because it brings to Duluth and Minneapolis more grain to grind or to handle. Why should our farmers be harmed by 10,000,000 of bushels from Manitoba any more than by an additional 10,000,000 produced by new settlers in Dakota? If it is a good thing all around, as nobody seems to doubt, to build up a great farming State on the western border of Minnesota, what harm could come to our interests from breaking down the barrier which separates us from a region of identical resources lying north of us. If we are benefited as a community by shutting out Manitoba grain, then by like reasoning we would be still more benefited if we could force all the Dakota wheat to avoid Minnesota and go to eastern markets by way of Winnipeg and the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Such notions are absurd. Free trade between Minnesota and Manitoba would benefit both communities just as does free trade between Minnesota and Wisconsin. And so on a larger scale, would force trade between the entire Dominion and the United States. In saying this we do not desire to raise the question of the effects of free trade with European nations where other industrial and social conditions prevail. The Canadians are our neighbors on the American continent from ocean to ocean, and are a self-governing, educated people of the same language as ourselves. A customs-union with them would pave the way to the political union which their ablest men foresee must come sooner or later, and which when it comes, will increase their prosperity and add to the power and grandeur of the American Republic.

THE Northern Pacific coal company has commenced shipping coal from its Washington Territory mines, in the Upper Yakima Valley. The coal is a rich bituminous, and will find a ready market in all the Eastern Washington towns. Superintendent Bullitt informs us that this coal closely resembles the Indiana block coal.

THE plains Indians long ago got enough of fighting white men, but their wild propensities will occasionally get the better of such superficial civilization as the missionaries and Indian agents have succeeded in rubbing into them, so that they engage in a lively fight with each other. Such fights grow out of old race hostilities. One of them took place on the 15th of November last near Fort Custer, Montana, between a band of Sioux, who were on the Crow Reservation, where they had no business to go, and a party of Crows. A trophy of this battle in the shape of a Sioux scalp, has been sent to the office of THE NORTHWEST by Dr. Hersey, of Billings, who obtained it from a Crow brave.

Now that Duluth has become the leading grain shipping point in the West and is rapidly moving forward to the position of a commercial center of national importance her enterprising citizens should not delay longer to provide for the old debts of the former municipality and resume their city charter. It is absurd and belittling for them to transact their local affairs under the form of a village organization.

To read of the doings of the village council in a city claiming 20,000 inhabitants is calculated to make an outsider think there is a screw loose somewhere. Unless he happens to be posted on the cause of this anomaly he will be pretty sure to discredit all he hears about the size and prosperity of the place.

WITH the present activity in railroad building in Montana many new opportunities for new settlement and profitable business enterprise are constantly opened. The Territory is going to be a good field for immigration next year and for several years to come. It has an exhilarating and very healthful climate and people of feeble constitutions who go there to live usually find themselves greatly benefited by the change. Sickly men and women are often made robust and happy. The summer hearts are tempered by the breezes from the high mountains and the winter climate is much milder than in the same latitude farther east, by reason of the influence of the mild winds that blow from the Pacific coast. The scenery is inspiring and the people as a class are intelligent, sociable and cordial to strangers seeking homes among them.

#### CROPS THAT CAN BE RAISED IN MINNESOTA.

To the Editor of The Northwest Magazine:

Amongst Eastern people and the people of States in more southerly latitudes, the opinion prevails that we in Minnesota, owing to our high latitude and supposed short summers, can raise but a few kinds of crops. This is a mistake. Every grain, grass and vegetable that is grown in Ohio, for example, can be grown here.

I shall speak of such crops only as are supposed to find a congenial home in Southern or semi-tropical climates.

It is well-known that watermelons and muskmelons of large size and good quality have been raised here in immense quantities for many years; many single farmers in the vicinity of St. Paul and Minneapolis planting from ten to fifteen acres every year. Squashes of all kinds are raised in abundance, and there are no better ones anywhere. Hubbard squashes have been shipped from Minneapolis to Boston. Connecticut pumpkins abound everywhere; and I, as well as many others, have raised the Southern sweet pumpkin and kershaw successfully. I raised a well-ripened Southern sweet pumpkin weighing fifty pounds, which we kept for Christmas pies. I have raised Lima beans both for market and home use for many years, planting my own well-ripened seed from year to year. I mean genuine Lima beans and I know what they are. I have raised sweet potatoes, four different colors and varieties, not only for my own use but considerable quantities to sell. I have raised common yellow sweet potatoes, weighing three pounds each, and exhibited them at the Washington County fair. I have had red ones still larger, but not of so good quality. Okra, a tropical vegetable, has never failed with me. I have raised peanuts, and raised them again from my own Minnesota seed, and exhibited by the peck and half bushel at the Washington County fair, and at the Minnesota State fair. My largest crop of amber cane (Sorghum) syrup was from a crop of cane that was in part "Volunteer" cane. The seed of the previous crop, which had lain on the ground all winter, came up very thick all over the patch. I cultivated it out between the rows one way, and left between the hills in the rows. The stalks of cane were not large, but there were many of them, and I had two hundred and sixteen gallons from a measured acre. Tobacco for home smoking has been raised within sixteen miles of St. Paul every year for more than thirty years to my own personal knowledge. Tomatoes, as everyone knows, are abundant, and red clover is a very successful crop. Many tons of the finest grapes, Concord, Delawares and many other varieties, are raised every year around St. Paul, Minneapolis and Lake Minnetonka.

Last, but not least, corn is a reliable and profitable crop. Dent corn is the kind planted for a field crop by the farmers of my acquaintance: and the yield should be, and can be fifty bushels per acre. I care nothing about the reported average yield of the State; I know it is not high. I know farmers who get from forty to sixty bushels per acre one year with another. Say about forty-five to fifty bushels of shelled corn as a yearly average crop. They are good farmers; that's all. I can give their names.

The variety of corn best adapted to the latitude of St. Paul is a medium-sized dent corn, with a stalk and cob not too large. The time to plant is the first ten days of May; or even the last days of April. The ground must be properly prepared, and you must cultivate. As to the early planting I speak advisedly; but I am not writing an agricultural article.

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## CHASING ANTELOPE IN MONTANA.

*Fort Keogh Correspondence Philadelphia Times.*

To hunt the antelope successfully requires more than ordinary skill. With the exception of mountain sheep, antelope are the most difficult game animals of approach on this continent. A bear will stand up and actually seek fight; a buffalo bull will run at first, but once wounded, a stand up fight to the bitter end is the probable outcome; an elk can be approached and slain without exercising extraordinary precautions, and a deer is sometimes as dangerous and as belligerent as a mountain lion. On the other hand, the antelope first, last and all the time depends upon his legs for safety, and it is fair to say that they are the fleetest, as they are the most graceful of quadrupeds. There is no fun in store for the greenhorn who attempts to hunt this animal without understanding its ways and habits. Anybody can hunt and kill a bison, a bear and many of the other large game animals; but the antelope demands the most skilful of hunters to compete with its keen senses of sight and smell, not to speak of that other important adjunct, extreme fleetness of foot. The power of scent is wonderfully acute in them, for it seems that they can "smell a man" at 600 yards and beyond with the most astonishing exactness. Their tenacity of life is beyond all conception. I have frequently seen antelope with one leg shot away and hanging by the tendons alone, outrun and escape from the fleetest plains ponies. Their race is not a long one (not more than six or seven miles), and it is possible that an American horse might run them down; but as a rule nothing on the prairies can catch them, and the greyhound is about the only four-footed beast in existence that can be depended upon to keep pace with and possibly outrun them.

## THE EYE OF A HAWK.

No animal in the world possesses a keener sight except the giraffe. In stalking antelope the principal point is to keep out of sight and next to keep out of smell. Don't imagine because a band is a couple of miles away apparently feeding and all with heads down that none are on the lookout. The chances are ten to one that you are seen first, although they may not move. Always hunt over broken ground and undulating prairie. If on horseback, dismount and skirt the ridge ahead, as your horse's head always comes into view before you do and take off your hat, which becomes visible before you yourself can see beyond. Do all the crawling possible. Such is the red man's method and he generally bags three times as much game as any two white men, unless the latter adopt the same tactics. 90 per cent. of all the game secured by Indians is shot within 300 yards. They are everlasting crawlers and simply no good at all beyond the 300 yard limit. On the other hand, a white man plunges ahead in his natural happy-go-lucky fashion, scares the game, thus giving it a good send off, and then blazes away while the animals are on the dead run. I have discovered many valuable pointers as the result of long experience, and note a few of them for the benefit of those who have a notion to try their hand at stalking antelope. When a band scents or sees you they run across the wind for about 900 or 1,000 yards, and then turn and run straight up the wind. The species are victims of intense curiosity and at times have walked straight into death traps, all the while knowing and scenting danger, yet so unbounded is their curiosity to investigate strange and unusual objects that they are unable to withstand the temptation to look a little deeper and satisfy this truly feminine instinct. A hunter in full knowledge of this failing either flags them or sticks weeds into his hat while crawling. So long as not seen and particularly not understood, they will not run, but merely bound a few steps at a time, then halt, or else run around the strange object in a circle. Even if scented, though

not seen, antelope will want to know more about you and the object of your visit before taking to their heels. An excellent time to hunt them is just before sunset and when about to seek cover or a bed. Get to the leeward and between them and the sun, when the latter is about to drop behind the hills; then walk slowly toward the game with as little motion as possible. Unless scented, there is little danger of a disturbance or of flight, for this particular animal, gifted with such keen eyesight, cannot see anything that is between them and the sun. I have often approached to within 100 yards of a band by adopting the tactics named, and yet they did not become alarmed. Buffalo will also pass to the windward, like their cousins of the antelope family, but they will stand no such foolishness as sun blindness. A red flannel shirt is extremely fascinating to antelope; also a red handkerchief or anything else of a crimson hue. As a rule these animals browse in small bands of fifty or

and under. Antelope are such everlasting flyers that after being shot to death they run a tremendous distance before falling; but in the case of catching two balls instead of one, I have never known an antelope to run more than fifty yards before going to grass. For the Springfield breech-loader, which I use on all my hunting trips, besides the ordinary cartridge case which holds the charge of powder and the conical bullet, weighing 500 grains, I also carry a round ball, the calibre of the gun, which I first insert in the breech and then shove the metal cartridges in afterwards. At 100 yards the spread is not more than three inches, and at 150 yards both shots are pretty apt to catch the beast somewhere. It is surprising how quickly an antelope will come to a halt with two balls shot through him instead of one.

In the summer of 1879, while crossing the plains of the Yellowstone River, in Montana, one morning just at break of day, I came upon three young antelope lying snug and cosy in a nest of prairie hay, where they had been over night. The trio were a mother and her young. Quickly as possible I drew my rifle to my shoulder, took a rapid aim at the forehead of the dam and pulled the trigger. Unfortunately, my pony stirred a little as the hammer fell (I was shooting from horse, or rather pony, back), and in consequence the bullet fell a little short. It struck the dirt about an inch in front of her body (she was lying belly front) and ricocheting upwards tore the poor creature in a shocking manner. She jumped to her feet notwithstanding this awful wound, but immediately fell down again. The kids, however, sprang up at the same instant, and in alarm sped away like the wind across the prairie. The mother made a second attempt to rise and this time succeeded; but, alas! I could see was badly wounded, as the entrails were protruding. In some way she became entangled and actually thrust her right hind leg through one of the loops. In this condition she made after the kids and in a few minutes caught up to them and was leading.

## A LONG CHASE.

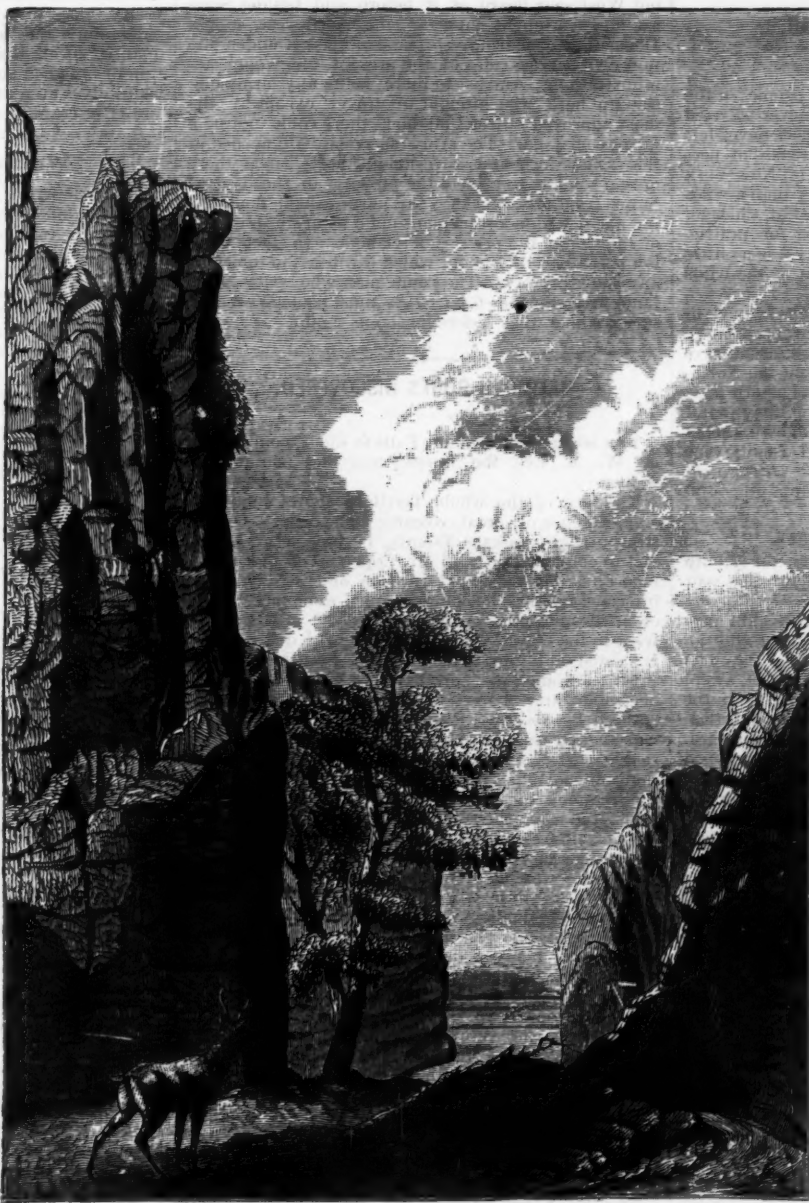
I spurred hastily after the party but was astonished to find that this poor wounded creature was able to keep herself and offspring beyond my fleet pony. It was a long hard chase; but I determined to run it out, as I desired to overtake the mother and kill her out of pure mercy. Nothing could have induced me on that occasion to harm one of the kids. Over the hills we went, across broken country, up hill and down dale, and still my game did not falter. I galloped long and hard, but it did seem to me as if that poor hunted creature was given unusual strength and speed to get beyond my reach and out of the way of my good intentions. Fully three miles had been gone over before I was able to overtake the dam, who was bleeding and bleating incessantly, while this time the kids were leading, but not more than a few yards ahead. I rode alongside and shot her with my revolver, which put an end to her miserable existence and closed the tragedy. This is a true narrative and one I relate as merely

showing the power possessed by this gentle creature of clinging to life, when many a stronger brute would have died from exhaustion.

Speaking of their tenacity for holding on to this world, I will relate a circumstance which occurred in this country not long since, and of the truthfulness of which there can be no question.

## WITH A KNIFE IN ITS NECK.

An antelope was killed by a hunter, who found imbedded in the flesh of the animal a knife nearly ten inches in length, including handle and blade. We often hear of human beings carrying on their persons and in their flesh an ounce of two or lead, which after settling down into some quiet spot, is heard of no more and gives little trouble thereafter. But who ever heard of an antelope with a half pound knife sticking in its body and none the worse for it? The animal in question, when killed, was in fine condition, fat and plump, and apparently in no way dis-



MONTANA.—IN THE BIG HORN MOUNTAINS.

sixty, and if in large numbers among the foothills, on the open prairie or elsewhere, a close examination will discover them to be congregated in smaller groups of four or five dozen, who, amid the multitude, keep closely herded among themselves. They are neat, clean cut, handsome and as dainty as a lady in their diet, feeding as they do on the tenderest stalks of grass and the delightful prairie clover. Astonishing as it may seem, a crippled animal is, or appears to be, the fleetest of them all, as he generally takes the lead, the whole band following whither he goes.

## RUNNING WITH A DEATH WOUND.

I once made an important discovery in hunting which I have frequently tried on antelope with marvelous success. It is to load with two balls instead of one. The method named is of no service whatever except at short range. At distances beyond 200 yards and even a little less it proves a failure; but I have found it to work like a charm at 150 yards



abled from its remarkable wound. The knife extended on the right side of the neck, just before the shoulder, passing about half an inch from the heart, the point sticking into a rib, which evidently held it in place. The whole knife was covered by the skin. The wood part of the handle fell in pieces as the knife was being taken out, showing that it had been confined for some time. Evidently it must have been in the flesh for some time, as the wood had decayed and the skin of the animal had entirely covered the butt of the weapon. However the instrument came to be in such a strange place must for ever remain a mystery. Probably some Indian came suddenly upon the animal, and having no other weapon handy threw the knife at the buck, where it lodged as described. Certainly, the antelope suffered little from the inconvenience, and made up his mind, true to his nature, to live on in spite of the little drawback of a ten-inch knife under his ribs.

### THE WILDEST EXAGGERATION.

From The Minneapolis Tribune.

There are probably two millions of people in the cities of New York and Brooklyn who never traveled further West than Buffalo, or at least never left the state in which they reside. To that class of people the country lying between the State of New York and the Mississippi River is little better than a wilderness, and the country to the northwest of Chicago, one vast, howling wilderness, desert or prairie. The geography of the West and Northwest is as little known to a New York newspaper man as the wilds of Africa, or the desert of Sahara.

These good people who believe that the only civilized portion of this continent is in New York State, or at least bordering on the Atlantic coast, are always ready to swallow the absurdest yarns about the Northwest that the exaggerated fancy of any Eastern traveler, caught two weeks away from home, may paint. These remarks are inspired by the following most outrageously extravagant story from that usually very reliable family paper—*Frank Leslie's Illustrated*. To the people of Minnesota and Dakota, the stuff reads like a fairy tale.

#### BLIZZARDS IN THE NORTHWEST.

"According to Signal Service reports, the month of November in the Northwest was colder this year than any November since 1880, and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  degrees colder than the average of that month for the past twenty-two years. On the last of November and the first of the current month, a terrific "Manitoba wave," from 1,000 to 1,500 miles in breadth, swept across Dakota, Minnesota and Michigan, down the Mississippi Valley as far as the Ohio, and then whisked off towards the middle Atlantic seaboard. At Garry and Bismarck the thermometer dropped suddenly to 17 degrees below zero. At Brainerd, Minn., it fell to 28 degrees below, freezing up the swamps and driving out the lumbermen. A boiling tempest raged on the great lakes, and snow blizzards blockaded travel in the Northwestern States. Our picture of a Northern Pacific train snowed in on the Dakota prairies gives a striking but unexaggerated idea of what the Western traveler may expect to encounter at this season of the year. But, unpleasant as is the experience of being thus buried on the boundless waste, and waiting 10 to 12 hours to be dug out, hauled or plowed out, it is not to be compared with the frightful perils encountered by mule and wagon trains overtaken by the blizzard while far from shelter. Only last week a party of army officers journeying from Fort Yates to Bismarck, Dak., were seventy-five hours in a blizzard in coming from Fort Lincoln, a distance of over sixty miles, or over an hour to the mile. Their vehicle was an ambulance and was drawn by four mules. When the blizzard was at its height they were compelled to shovel and plunge their way through snow drifts from six to ten feet deep, and the continual use of the whip and goading stick was necessary to keep the exhausted animals on the walk. The officers state that at times the blizzard hid the mules from view, and that but for the instinct of the animals they would have been lost and frozen to death. At one time they passed an Indian camp, but the savages would not give them shelter, as their superstition taught them that this would be fatal to them. The party arrived at Fort Lincoln without a covering to their ambulance, this protection having been blown away by the first night's wind, and within thirty minutes after their arrival one of the mules dropped dead. It was a fight for life for seventy-two hours, and they describe the trip as an experience compared with which a march against an opposing army would be pleasant pastime."

The facts are that there has been but little snow upon the prairie at all—that the lumbermen instead of being driven out of the woods and swamps by snow and frost, are driven into the woods because of both. That the only kicking the lumbermen have done is on account of an insufficient amount of frost

in the swamps, and that the little that was had in the last of November has all disappeared under the rains of December.

As to the "trains being stuck upon the prairie," etc., the longest delay upon the Northern Pacific during the late storm was less than five hours, while more than two weeks prior to the storm of the 17th and 18th ultimo, the mail trains from the great metropolis were snow-bound in Northern New York for more than ten hours. That while the most snow had upon the prairies anywhere did not exceed a foot, the storm referred to in New York early in November exceeded twenty inches. While these facts were all known to the entire West, including the farmers upon the prairie, not a single lie was told about the matter, and nobody kicked about the delayed mails because everybody on West knows that the worst snow storms in America are confined to Northern New York, and that delayed mails are common from the East.

The mule story is the purest fabrication. Nobody out West ever heard of it before, and besides there are no government mules in the Northwest, unless Democratic officials are to be so classed under the new civil service rules of the present mugwump administration. And as to there being any army officers up here who attempt to travel except by the most approved railroad methods, there could not be a greater mistake. The army officers are all needed at the various forts and government posts, since there are no soldiers to protect the property of the United States from loss, and they are never caught floundering about with a government mule team in ten feet of snow upon the prairies of Dakota. In fact there is a small part of Dakota which can boast of much of any snow anyway. The young man who writes these fancy free sketches for *Leslie's* must come West and stay a whole week before he shouts again.

### MAMMOTH BONES DISCOVERED.

In a letter from Spokane Falls to the *Tacoma Ledger*, W. M. Lee, the nurseryman and fruitgrower, writes:

The face of the whole Territory shows unmistakable evidence of great volcanic upheavals. On my trip through Spokane County, I stopped at Latah, and in conversation with Mr. Copeland of that place, regarding the volcanic formation of that section, he informed me that he had examined some large bones of great antiquity. Accompanied by Mr. Coplen I went to the spring where the relics were dug out. It is located on a low strip of springy prairie. The excavation around the spring is twelve or fifteen feet deep and thirty or forty feet across. The bones were covered by several distinct layers. The first layer was ancient peat, then volcanic ashes, then a layer of coarse peat. From this spring were taken no less than nine mammoths, or elephants of different size, the remains of a cave bear, and hyenas, extinct birds, and a sea turtle. Mr. Coplen kindly presented me with some specimens of these relics. The dimensions of some of the bones of the larger mammoth were wonderful to look at. The horns were sort of tusks and protruded from the head just below the eyes, extending downward below the jaws, then upward over the head. By dropping the head in the act of feeding, the circle of the horns that extended below the jaws partially rested on the ground, giving support to the head, which is estimated to have weighed a ton.

The horns were worn away several inches deep at the bottom of the turn or half circle, indicating constant use by rubbing on the ground or rocks. One of these horns was ten feet and one inch long, and twenty-four inches in circumference. It weighed 145 pounds. One of the tusks measured twelve feet and nine inches in length and twenty-seven inches around. It weighed 295 pounds. The jaw weighed sixty-three pounds. The molar teeth weighed eighteen pounds each. Some of the ribs were eighteen feet long. The pelvis arch was six feet across, and an ordinary man could walk erect through this opening. This huge and antique monster was eighteen feet and six inches high, and was estimated to weigh twenty tons.

Just imagine far back in the misty by-gones of antiquity, probably before the appearance of man upon earth, that Washington Territory was the home of the monstrous animals, that roamed over the great prairies, traversed the Columbia River and made the genial climes of Puget Sound their haunts in winter. It matters not, what the theories may be in regard to these imbedded bones of such huge proportions; why so many of them are piled together in these springy places; what period of age the animals lived; and what age the great change took place which made them disappear from the continent, whether they first made their appearance in this part of America and whether or not it was then a tropical climate. Certain it is that they lived and flourished here thousands of years ago, and the remarkable discovery of these bones may lead to fresh researches in that vicinity.

### For Men Who Cultivate Beards.

Two fallacies are in vogue regarding the whisker question. One is that a thin-faced man should support side whiskers, to widen his face; the other that a round-faced, fat man should favor long chin whiskers, to lengthen his face. Both are adopted on the counter-action and antidote principle, but are wrong as wrong can be. A man with a sharp chin exposed is thin, and appears thin, in spite of his burnisides. And a moon-shaped man gives himself a humorous and clownish appearance by wearing a long, sharp tuft on his chin. The principle of conformity should be observed or a wholesale change made. A thin man, for instance, should not wear chin whiskers, no whiskers at all, or a beard. He no more looks well with side whiskers and a peaked chin than he would to stuff his chest and not his cheeks and calves. To look well he must be uniformly and consistently thin, or he may modify it by a complete beard. A fat man should be smooth-faced or wear universal whiskers pretty closely cropped. The well-proportioned or moderately full-faced man may vary the style and quantity of his whiskers with impunity, so far as the thin or broad appearance is concerned. A very short beard gives an animal look; if very large it indicates vanity or crankiness.—*Cincinnati Graphic*.

### When the Type-Writer Fails.

The type-writer will never be a universal favorite. It may be, and doubtless is, a good thing to grind out an editorial on finance, or to flay a man who don't like it. Likewise a good invention to turn out all sorts of commercial correspondence. But there are fields where the pen—the old fashioned pen—is still mightier than the type-writer, and ever will be, world without end. Fancy a man making love to his sweetheart on a type-writer. And fancy a sweetheart breathing her heart's secret—pouring her passionate yearnings and fond expressions on a sheet of paper where you have to ring a bell at the end of each line. Love can never get used to any such mechanical apparatus as that. You might as well expect to pound out an opera on a sheet-iron boiler with a sledge-hammer. Imagine your sending a sentence of this sort to your best girl: "My type-writer fails to express to you the feelings of my heart." What would a bundle of type-writer letters look like tied up in a faded ribbon? Do you think any sensible girl would keep a love letter turned out by a type-writer? Would you? A type-writer letter, to use a theatrical sentence, is good enough for a one-night stand, but no one reads it over. Besides, it is perfectly useless in a breach of promise suit.—*Chicago Herald*.

### How to Choose an Orange.

The very sweetest orange and richest is the black or rusty-coated fruit. Pick out the dingiest oranges in the box and you will get the best. Another way to choose oranges is by weight. The heaviest are the best because they have the thinnest skin and more weight of juice. Thick-skin oranges are apt to be dry; they either weigh less because of having so much skin or because of the poverty of the juice in these particular specimens. A slight freezing on the tree causes this condition in otherwise fine fruit. The "kid glove" oranges are the two varieties of small fruit grown in Florida from stocks respectively brought from China and from Tangiers. They are called "Mandarin" and "Tangerine." They may be eaten without soiling a kid glove, because the skin is loose and the little "gores" or pockets of juice come apart very cleanly and without breaking. All the above applies to Florida oranges. The Jamaica and Havana oranges are much paler yellow, and their juice is usually of more acid quality than the home-grown oranges.

The *Tacoma News*, commenting on a recent editorial in the *Union* about the necessity of building an independent road to the Northern Pacific from Walla Walla, said: "It is not at all probable that the Northern Pacific after its line is in operation to the Sound, will long remain without facilities for reaching all the large wheat producing centers. The intention of the company evidently is to handle the products of the Inland Empire so far as possible, and it is not at all probable so important a section as Walla Walla and the country to the eastward will long remain so isolated as not to enjoy the benefit of direct communication from Tacoma."

### Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. Lawrence, 212 East 9th St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.



## THE RANCHING DISTRICT OF ALBERTA.

Correspondence London Times.

The ranching district of Alberta, south of Calgary, contains by a rough estimate about 4,000,000 of acres of land adapted for cattle-ranges. The region extends southward along the eastern verge of the Rockies from Calgary to the United States boundary, and spreads eastward probably 50 to 100 miles from the foot-hills. It is divided by the valleys and water courses into four districts—Pincher's Creek, which extends west and south from Fort MacLeod; the High River district, which is north of the last, and embraces the valleys of Mosquito Creek and High River, and the Calgary district, which spreads along the Canadian Pacific Railway, and is mostly composed of new ranches stocked since the railway came along and opened that territory. Fort MacLeod and Calgary are the two centers for the ranch-men. It is stated by experienced cattle-men, who have been all over the cattle-grazing districts of the West, that this eastern slope of the Rockies is the best of all, furnishing the most and best grass and purest water, and that for the distance of 150 miles, from the boundary northward to the railway, is a region of especial adaptation to the cattle industry. Hence the establishment here of the numerous ranches in the past few years, which the Dominion Government has taken great pains to encourage by admitting cattle to stock them from the United States free of duty. As there has been such an hegira of Montana cattle northward, however, this liberal policy ceased on September 1st, when the import duty of 20 per cent. was again levied.

There have recently come into this region from the United States the entire herds of the Powder River Cattle Company, 5,000 head, 1,000 head from Montana for the Cochrane Rancho Company, and several other large herds from Montana and Oregon, which have been for weeks on the way. The process of moving them is slow as they cannot be driven more than six or eight miles a day, and have to be frequently rested on spots where water and good grass are available. They get into this new country in very thin condition, but a month's stay on grass fattens them, and, as one of the herders of the Powder River herd said, "They never knew what good grass was until they got here." As these cattle, when in prime condition are valued at £7 to £10 per head, it may be realized that a very large amount of capital is invested in these ranches, though as yet there has been no export, the demand for beef for the Indian reserves and local consumption taking all the surplus. The herds, under ordinary circumstances, double from the natural increase in 24 to 30 months, and, as these Alberta ranges have not yet been fully stocked, there is no shipment eastward, though this trade is expected soon to begin, and the railway is making active preparations to conduct it.

The management of these ranches is generally in the hands of Englishmen and Scotchmen with Ontario men, but the foremen, herders and cowboys, are mostly from the States. In fact, this district, its towns, and manners and methods are very American, so that it seems much like a section of the western American frontier. Most of the cowboys and others have previously lived at various points along the border from Texas to Montana, and they have thoroughly imbued this region with American styles. The lasso and lariat, the broad-brimmed cowboy hat, the leather breeches, and imposing cartridge belts, one meets at the frontier towns on the Union and Northern Pacific Railways are reproduced in this district in the same reckless and extravagant fashion. The cowboy dialect rules supreme in the talk of the people, while the American national game of "draw-poker" flourishes exuberantly at Fort MacLeod and elsewhere. Horses and cattle are all the talk; about the speed and endurance and racing abilities of the former, and the numbers and value of the latter.

The cowboy who can ride the fastest and "round-up" the largest herd is the popular hero in this part of Alberta, whose achievements are of more account than either Dominion politics or the events passing in the outside world, of which, however, this country, so remote from all news sources, gets but an indistinct idea. It must be stated to the credit of Alberta, however, that the roughness of manners displayed generally along the frontier is wanting here; that the cattle-men are kind and hospitable; and that the infusion of the British races which is coming in is bringing marked improvement in the classes of men who work upon the ranches.

I have described this ranching district of Alberta as located generally to the southward of the Canadian Pacific Railway. It is stated, however, that the country is also adapted for cattle-ranges for 200 miles northward, and as far as Edmonton, if the possibilities of that fertile district of the extreme Northwest for cattle are borne out by actual tests. But at present the cattle herds are all in the region to the southward of Calgary.

## A PICTURE OF COWBOY LIFE.

## IN TOWN.

Tod is a cowboy. He is in town after the mail. He has been in town three days and should have gone long ago. He grows gloomy as he reflects on the necessity of early departure and steps into the hotel bar for a consoling drink.

He is recognized by another cowboy, and several

es we poor devils of cowboys can make in town," replies Tod in a self-adjusting tone.

"Just as good to love as any," endorses the stockman.

"Yes; blamed sight better than many," concludes Tod.

Presently he observes some Eastern guests eyeing him with evident curiosity, whereat he blurts out:

"These darned tenderfeet gawk at a fellow like he was on show in a circus. It's no use to wear a dude rig if people still spot you for a cow-puncher."

In fact, beyond his broad-rimmed hat Tod prides himself that there is nothing in his appearance to "give him away" as a cowboy. He forgets that his bronzed features and a certain bold, restless expression mark him as different from the dwellers in cities. In costume he has effected the city sport as nearly as the largest clothing house of the town could furnish. But still his nervous, restless movements and wild air of utter freedom in all things, seems to charm the Eastern parties.

"Lord! if only mess-wagons carried this truck!" he ejaculates, tinkling the glass of iced tea. "But they don't," and he rises from the table with a sigh of resignation.

"So long, gentlemen," and he leaves the dining-room and approaches the office.

"Say, charge this up to the Alkali Cattle Company," he says, laying a finger on his name in the register.

"All right, sir," replies the clerk with great civility. "Going out?"

"You bet," and with toothpick in teeth he saunters away.

His course directs him to the livery stable where he orders an extra feed of grain for his pony and waits while it is eaten.

Then he saddles his pony, preferring to do it himself, instead of trusting it to the livery man. Next he changes his "town togs" for some rougher clothing more suitable for work. His dress clothing he leaves under lock and key in a cupboard in the livery office. Buttoning on spurs and pulling on chaps he vaults into the saddle and clears the stable door at a bound, yelling back:

"Charge her up to the Alkali Company." With a jerk the pony is set back upon its haunches in front of a saloon. Tod dismounts and drops the bridle reins on the ground. The

well trained pony stands as though securely tied.

Tod enters the saloon and calls out jocularly to the barkeeper: "Give me my gun, old stockings." The barkeeper reaches under the counter and passes him a revolver and a belt full of cartridges. The handle of the revolver is of pearl, the barrel and cylinder is richly engraved and silver plated.

"What! Oh, no! Come here!" apostrophizes Tod, endearingly, as he twirls the pistol dextrously around his trigger finger, making what cowboys admiringly call "fine gun play." Then he buckles on the belt and returns the pistol to its scabbard.

"Set me out some of the old stuff," he orders. In a moment he has poured out and downed a "six-finger whisky straight."

"Now gi'me cigar."

With hearty puffs he strides away, leaving the saloon man to "chalk it down till later on."

Rising into the saddle he rides deliberately away at a jog trot. As he passes along the business streets, bright with lights, he is recognized by certain lady acquaintances he would not care to associate with elsewhere than in Cowntown.

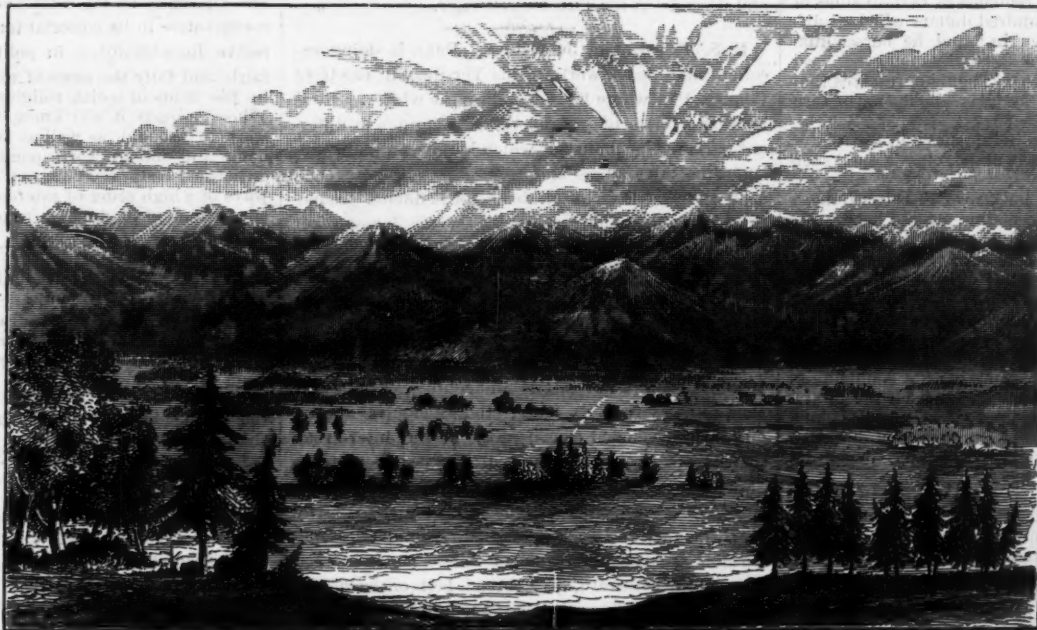
"Going out, Tod?" they scream in shrill tones.

"Yes, solong girls, good bye!" replies Tod, pushing steadily on.

And so he passes out of the glimmer of lights to utter darkness outside the town. Arrived there, some sudden impulse causes him to fire off his revolver six times and then gallop rapidly away.

## ON THE ROAD.

At the ferry Tod finds no ferry-man. After lustily



LANDSCAPE IN THE NEW CATTLE COUNTRY OF ALBERTA, CANADIAN NORTHWEST TERRITORY.

"men around town" who "ring in" on the drinks.

"Set 'em up, Larry," remarks Tod, nonchalantly pulling a handful of coin from his pocket, and tossing the barkeeper his *modicum* sufficit.

All nominate their poison and destroy it.

Then Tod ambles into the dining-room for supper. There is a sheen of light and glittering glass and silver service there that "dazzles" him for a moment. Without noticing the headwaiter's effort to seat him at the bachelor's table, he finds a place among some stockmen far up in the dining-room.

"Hallo, Tod," exclaims one. "In town yet?"

"Going out to-night," replies Tod, critically eyeing the bill of fare for delicacies.

Having decided what he wants, Tod turns his attention to the waiter girls flitting daintily around.

Let us here explain that the waiter girl of the West is not as the waiter girl of the East. Out West she meets merited appreciation and is accorded social privileges. It is an every meal occurrence to find her leaning on the chair of some regular boarder and sweetening his repast with conversational pleasantries. There is a sort of resistless coquetry about the make-up of waiter girls which young ladies assisting at church fairs have learned to imitate.

Tod happens to be at Tena's table, and as she approaches to take his order, his tired features brighten into a smile. With perfect dignity the order is taken and Tod's eyes seem to devour the girl as she moves off to fill it.

"Come Tod, no mashes here," cautions a stockman.

"Gosh! these hotel girls are the only decent mash-



hallos without any answer he leads his pony on the ferry-boat and tying it to the boat rails, navigates the "darned machine" across himself.

"Serve him right to have to skiff over after his boat," murmurs Tod, remounting and pushing his way up the deep, dark coulee through which the road runs.

A sharp canter carries him over a table-land and drops him down onto a creek along whose sinuous windings for some distance the road leads.

It is now nine and night. The moon is down but the stars glimmer kindly. The cow-pony trots along at an easy gait. Lighting a fresh cigar, Tod smokes and philosophizes:

"What a devil of a life is this cow-punching racket anyhow. Most of the time among old stags of men, away from women and children, and everything civilized. It's a hell of a life. And to make the matter worse, there is nothing more in it. Maybe there might be if a fellow could only hold down his job and get work the year around, but it's hard to do it any more. Cow companies are getting devilish economical, and don't carry many men through the winter. Then if a fellow saves his money he is spotted for a 'stingy fellow' by the chaps who blow in their whole wad, and that's another grievance. A cowboy can't save enough to get a starter in cattle any more, and the day is passed when a man gets promoted to foreman on account of what he knows about cattle. It's all influence now in the cow business, like it is in everything else. Then if he tries to get off into other business he is met everywhere by 'no cowboy need apply.' Blame me, it's a hard outlook," and to emphasize his despair, Tod rattles his spurs on the pony's ribs.

Then he remorsefully remembers certain sums of three hundred and four hundred dollars which at different times he has "blown in," and he curses himself for his folly. He wonders why men come west to hate themselves anyhow. Then he resolves that the next pile of money he gets he'll never turn another cow.

The fact is Tod's late indulgences in town have made him bilious, and he is undergoing a spell such as all cowboys have at times.

As the night wears on he grows in better humor. The air grows chilly and cools his fevered head. He pulls on his overcoat and jogs along, whistling contentedly as pleasant memories revolve in his mind.

The fitful breeze brings to his ears the faint promiscuous yelp of far-off coyotes. The road leads off from the creek and enters the Bad Lands. The shadows thicken and grow darker.

Presently the pony shies violently, nearly unseating its rider. It has seen something not visible to its rider in the darkness. Some distance farther up the road Tod hears behind him a soft, wailing cry like a woman in distress. It was a Montana mountain lion that frightened the horse, and Tod recognized its cry.

Hour after hour the pony jogs patiently along. Tod grows sleepy and nods in the saddle. Now and then cattle rise up from where they are "bedded down" by the roadside, and shuffle off with a noise of cracking heels into the darkness.

The pony stops to slack its thirst at an alkali pool. The stars grow pale and shimmers of faint light dart up the eastern horizon.

Daylight is approaching. Presently little prairie birds begin to chirp and call to each other, heralding the breaking day.

The pony quickens his gait and moves with more spirit. Tod grows wideawake and straightens up in the saddle.

A few more turns up and down some rolling hills and here they are at the ranch.

#### AT THE RANCH.

It is quite early yet and no one is awake. Tod strips the saddle from his pony and turns it loose with a kick. Running off a few steps, it takes a roll in the dust, and then trots away with shrill neighs to find the herd of cow-ponies running loose on the prairies.

Tod enters the ranch home and proceeds to shake up the boys who are snoring soundly in their bunks.

"Get up, here, you lazy dead-heads, it's broad daylight."

With curses and yawns they comply, and the cook bustles into the kitchen to get the breakfast.

"Halloa, Tod, back? Come in here," calls the foreman from an adjoining room. Tod obeys and the two are closeted in counsel.

At breakfast there is a distribution of mail and much answering of many questions about who all were in town and what kind of time they had.—*Cheyenne Live Stock Journal.*

The Bad Lands Cow Boy says: The Marquise de Mores yesterday shot two large wild cats on the Glendive road. She has now killed one or more specimens of all the large game in the Northwest, including grizzly and silver-tip bear, elk, deer, antelope, wild cats, etc.



THE new ten story building of the St. Paul *Globe*, now approaching completion, is the noblest architectural monument in the city. It is to be thoroughly fire-proof from cellar to roof.

IN the Minneapolis office of the THE NORTHWEST is one of the arm-chairs that was in the old State House in Philadelphia, at the time the Declaration of Independence was signed. It belongs to Rev. Clay McCauley. With one other exception this is the only chair of those used by the signers of the Declaration that is not now in Independence Hall.

DR. A. H. HERSEY, of Billings, recently brought to the office of THE NORTHWEST a bottle of the petroleum found near the source of No Wood Creek, Wyoming. The No Wood is a tributary of the Big Horn River and the place where the oil was discovered is about 120 miles south of Billings. Ranchmen in the vicinity skim it from the surface of the creek and say it is sufficiently pure to burn in lamps in its natural state. No well has yet been sunk. In the spring Dr. Hersey proposes to visit the region and describe it for THE NORTHWEST.

B. S. RUSSELL of Jamestown, Dak., is doing excellent missionary work for his Territory in Bradford County, Pa., where he is spending the winter. He is holding a series of neighborhood meetings in different parts of the county at which he gives a plain talk about the advantages and resources of Dakota, with such correct information about soil, climate, productions, etc., as his long residence in the James River Valley enables him to furnish. A letter from him lately received says that these efforts will result in a large number of Pennsylvanians going out in the spring to explore the Territory in search of new homes.

THE chief growth of Minneapolis during the past year has been in a western and south-western direction, or away from St. Paul; and although the latter city has developed considerably in the inter-urban district, its most conspicuous growth has been on the side opposite from Minneapolis. This has occurred in both cases from causes not connected with local jealousy. In the case of Minneapolis the comfortable rapid transit furnished by the motor line has carried out westward, in a broad belt on each side of its tracks, the expansion of the best residence portion of the city, until it has reached and passed Lake Calhoun. In that of the sister city, the local trains of the Minnesota and Northwestern road, making all West St. Paul easily accessible, the new stock yard enterprise and numerous new manufacturing establishments, have combined to throw the drift of population strongly to the south side of the river.

It strikes me as rather odd that the Boston Unitarians should be fired with missionary zeal to the extent of sending out a preacher to the Crow Indians in Montana and building a chapel for him on the Big Horn. Most of the Unitarians hardly know what to believe themselves in matters theological and as a sect they are not at all given to proselyting. My observations among the Indians leads me to the opinion that the Catholics are most successful in getting hold of their religious natures. They not only convert them but they discipline and civilize them after a fashion. The wild man needs a showy religion to impress his imagination, and one that is restrictive and arbitrary is best adapted to aid in the difficult work of making an industrious, honest decent creature out of his native conglomeration of indolence, thievishness and cruelty. The Catholic priests take the place of the medicine men and regulate the common affairs of life, with a strong hand, if need be.

J. W. REDINGTON, editor of the Heppner (Or.) *Gazette*, whose humorous paragraphs and sketches of western life in the Bunch Grass country have often appeared in THE NORTHWEST, sends me a photograph of the town of Heppner. In the back ground are

high hills that look as if their slopes were covered with wheat fields and at their feet appears a village of perhaps a thousand people with one big white structure towering above the rest, which is probably the court house, and another of almost equal prominence which I take for the school house. In the foreground of the picture is a healthy growth of sage brush. If justice were done in real life as often as in poetry and romance the office of the *Gazette* would be the most conspicuous object in the view, for it is certainly the only thing that has made the place widely known, but I have failed to discover it and suspect that it lurks behind the buildings of the merchants and the lawyers in a one-story shanty, as do the offices of so many bright country papers in other towns.

PEOPLE in the Northwest, who want to keep abreast with the intellectual movement of the times, can hardly do without at least one leading Eastern journal. Our great Western newspapers are so busily engaged in chronicling and stimulating the wonderful progress of the cities and states where they are published, that they sometimes miss or omit for want of room, events or currents of thought of which the Eastern papers take careful note, and which interest all cultivated readers. Among the New York journals there is none better adapted for intelligent Western readers than the old *Tribune*, founded by Horace Greeley. Its weekly and semi-weekly editions are especially to be commended. The *Tribune* is conservative in its editorial tone, apart from its combative Republicanism in politics, but it always gives fairly and fully the news of all important movements in the fields of social, religious and industrial life. Whoever reads it will know what is going on in the world of thought as well as in that of action. Its home and foreign correspondence, literary and art criticisms, book reviews, and editorial matter, are always of a high order of interest. Read the *Tribune's* advertisement on another page.

#### THE WHEAT TRADE LEAVING CHICAGO.

An absorbing topic of discussion by the leading Chicago journals of late has been the diversion of the wheat movement and the speculative wheat trade from Chicago to Duluth. In the appended editorial paragraph from Editor Frank Hatton of the *Mail*, the most sensible view of the matter is taken and the true facts set forth:

Chicago grain men are very much disturbed by the falling off of their grain trade, and in plunging around to find a reason, have giving almost everything that could enter into the question except one. Nobody seems to have any idea that perhaps grain speculation is leaving Chicago as it left Milwaukee. Nearly all the big grain operators here now begun at Milwaukee. When "Old Hutch" came West he went to Milwaukee and made his first big money there. When Armour came back from California with a little fund of gold dust he did not stop at Chicago, but at Milwaukee. M. S. Nichols, Robert Lindblom, Peter McGeech, Billy McHenry, Tom Balding, and and fifty other prominent commission men started at Milwaukee, and came from there here. The cash wheat trade is largely abandoning Chicago for good. If it were not for the cash corn trade, the prospect would be that the great \$1,000,000 Board of Trade would be as solemn as Milwaukee's. The loss is due, however, to changes in methods of railroading as much as to anything else. The establishment of the fast-freight lines have simplified the movement of grain so that a shipper can now easily do his business direct with New York, or the seaboard buyer without the intervention of a Chicago commission man. Big markets have before this become abandoned. A French city used to have the whole of the speculative trade in coffee, and had it until a million bags of coffee were in store there for the world to speculate on. Now there is three times as much speculation in the Coffee Exchange at New York as at any other market in the world. Duluth is now getting the hard wheat of the Northwest, partly because the new railroads which were not in existence when Chicago used to get it are collecting the crops along their lines and taking them to their unloading points, just as the railroads here direct the grain they carry into the elevators owned by their own erectors.

First Little King: "What's the matter in Bulgaria?" Second Little King: "Prince Alexander has been deposed." "Was he given any warning?" "No." "Not even a week's notice?" "No; just kicked out." "Well, I think it's time us kings had a trades-union."—*Omaha World.*



## A JANUARY LANDSCAPE IN FLORIDA.

Now that our northern regions are enveloped in snow and the activities and enjoyments of our winter life are in full sway, a picture of winter in the tropics will be interesting to our reader by contrast. Our artist has sketched a scene on one of the Florida rivers, where the trees almost meet across the stream and tangle of vines and aquatic plants impedes the

there are decided changes of season and a bracing winter sets the blood in rapid motion and kills the malaria in the air. The tropical and sub-tropical lands are very pleasant for a dreamy, lazy holiday of a few weeks, but for earnest, successful happy living, there is no region like the North, with its fresh, green spring, its blossoming, fruitful summer, its mellow autumn and its cold exhilarating winter.

bank on. The country in question is along the west side of the South Saskatchewan to the mouth of the Red Deer, and up the latter over as far as he went, and for all he knows further. There is buffalo and bunch grass there in abundance, and Mr. Murphy is sure, from this fact and the appearance of the country generally, that the snow does not lie there in the winter. He gives it as his decided opinion that between MacLeod and the mouth of



A JANUARY LANDSCAPE IN FLORIDA.

## CANADA RANGES.

progress of the small steamers that carry tourists to the winter resorts. A trip to Florida is a delightful experience in the winter or early spring, but the traveler from Northern latitudes does not envy the people whose homes are in the "Land of Flowers." They look sallow and feeble as a rule, and their pinched faces and slender forms prove that a healthful, vigorous development of the human race can best be secured in latitudes where

Mr. Murphy, manager of the Powder River Cattle Company, has employed the greater part of his time since his arrival in this country in looking up new ranges, outside of those most generally known, and his search has apparently not been in vain. He informs us that he has found a country where there has never been a hoof of cattle, and which will do to

the Red Deer, west of the Saskatchewan, there is winter range for ample 300,000 head of cattle. The country is full of lakes and there is abundance of shelter. Mr. Murphy says he does not think cowmen begin to realize the full extent of the Canadian range country. He fully agrees with the *Gazette*, however, that there is no range country very far east of Maple Creek.—*Fort McLeod Gazette*.



## HOME INTERESTS.

For The Northwest Magazine.

## THE HUMAN HAND.

SUGGESTED BY THE STUDY OF THE SCIENCE OF PALMISTRY.

A wonderful thing is the human hand,  
It speaks the high soul at God's word of command,  
"As within, so without."

Every shade of emotion,  
Pure thought, high devotion,  
All mystical meanings,  
All inner revealings,  
Are expressed to the sight through the mystical hand.

A marvelous thing is the human hand,  
It betrays the heart's depths at the spirit's command:  
The habits degrading,  
The virtues evading,  
The baleful inventions  
For sinful intentions,  
Make their mark on the soul, seen of all through the hand.

A mystical thing is the human hand,  
To the law of our being it obedient stands,  
"As within, so without."

It denies and conceals,  
It affirms and reveals,  
It limits directs,  
It moulds and detects:  
True index of soul is the mystical hand.  
It surrenders and holds,  
It secretes and unfolds,  
It accepts and rejects,  
It inquires and inspects,  
Gives blessings or cursings by a curve of the hand.

O, a wonderful thing is the human hand!  
In design, what perfection,  
In intention how grand,  
Since the part has such meaning in purpose and plan  
What then, must we think of the whole we call man?

HELEN L. SUMNER.

Washington D. C., Nov. 2, 1886.

## Hearty Breakfasts the Sign of Health.

A man who is no breakfast eater must either be a heavy supper eater or in a bad state of health. A person who requires the stimulus of a cup of tea or any other stimulus whatever before partaking of solid food is not in health. I like to see a man have his breakfast first and then feel around for his cup of coffee, tea or chocolate.—*Cassell's Magazine*.

## For the Winter Evenings.

The evenings are lengthening with the coming of cold weather, says a writer to the *Toledo Blade*, and we beg to remind the young people—and the older ones, too—that a good book, a nice fire and a quiet room are most precious things when taken in combination. Society is good in its way, but one gets talked out and needs to refresh the mind. We recall the following concerning the habit of reading from a letter written by Lord Macaulay to his niece. It is worth perusing and obeying.

"I am always glad to make my little girl happy, and nothing pleases me so much as to see that she likes books. For when she is as old as I am she will find that they are better than all the tarts and cakes and toys and plays in the world. If any one would make me the greatest king that ever lived, with palaces and gardens and fine dinners and wines and coaches and beautiful clothes and hundreds of servants, on condition that I would not read books, I would not be a king. I would rather be a poor man in a garret with plenty of books than a king who did not love reading."

## What to Teach Our Daughters.

At a social gathering some one proposed this question: "What shall I teach my daughter?" The following replies were handed in:

Teach her that 100 cents make a dollar.

Teach her to arrange the parlor and the library.

Teach her to say "No," and mean it, or "Yes," and stick to it.

Teach her how to wear a calico dress, and to wear it like a queen.

Teach her how to sew on buttons, darn stockings and mend gloves.

Teach her to dress for health and comfort as well as for appearance.

Teach her to cultivate flowers and to keep the kitchen garden.

Teach her to make the neatest room in the house.

Teach her to have nothing to do with intemperate or dissolute young men.

Teach her that tight lacing is uncomely as well as injurious to health.

Teach her to regard the morals and habits, and not money, in selecting her associates.

Teach her to observe the old rule: "A place for everything and everything in its place."

Teach her that music, drawing and painting are real accomplishments in the home and are not to be neglected if there be time and money for their use.

Teach her the important truism: "That the more she lives within her income the more she will save,

and the further she will get away from the poor-house."

Teach her that a good, steady, church-going mechanic, farmer, clerk or teacher without a cent is worth more than forty loafers or non-producers in broadcloth.

Teach her to embrace every opportunity for reading, and to select such books as will give her the most useful and practical information in order to make the best progress in earlier as well as later home and school life.

Never teach false morality. How exquisitely absurd to tell girls that beauty is of no value—dress of no use! Beauty is of value. A girl's whole prospects and happiness in life may often depend upon a new gown or a becoming bonnet; and, if she has five grains of common sense, she will find this out. The great thing is to teach her the just value of dress, and that for real happiness, there must be something better under the bonnet than a pretty face. But never sacrifice truth.

## The Great Hairpin.

As the woman's mechanical tool, the hairpin is unrivalled. It is to woman what a jack knife is to a boy, and it is the only sharp pointed instrument that she can manage with skill. With a hammer she pounds her fingers; with a screwdriver she jabs her hands; but a hairpin she can twist and turn into all kinds of feminine family uses. With a hairpin a woman buttons her gloves and occasionally her boots, tears open her letters, cuts the pages of her latest fashion book or magazine, draws out corks, picks out nuts, pins up a rip, fastens in her flowers, makes up floral designs, pins down her garden vines, fastens up the curtains, unknots a shoestring, mends her jewelry, suspends plaques, sticks up receipts, cuts with it from a newspaper, snuffs candles, scoops out her vaseline and cleans—well, uses it for any quantity of toilet purposes. If there is any one article more necessary to the comfort of women for family use than the magic hairpin, it isn't down in the directory.

There is good luck, too, in hairpins. To find a hairpin is a good omen, especially if the points are turned toward you. That simple position doubles the luck. To pass one by without picking it up, turns one's luck. Do you know that just now there is a fancy among young men for collecting hairpins, and it is said that several young society gentlemen have an assortment, picked up in different ways, and which represent to them a great deal of female loveliness?—*Detroit Tribune*.

## The Science of Sleep.

Each successive gradation in sleep is marked by the inclusion of a nervous system, which is for the time being shut off, so to speak, from participating in the general life function of the individual until, when the maximum intensity is attained, nothing is left but the purely animal—one might almost say the vegetative—life. Sleep of this degree of intensity, although a perfectly normal process, is not in health of long duration. After a lapse of a variable space of time, the systems one by one resume their functions, until finally the sum of perceptions brings about the condition of awakening.

The brain shares in the need, which is everywhere apparent, of periods of rest. The products of cerebral activity accumulate more rapidly than they are eliminated, and a period therefore arrives when the tissues are no longer able to do their work. The result is an invincible feeling of indisposition to exertion, physical or mental. The temporary and involuntary cessation of activity is at once followed by a diminution of the blood supply; the anemia so induced being, therefore, a consequence, and not a cause of the state of repose.

The various parts of the nervous system are not all involved simultaneously or to the same extent. The centers governing voluntary movement are the first to be affected, as seen in the nodding of the head and the closure of the eyelids, and the body, if not prevented, tends to assume the position of repose determined by the laws of gravity. The special senses soon follow, but here again they are not abrogated en masse. Sight is the first to go, the stimulus no longer reaching that portion of the cerebrum where it can give rise to a definite sensation, even where the closure of the lids has not shut off external stimuli altogether. Hearing and smell are remarkably persistent, and, except in the deepest sleep, may be said to be only dulled, and not extinguished. Every one is familiar with the ease with which sleep is put an end to by unaccustomed noise, even of slight intensity or, better still, by the cessation of any monotonous sound, as, for instance, the awakening of travellers by rail or steamboat on any stoppage of the train or machinery. Instances are on record, too, where the inhabitants of the house have been roused simply by the smell of tobacco, indulged in by inexperienced or incautious burglars. The persistent sensibility of

these senses may, to some extent, be accounted for by the fact that they are not shut off from communication with the outside world as are, for example, the eyes. To allow sleep, or at any rate, quiet sleep, a certain harmony must exist in the condition of all the organs, which must, so to speak, be tuned to the sleep tone. If one organ be in a state of activity, or, on the other hand, its condition be abnormal in some other way, the sensorium refuses to abdicate its control. This is familiar to us in the case of cerebral activity or cold feet at bedtime, both being inimical to sleep. Inasmuch, therefore, as insomnia may result from either set of causes we can either employ drugs, such as opium, which act directly on the nerves-centers and so bring about sleep; or we may resort to medicines like hypnone, which is said to favor sleep rather than induce it by allaying the irritable or hyperæsthetic condition of certain organs or parts.—*British Medical Journal*.

## Things Worth Knowing.

FLOOR stain is in demand before the rugs go down or the carpet squares for the middle of the room. Here is a recipe that serves a double purpose. Wash a pine floor with a solution of one pound of copperas in a gallon of strong lye and it will appear very much like an oak floor. The solution is also useful as an exterminator of insect pests, so destructive to carpets and other woolen goods. The following preparation will give a floor the rich brown-red color of old wood: Put one pound of Brazil wood in three quarts of water and boil one hour; strain and then add one ounce of cochineal. Boil this mixture for half an hour, stirring gently. Scrub the wood work to be stained with sand and soap, and then apply the stain with a brush. Afterward varnish it with a mixture of three ounces of gum mastic, six ounces of sand-race, half a pint of turpentine and varnish and half a pint of rectified spirits mixed over a fire. The fine tint will be noticeable in a few days after the application.

ECONOMY IN FUEL.—One of the most difficult things to teach a girl is economy in fuel. Nothing seems to satisfy but a continual piling on of coal. As soon as a little gas has been burned off a vigorous shaking and raking out of ashes follows; then the stove filled anew, touching and lifting the covers, which soon become red hot, and the process is repeated from morning till night. Teach her in order to obtain and secure a good draft, the coal ought never to be above the lining, and in this connection I am reminded of another practice, which seems to come to kitchen girls by intuition or handed down by tradition; that is to put sadirons or flatirons, as generally called, on the stove over the hottest fire hours before use, consequently they are ruined, for if once heated to redness will ever after retain heat but a short time, and lose their smoothness, too. I would rather lend almost anything else to a neighbor than a flatiron. In ironing have two holders to use alternately, thereby lessening the heat of the hand and insuring a greater degree of comfort.—*Good House-keeping*.

An expert laundry woman recommended to us the use of kerosene in fine starch to make the linen glossy and to keep the iron from sticking. We tried it and the results were admirable. About half a teaspoonful of kerosene to starch enough for six shirts. The odor evaporates, entirely before the clothes are ironed. Each molecule of starch seemed to be surrounded with an infinitesimally thin pellicle of the oil, and the iron glided over the bosoms, leaving a smooth, clean, glossy expanse.

EFFECTIVE screens may have the panels of coarse gray linen with applique designs cut from cretonne and outlined with plumetis stitch in silk. These designs are very rich if the shading be also done in silk. The ingenuity of the worker will suggest the variety and harmony that may be produced. Richer screen panels may be made of satin serge with the appliques cut from brocade silk.

CLEANING GOLD JEWELRY.—Any gold jewelry that an immersion in water will not injure can be beautifully cleansed by shaking it well in a bottle nearly half full of warm soap suds, to which a little prepared chalk has been added, and afterward rinsing in clear, cold water and wiping it dry.

A WEEK galvanic current which will often cure a toothache may be generated by placing a silver coin on one side of the gum and a piece of zinc on the other. Rinsing the mouth with acidulated water will increase the effect.

BROOMS that are dipped in boiling soap suds once a week will become very tough, last longer, and sweep "as good as new," "new brooms" being proverbially good.

FROZEN milk is now given to patients suffering with irritable stomach, and is retained when all other substances are thrown off.



**A Brisk Woman.**

I once knew a brisk woman who used to loosen her carpets in the last of February, so that she might take advantage of the first warm day, to whisk them out before the gaze of an astonished world. There was a tradition in her family that all carpets should be up, and stoves down, by the middle of March, and unless positively frozen up and snowed under, she fought it out on that time. She and her family are long since dead, as might be expected, sacrificed, not by the cleanliness, but by silly pride and an insane desire to be more "forehanded" than her neighbors.

I have noticed that these women who are so forehanded with their housecleaning are apt to be forehanded in their deaths. They seem to fancy there is some merit in thus forcing the season, and they plunge into the good work with all the enthusiasm of the ancient martyrs, laying up coughs and colds, instead of treasures in Heaven. So many women clean house if they kill themselves and their families in

looks handsome enough when the annex is skillfully constructed and gracefully worn, but the uninitiated cannot but sympathize with the wearer in the great responsibility which she assumes, and in the constant fear that must haunt her that something may go wrong with this elaborately built-up portion of her anatomy; but such considerations do not daunt a woman. She gets and wears what fashion dictates, and takes all risks. There is a movement on foot, however, which may cause the downfall of the bustle. In European capitals, fashionable dogs are beginning to be adorned with them as far as the exigencies of the canine anatomy will admit. The fashion, of course, will spread, and it is likely that when it begins to become general, women will resume their natural shape and leave the bustle entirely to the dogs.—*Reading Herald.*

**What Your Hand Means.**

Mr. Heron-Allen, the young man who discovers people's characters in the lines of their hands and the

rays of light penetrate, shows avarice, or in other words, closeness. Fingers which, submitted to the same test will not fit alongside each other without openings, and which are denser, indicate curiosity and loquacity. People with hands that are always white are egotistical, and have no sympathy.—*N. Y. Sun.*

**Does Kerosene Oil Cause Diphtheria?**

Diphtheria has been unusually prevalent in Connecticut the past year, and the State Board of Health has been trying to learn the reason. There has been no general epidemic, but the disease has been endemic in Stamford, New Canaan, Greenwich, Meriden and some other places. But the only report that the Board has received that has the merit of any discovery respecting this disease has been a verbal and informal one from Meriden, which will be amplified with a formal and detailed statement. It will be



A SOCIABLE TIME.

the attempt. They pay no attention to good advice, nor do they heed the roar of the awful avalanche of dust and dirt, and carpets and stoves, and soot that they bring down on their devoted heads; on they rush, and down from the cold, damp shades of their fireless, sunless parlors, comes the last faint echo of their cries.

**The Rise and Fall of the Bustle.**

The popularity of the bustle as an article of female adornment is hard to account for. Some ten years ago it reached a high state of development, and was then discarded for a time, but latterly it has come again in vogue, and this fall has probably touched high-water mark, both in size and popularity. It is a strange taste that stimulates the physical development that the bustle indicates, and it would, no doubt, be impossible to trace its origin; and probably not one in ten thousand who wear it care to know so long as it is the fashion. In looking at a well-bustled woman one is led to believe that the intention of the addition to her figure was to imitate the graceful outlines of the quail or a modified form of the peacock. It

shapes of their fingers, and tells them how long they have to live, gave his first matinee yesterday afternoon in Chickering Hall. Women made up the most of the audience. A soft hand, he said, indicated a fervent but fickle lover, while a hard hand denoted a long-enduring, though possibly smouldering love. A spatula hand, wherein the tips of the fingers were broad and the tops flat, denoted inconstancy, desire for change, and love of locomotion. It was found in jockeys and colonists. A hand with conically-tipped fingers indicated inspiration, instinct, Bohemianism and generosity.

A hand with squarely built finger tips showed order and arrangement, particularly when the joints throughout were prominent. A scientific hand was irregular to a marked degree, toe joints lumpy and highly developed—altogether a malformed conglomeration of knots and twists. This sort of hand is invariably small, while the analytic hand is large. The hand of the idealist is the most symmetrical of all, and the most useless in every sense.

A supple hand indicates generosity. A hand, the fingers of which when placed together and held to the light exhibit transparency, and between which no

quite likely to attract the attention of all physicians. There have been a good many cases in Meriden, and some of them could not be traced to any of the causes, such as uncleanness and filth presence, to which the disease is ascribed. It was noticed that not a single fatal case occurred in the town in any house where gas or candles were used. In every case the family in which it appeared were in the habit of using kerosene exclusively. Inquiries made elsewhere showed the same results. In one case in Meriden the kerosene lamps were removed and candles substituted for light, and there was immediate relief in the patient. But by accident a night or two later a kerosene lamp was brought into the sick chamber and left burning all night. The patient next day grew worse and died.

A careful inquiry based on this discovery will be made. It may be nothing more than a coincidence, but already it has been learned that persons stricken with diphtheria in the vicinity of kerosene oil refineries rarely recover. The State Board of Health is inclined to the opinion that a very important discovery may have been made in the etiology of this scourge.



## THE YEAR IN THE WHEAT MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE, }  
MINNEAPOLIS, Dec. 15, 1886. }

The business of the year in wheat and flour has been done for the most part, on a dull and declining market. The first business day of 1886 was marked by weakness and a fall, and there was a steady dropping of values for months so that early in October the quotations touched the bottom point of the past twenty years. The new year brought short crops almost everywhere, so that the world's supplies and requirements are pretty evenly balanced and it seems certain that materially higher prices will be quoted before the Northwest raises another crop. At the same time, those farmers who have sold freely ever since harvest have acted wisely. A large proportion could not have held the grain through the winter, and had they been forced to sell late in November or early in December, would not have obtained better prices than they got in September and October. There are large quantities of wheat still in farmers' hands, both in the spring and winter wheat sections, and any large advance would undoubtedly bring about another railroad and elevator blockade which would operate the same as a strong bear raid. The sale of the bulk of the crop by so many farmers has enabled them to make ample preparation for the winter, which has not thus far been a severe one, and it is safe to say that notwithstanding the low price of wheat, the general condition of the growers of it in the Northwest is better, on the whole, than in any previous year.

The increase in storage capacity in Minnesota and Dakota has been simply wonderful, although the bulk of it has been made in Minnesota, and naturally at the great terminals, Minneapolis and Duluth, where the totals are some 7,000,000 bushels greater, though the burning of two elevators at Duluth, recently, cut off over a million bushels of capacity in a night. The most important change in this line during the year was the transfer of the control of the Northern Pacific Elevator Company to Minneapolis men and the removal of the general offices from Fargo to this city. The largest organization formed during the year was the St. Anthony & Dakota Elevator Company of this city, which is second to but one company, the Minneapolis & Northern, in the amount of storage capacity owned. It seems strange that with nearly 70,000,000 of bushels storage capacity, in the two commonwealths, there is a strong demand for more, especially at the great terminals, and that the increase in 1887 will be about the same as that of 1886. This is peculiarly significant in stamping with the stigma of inaccuracy the government crop reports, which placed the crop of 1886 some 20,000,000 below the actual yield, as measured by the test of the marketing thus far done and the best information obtainable as to reserves in farmers' hands.

The work of the mills for the year has been done on the most discouraging basis possible—overstocked and steadily declining flour markets, both at home and abroad. It is doubted that any mill in Minneapolis can show the earning of 5 per cent. upon the investment for the entire year, and the outside mills have hardly improved upon this record, except in rare instances. But there has been no general or lengthy suspension of work on this account, and the result of the perseverance and energy of our millers is seen in the increased popularity of their flour in home and foreign markets. They kept it on sale everywhere and made the competition with their greatest rivals, the Hungarians, so hot that at the close of the year we find the mills of Budapest, for the second time during 1886, working on an agreement for a reduction of capacity of 35 per cent. for a lengthy period. Our flour, too, has recently advanced about a shilling in United Kingdom markets, while prices of the Hungarian product have not improved.

As was to be expected, the mills of Minneapolis have made the largest output ever recorded in a single year, the total for the year ending December 1, being 5,957,150 barrels, against 5,479,081 barrels for the previous year, and 5,317,000 for the year ending December 31, 1884. The capacity of the mills has been steadily increased though the figures for 1886 are smaller than those for 1885, during which year the mills passed through an enforced idleness of nearly three months, to allow improvements to the water power. The present daily capacity is over 35,000 barrels, or some 2,000 more than last year. The use of sacks in packing flour is steadily increasing so that the consumption of barrels does not keep pace with the increase in flour production.

Minneapolis still holds the proud position of being the largest grain market of the world, the receipts for the year ending December 1, 1886, having been 33,332,020 bushels, or a little below those of the previous year, which were 34,306,850 bushels.

The highest, lowest, and closing prices of wheat here for the year were:

	Highest.	Lowest.	Closing.
No. 1 hard.....	90½	89	75
No. 1 Northern.....	85	87	73
No. 2 Northern.....	79½	86	71

The heaviest fluctuations occurred in May, when a scare about war in Europe sent prices up about 6c, and in July, when a crop scare caused a sudden advance of 10c. The May option on No. 1 hard was selling a year ago at 96½c, and at this writing, (Dec. 15), is quoted at 82½c.

The flour market has been in a very unsatisfactory condition during the entire year. The chief cause for this was that in 1884 and 1885 the practice of consigning flour to domestic and foreign markets had become an evil of great proportions. So pressing became accumulations from this cause that it has seemed, especially during the long decline in wheat which marked the first half of the present year, almost an impossibility to market flour, even at the bare cost of placing it in the consumers' hands. Such a condition of affairs naturally forced millers to put forth superhuman efforts, and the result has been, at least as far as Northwestern flour markets are concerned, very satisfactory. The flour market has had a healthy tone for some weeks, and the future looks fairly bright.

Comparative prices of the various grades show as follows:

	Dec. 15, 1886	Dec. 15, 1885.
Patents, per bbl.....	\$4.40@4.60	\$4.70@5.00
Straight ".....	4.20@4.40	4.50@4.70
First Bakers ".....	3.80@3.90	3.70@4.00
Second Bakers per bbl.....	2.90@3.10	3.25@3.40
Best Low Grades ".....	1.70@1.90	2.20@2.35
"Red Dog".....	1.30@1.40	1.60@1.70

This shows that although wheat is 15c lower than at this date last year, flour is but 40c lower, whereas the difference in wheat, under normal conditions, would make the difference in flour values about 65c. But this apparent anomaly is really a proof of health in the flour market, as flour values have for a long time and until very recently been below a parity with wheat values, as a result of the overstocked flour market above referred to.

The coarse grain trade is not so large as to be worthy of detailed mention. It is true that it shows steady growth and is something of a factor in the markets of this section, but the growth is in reality but a little above what is to be expected in a region which is mainly devoted to one crop, and in which corn culture has proven very unprofitable and unsatisfactory. It is well that our resources are such as to render us practically independent of the coarse grains, and that we are thus enabled to furnish to the farmers of a section which raises an inferior quality of wheat a healthy and growing competition for those cereals which they raise in abundance and of high quality.

THE vote of Washington Territory in the recent election was a little less than 48,000. It is estimated that between one-third and one-fourth of the whole number was cast by women. The gain of the whole vote over the whole vote cast two years ago was 5,700.

## NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY.

Approximate Gross Earnings for Month of November.

TREASURER'S OFFICE, 15 BROAD STREET, } NEW YORK, Dec. 3, 1886. }			
	1885.	1886.	Increase.
Miles: Main Line	2,091	2,821	190
and Branches...			
Month of Nov.....	\$1,249,357.95	\$1,304,952.00	\$55,594.05
July 1 to Nov.....	5,967,898.90	6,447,975.22	479,776.32

R. L. BELKNAP, Treasurer.

## BANG-UP BUSTLES!

Are made out of copies of the HEPNER GAZETTE, and it is a favorite among frontiersmen for lining their lonely cabins.

'Tis a rag that cheers but not inebriates, and it prints a map and description of Morrow County, Eastern Oregon, where much vacant land still lies (some stands), out-doors.

It also shows some scenes of life in the wide, wild West, and a copy of it and the timber-culture law

Are Mailed for 25 Cents.

Address, J. W. REDINGTON,  
HEPNER, OREGON.

Established 1856.

## G. A. MARINER &amp; CO.,

81 SOUTH CLARK ST., Top Floor, CHICAGO,  
ASSAYERS & ANALYTICAL CHEMISTS.

ASSAYS and ANALYSES of all KINDS,  
including ORES, COMMERCIAL PRODUCTS,  
FOODS, WATERS, Etc.

Samples by mail or express will receive prompt and careful attention. WRITE FOR TERMS.

January 1st, 1887.

## A NEW YEAR'S GREETING

—FROM—

COCHRAN & WALSH,  
Investors' Agents

—OF—

ST. PAUL and DULUTH, MINN.

—TO—

EASTERN INVESTORS,  
Together with a Cordial  
Invitation to

America's Winter Carnival  
During the Carnival Season  
and the Opening of the

ICE PALACE, January 17th, 1887.

A trip to St. Paul at this season will afford an opportunity to combine pleasure and business. No sight which this continent has ever afforded, surpasses in beauty and picturesqueness the varied scenes of the Carnival work. The magnificent crystalline structure, which seems a fit embodiment of our glorious winter climate, reflecting the brilliancy of Minnesota's northern sun by day, and illuminated by electric lights and pyrotechnical display by night, is worth a trip across an ocean and a continent to see. And the accompanying features are none the less interesting and beautiful. The parades of the Snow-Shoe and Toboggan Clubs in variegated uniforms are a unique feature of the festival, while the abandon and zest with which the whole city gives itself up to out-door pleasure and sport, during the continuance of the Carnival, typify the sturdiness of our Northwestern people, and put to scorn the oft-repeated libel upon our region that it is an inclement and inhospitable clime. We can promise you scenes of beauty and chances for sport without measure.

But St. Paul and Duluth illustrate as well the wonderful business growth and development of our land. More wheat has already passed through the usual channels of trade than it was supposed the whole crop of Dakota and Minnesota amounted to, while the Building Review just published shows that \$10,000,000, were spent last year in St. Paul in improvements.

For seventeen years we have acted as the representatives of Eastern correspondents in placing money upon improved city property in first mortgage loans. Our experience, wide and continuous as it has been, has also been uninterruptedly favorable and fortunate for those entrusting their business to our care. All our old friends are included in the foregoing invitation to our Winter Carnival, while we shall also be happy to see any new ones who desire to make investments either in Mortgage loans, Municipal, County, Town and School Bonds, or other investment securities.

Our Real Estate Department, both in St. Paul and Duluth, offers opportunities for the purchase of either inside or outside property in two cities, whose past growth on the one hand, and future prospects on the other, have been, and bid fair to continue to be, unrivalled.

## COCHRAN &amp; WALSH,

S. E. Cor. Jackson and Fourth Sts.,  
Gillfillan Block, ST. PAUL.  
Exchange Building, DULUTH.



## THE ST. PAUL ICE PALACE.

We give on this page a good engraving of the St. Paul Ice Palace, now under construction and to be finished in time for the opening of the winter carnival, on January 17th. Other news of the palace, inside and out and many fine engravings illustrating winter life and sports will be found in the special winter carnival edition of THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE, ready Jan. 10., price by mail 25 cents.

Last winter's palace was 180 feet long by 160 feet wide. The palace of 1887 is of a different style of architecture. The building has the general form of a Latin cross, covering over 42,000 square feet in area, and is 217 feet long by 194 feet wide. It has a central tower, octagonal in form, and 50 feet in diameter. From the outer angles of this tower there are radiating and flying buttresses projecting sixteen feet from the body of the tower. The buttresses are "stepped back" at the height of fifty-five feet from the ground and terminate in small flanking turrets; these are carried up three feet above the body of the tower, which is 101 feet high. The turret at the southeast angle of the tower is somewhat larger than the others, and is carried up fourteen feet above the main tower, and terminates in a pointed roof made of evergreens, and is surmounted by a flag post twenty feet high, which will carry the carnival flag and also serve for the weather signals.

The total height from ground to ball on flag post is 135 feet. The body of the tower is girt by belt courses of projecting "rock ice" at 28 feet, 43 feet, 62 feet and 80 feet from the ground. Between these belts there are small windows in what might be called the second, third and fourth stories. There is no roof to the tower nor to any part of the building. The first intention was to roof over the large court on the south side of the main tower and use it for carnival meetings, dances and like purposes, but this idea has been abandoned as impracticable, and the building will stand as a monument only. There is a cornice composed of four courses of ice, each "stepped out" several inches beyond the

course under it, and is surmounted by a crenelated battlement. The walls of the tower and those of the whole building will be composed of courses of solid blocks of ice, twelve to eighteen inches thick, and varying from two to six feet in length. At the base of the tower the walls are five feet thick. The tower stands in a court formed by a wall pierced with narrow, elongated windows, or "slots." This wall is twenty-three feet high, and is similarly treated as the tower, having a cornice and battlement. At each angle formed by the walls of this square or enclosure there are circular and square turrets of different designs, corniced and battlemented and surmounted by a flagpole designed to carry the national colors of England, France, Germany and Sweden. From the four sides of the square spring the arms of the cross. The entrance at each of the terminals of these arms is a double arch six feet wide, flanked by a square base, tapering into a circular turret forty-seven feet high and seven feet in diameter. At the rear of the main building, and toward the north, is an entrance composed of a large single arch eight feet in diameter. The foot of the cross extending in front of the building and toward the west, is also a continuation of the main wall, and swells into a circle of noble proportions, ninety-five feet in diameter. The wall, and the whole building, in fact, will be well relieved and strengthened by stone buttresses. These add to the stability and cut up the "sky line" as they rise, and terminate above the wall in rough chunks of ice

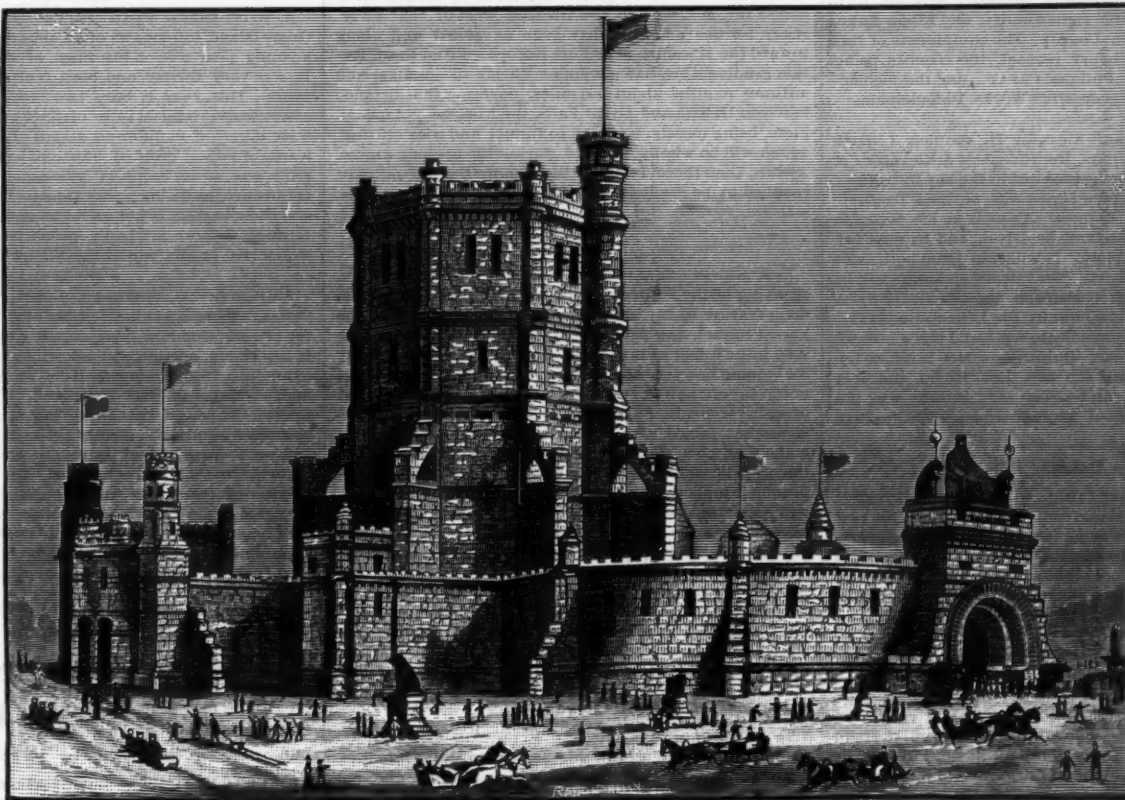
that effectively relieve the otherwise monotonous straight lines of the battlements. The entrance proper is an archway sixteen feet wide and fifteen feet high. This archway is an exceedingly thick wall (nine feet), but that projects only slightly beyond the face of the circular wall. The arch is composed of several courses of ice alternately projecting and receding. The wall at either side of the arch tapers off into graceful buttresses, and is surmounted by a pedestal upon which is a colossal statue of King Borealis seated, and supported on either hand by a polar bear rampant holding a colored electric light. There are also two bears couchant on pedestals at each side of the entrance on the ground. All of these figures are carved in solid ice. King Borealis, if standing, would be about twenty feet tall.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Mr. John B. Alden's "literary revolution," which means good books at less than one-half the usual prices, has produced as its latest success an edition of *Guizot's History of France* in eight volumes, bound in half morocco with marble edges and profusely illustrated, at the surprisingly low cost of six dollars. In the sample volume sent us the pictures are full page wood engravings of a high order of merit, made from the drawings of leading French

co-operative projects as well as the successes; but he readily finds special causes in each case for these failures, which he thinks have resulted in every instance from bad business management and not from any fault in the principle involved. In his concluding chapter he says: Enough has been said to make it evident that the idea of co-operation is beginning to have a strong hold upon the minds of Minneapolis workmen. They are thinking about it, and are pondering its applicability to their own trades. The workers in sash, door and blind factories, the plasterers, and men employed in some other crafts and lines of manufacture have begun to frame more or less definite plans for co-operative effort. Not one of these honest and manly attempts of wage-earners to become their own employers, obtain larger returns from their labor and achieve industrial independence, can be wholly fruitless, whatever its apparent fate may be. Most of them, it is true, are humble and obscure; but far from being insignificant because they have their beginning among the "common people" and are not fostered or patronized by the aristocracies of wealth or culture, they are on that very account the more deeply significant. What men win for themselves is their own. Workingmen cannot have co-operation, or any other improved system of industrial organization, thrust upon them. Good influences, welcome encouragements and educational aids can be bestowed; but, after all, it remains for men to help themselves,

asking no odds. Co-operation is the most admirable form of self-help because each man is helping his fellows to climb as rapidly as he climbs himself, and the progress of all is facilitated. It develops and strengthens all the worthiest elements of manhood, while its disciplines and restraints are invaluable. When, therefore, in a given community considerable numbers of workmen are found to be successfully practicing the co-operative system with various other groups preparing to follow the example, there are thoughtful men who will deem this social fact quite as significant a mark of true progress in that community as the broad and beautiful streets, the palatial business structures or even the ample school



ST. PAUL WINTER CARNIVAL, 1887.—THE NEW ICE PALACE.

artists. Of course, it is not necessary to praise the history itself. Everybody at all familiar with literature knows that Guizot is the Macaulay of French historical writers, whose pen, like that of the great English historian makes the dry fabric of events glow with dramatic life and causes the characters who shaped the course of former ages to appear before us like living beings, instead of mere apparitions of a dead past. To the student of history as well as to the lover of the world's best literature Guizot is indispensable. Address John B. Alden, 393 Pearl Street, New York.

Number four of the publications of the American Economic Association, whose headquarters are at Baltimore, is entitled *Co-operation in a Western City*, and comprises a number of articles on various co-operative undertakings in Minneapolis, written in a candid, friendly spirit, by Dr. Albert Shaw, Associate Editor of the *Minneapolis Tribune*. A clear account of the origin and success of the co-operative coopers of that city is the principal paper. Others treat of a new agricultural colony organized on the co-operative principle about a year ago and established at Crow Wing County, Northern Minnesota, of the co-operative profit-sharing in the Pillsbury Mills, of a co-operative laundry, of building associations and of other forms of co-operative effort now in progress in the industrial center of the Northwest. Mr. Shaw does not fail to take account of the failures of

buildings and costly churches." Mr. Shaw's pamphlet is a timely and thoughtful contribution to the literature of co-operation and is attracting wide attention.

## THE FAMOUS PALOUSE COUNTRY.

W. M. Lee, in a letter to the *Tacoma Commerce*, speaks of one of the most favored sections of Eastern Washington in the terms following: "The famed Palouse country is one of the greatest graneries of the Territory. Here great prairies stretch out for 150 miles, forming one of the richest agricultural sections of the Northwest. It is dotted with substantial buildings, fences, orchards and stock, indicating thrift, comfort and growing prosperity of the people. These prairies are quite unlike eastern prairies, the land being a succession of gentle depressions and knolls. The soil on the heights is fully equal to that of the valleys, being largely composed of lava and volcanic ashes, containing ingredients favorable to the growth of grain, fruits and bunch grass; in short, to diversified farming. With mild and healthful climate, clear skies, short winters and cheap lands, Eastern Washington seems to be one of the most desirable spots for farmers to locate comfortable homes. Probably one-tenth of the prairie is cultivated, which is capable of producing thirty or forty bushels of wheat per acre."



## NORTHWESTERN PROGRESS.

## Wisconsin.

We are informed by R. J. Wemyss that the company's contracts call for the erection of over eighty building in West Superior during the coming season. This number will be over doubled, however, and we have no doubt but the cry for tenements then will be as great as that of the fall just past.—*West Superior Inter-Ocean*.

**ORE SHIPMENTS AT ASHLAND.**—There were shipped from the dock during the season up to Dec. 1st, 709,405 tons. The Milwaukee, Lake Shore & Western railway has put on several ore trains between Hurley and Chicago, and some mines will continue shipping through the winter. The Ashland, Norrie, Aurora, Iron King, Montreal, Colby and Odarah mines have contracted to ship to various places, such as the Joliet Steel Works and the Union at Joliet, the Depere furnace, the Appleton furnace, and also the furnaces in Chicago. All the mines, whether shipping or not, will keep at work with a full force, sinking shafts, extending drifts and generally improving the properties, to be in good shape for extensive shipping when navigation opens in the spring.

## Minnesota.

**THE MINNEAPOLIS & PACIFIC** uses a depot of its own construction at the foot of Sixth Avenue, Minneapolis. It runs through two county-seats, besides Glenwood, Buffalo, the county-seat of Wright County, and Elbow Lake, the county-seat of Grant County. The equipments of this road are first-class in every respect, the coaches being manufactured by the Pullman Car Co., and the locomotives by the Baldwin Locomotive Works, Philadelphia.

**DULUTH'S ELEVATORS.**—Elevator H, the new 1,500,000 bu. house which the Union Improvement & Elevator Co. is about to build, will be located out in the bay in front of E. Work on the foundation cribs was finished Tuesday, and they will be filled at once. As soon as ice forms in sufficient thickness, piles will be driven, and by next fall the house will be complete. It will ship from both sides and will cost about \$350,000. The burned elevators will be rebuilt at once, though perhaps in another location. A 1,750,000 bu. house will be built by the Lake Superior Co., and the Sawyer-Peavey syndicate will build three 1,000,000 bu. houses within a year. Duluth now has 10,000,000 bu. capacity, not including the new 1,500,000 bu. house at West Superior. So it can be seen that Duluth will not suffer long from lack of storage room.—*Northwestern Miller*.

## Dakota.

**DICKINSON**, in the near future, will become the greatest coal mining town in Dakota, or of the Northwest, for that matter. Sidetracks are being laid at the mines and everything will soon be in readiness for the miners to begin work in the twenty foot vein at Lalley's. This coal is sure to take the lead as a cheap fuel and the Dickinson Coal Company are determined to place it on the market at a low price.—*Dickinson Press*.

**SETTLEMENT OF THE POMONA VALLEY.**—The Pomona Valley, running through Dickey, LaMoure and into Stutsman counties is receiving loud praises from all who have seen the rapid development of this natural railroad thoroughfare. Three years ago there was but little to be seen except the monotonous prairie, and now the whole strip of country bordering the railroad on either side is thickly settled with a thrifty and prosperous people. This settlement will center for the present in and around Edgeley, Richard Sykes' new town, and as the railroad approaches the Northern Pacific and Jamestown, the unoccupied quarter sections will rapidly find settlers.—*Jamestown Alert*.

**THE BEST LIGNITE.**—It is amusing to note the fact that every time any man digs into one of the omnipresent coal veins of Northern Dakota, the coal is immediately pronounced the best lignite yet found on or off the line of the Northern Pacific. We have seen the above statement seven times in the last two months, concerning seven different locations between Bismarck and Belfield. The only official tests that has ever been made, were conducted several years ago by the N. P. Coal Co. The test showed that the Bad Lands coal was the best on the line east of Timberline. The reason for this is manifest. Age and pressure determine the quality of the coal. Probably all the lignite in this country is about of the same age and the difference in quality is then owing to a difference in pressure. In the Bad Lands, this pressure comes from the weight of two to three hundred feet of earth, while on the prairie, there is seldom or never over thirty feet of earth over the veins.—*Medora Cow Boy*.

**WINTERING CATTLE IN DAKOTA.**—It is a splendid advertisement for the James River Valley, that, after experiencing the longest drouth known to its citizens, the country can winter droves of Montana stock, fatten them for market and ship from this point east. Extensive dealers have now in this neighborhood a large number of horses, and at Medina several hundred head of cattle are

being fed on the hay put up the past summer. The short range in Montana causes stockmen to seek the nearest point to winter their surplus stock, and there is no reason why this valley should not receive large numbers of cattle and horses, in the fall, keep them in winter in good condition on the abundance of hay which can be cut for that purpose in the driest year, and continue the shipment in the spring to eastern markets. Jamestown is so centrally located that it will make a convenient shipping station, and the business of putting up hay would soon develop into a profitable and general industry among farmers.—*Jamestown Alert*.

## Montana.

**THE Helena and Red Mountain Railroad** has been completed, so far as the main line is concerned, and was opened for business Dec. 1st.

**THE Anaconda smelter** has resumed operations. All of the matting furnaces of the entire plant, twenty-six in number, are now fired up, and the actual smelting of ore commences in the morning. There are 250 men at work. The immense steam stamp is crushing 300 tons of ore per day, and all the machinery of the concentrator is in motion.

**THE MANITOBA'S ADVANCE TOWARD MONTANA.**—The Minnesota & Montana road is completed and in operation to Mouse River, 527 miles, being half the distance between St. Paul and Helena. A substantial bridge, 1,100 feet in length, is in course of construction across the Mouse, and the roadbed west of that river, ready for ties and rails, has been advanced well along toward the Missouri, near Fort Buford. From this direction grading work has advanced during the summer and autumn months about 100 miles, covering the distance between Helena and Great Falls, the work as yet incomplete, being mostly confined to tunnel and rock cutting, which will be wholly finished during the present winter. At this time there remains little more than 400 miles of roadbed to be built to connect the east and west ends.—*Helena Herald*.

## Idaho.

**THE GREAT SULLIVAN MINE.**—The *Wardner News*, speaking of the Sullivan mine near that place, says: The main feature to-day in the works on the Sullivan is the lowest tunnel, now 300 feet long. This tunnel shows the vein to be intact as it runs all the way on the foot wall. No stopping has yet been done in this tunnel because it is not in far enough to strike the vein in form. It has, however, for some time carried a continuous body of ore somewhat mixed with iron. It is a safe prediction to make that when this tunnel opens the vein in proper form the ore will be such as to establish the Sullivan in all its grandeur and create a furor about Cœur d'Alene which will reach the nethermost ends of the country. The produce of the mine is now a long way ahead of the capacity of the concentrator, there being at least 4,000 tons of ore on the works inside and outside waiting reduction. We have been strongly disputed in putting the present capacity of the mine at 500 tons a day. We repeat that estimate and add further if the ore could be reduced and converted into coin, it would be no trick at all to take out 500 tons a day.

## Oregon.

**THE Oregonian** says one town in the Willamette Valley shipped 40,000 dozen eggs this season to San Francisco. They were purchased for ten cents per dozen, and sold for thirty cents.

The business men of Portland report a marked revival in trade. Confidence in the future of the city has revived of late and a year of notable growth is anticipated for 1887. Many new buildings are to be erected and the general feeling is more buoyant than it has been for the past three years.

**A YAMHILL COUNTY, Or.,** farmer sold his apples on the trees this year and footing up accounts, was surprised to find that his returns amounted to over \$100 per acre. It has dawned upon him that apples pay in Oregon, and next year he will harvest his own crop.

## Washington Territory.

The business men of Sprague have formed an association, with a capital stock of \$300,000, for the purpose of building a railroad from Sprague to some point on the Big Bend country.

The president has accepted a section of forty miles of the Cascade division of the Northern Pacific, in Washington Territory, from the 126th to the 166th mile west from the Columbia River.

**BIG TIMBER.**—Among the sticks of timber which came down over the Shore Line yesterday, from Terrence O'Brien's logging camp at Stuck Junction, was one only twenty-four feet long which measured eighty inches in diameter at the small end and ninety-six inches at the larger end, and which was scaled by Mr. W. E. Burgess, of the Columbia & Puget Sound Railway Company's mill, and found to contain 7,000 feet of lumber, mill meas-

urement. The stick is as sound as a dollar, without a knot or blemish, and will work up into first-class flooring.—*Seattle Post Intelligencer*.

**THE Olympia & Chehalis Valley Railroad Company** has negotiated twenty-year 6 per cent. bonds for \$200,000 with which to build and equip their road. Wm. Alvord of San Francisco and Henry B. Laidlaw of New York furnish the needful. It is expected that extensive building will begin soon.

**THE farmers of Puyallup Valley** are making extensive improvements in clearing ground and erecting out buildings and other preparations for the more extensive culture of hops during the coming season. Most of this year's crop has been disposed of and already it is said that parties are contracting for the crop of 1887, which will command a good price.—*Tacoma Ledger*.

**TOBACCO RAISED IN PUGET SOUND.**—One by one industries increase on this Northwest coast. In spite of the fact that the fertile soil has never yet refused to grow anything planted thereon, people generally never fail to express astonishment when some crop new to the coast is successfully raised. Joseph and George Dunlap, who live on Lake Washington, six miles from Seattle, are the latest who teach the farmers a lesson. This year they have raised a splendid crop of tobacco, gathering two and a half tons. In a country where so much of this product is used, tobacco raising cannot fail to prove a profitable industry.—*Portland Oregonian*.

**A WONDERFUL PEAR TREE.**—Mr. James Tulloch, of Orcas Island, informs us of an abnormal production from a young pear tree on his farm, of the Bartlett variety. It was very thrifty and bore fruit at the age of three years. This year it bore two crops that ripened, and afterwards produced four distinct growths of pears that were taken off in different stages of maturity, and afterwards another crop of blossoms—making six crops of fruit and seven crops of blossoms. Orcas Island fruit raisers are becoming justly famous for their production, and their locality is known to be specially adapted to the business, but we are badly prepared to chronicle such a wonderful production as this.—*Port Townsend Argus*.

**A GOOD LOCALITY FOR A COLONY.**—The Port Townsend *Call* says there is a valuable tract of agricultural land open for pre-emption now lying vacant west of Discovery Bay. It is a valley, nestling close down to foot of Mt. Chatham, extending from Quilcene Hills to Sequim Bay. W. D. Smith, Mayor of Port Townsend; F. W. Hastings and George Cooper, of Port Discovery, who were recently appointed viewers of a county road, examined this valley, and were surprised at its extent and value. They estimate its extent to be at least five miles long and an average of two miles wide, containing ample room for fifty families, giving to each 160 acres. Chatham Valley, as it may be called, is in air line twelve miles from Port Townsend, a logging road leading to valley from head of Port Discovery Bay, and a county road leading to dividing line of Jefferson and Clallam, which must pass through this valley, has been established. Here is a chance for colony of immigrants looking for homes on Puget Sound.

**A STEM-WINDING  
BEAUTY ONLY  
POSITIVELY THE FIRST & ONLY  
\$3.75**

**FOR \$3.75**

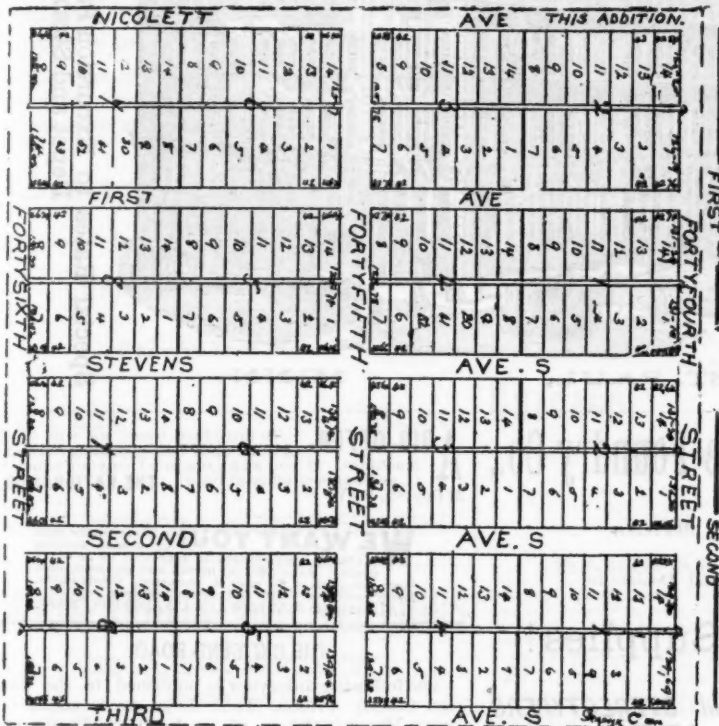
To establish a trade direct with Consumers at once and secure the good will of agents for future business. We will send one of our beautiful and elegant Stem-Winding Solid Gold finished Watches by registered mail—on receipt of \$3.75. Every watch warranted to keep accurate time. A full jeweled lever movement hunting case watch \$4.50. Two watches, one of each kind \$7.60; either lady or gent's size, plain or engraved case. If you prefer to send us \$1.00 to pay for packing, express charges, etc., we will send a watch on approval, trusting to your honor to pay balance when you receive it. Anytime within 60 days if not found exactly as described, money cheerfully returned. If you order two or more watches send \$1.00 for each watch. When full amount of money is sent with order we send an elegant Chain and Charm Free with every watch. Will send open face if wanted. Handsome costly gold finished cases, new and beautiful designs and we will put it against any watch usually sold by dealers for ten times the amount. Just the thing for agents and others to sell or for speculating and trading purposes. **Positively no discount from above prices—order at once as this offer will be withdrawn after sixty days.**

**EDWARDS & CO.,**  
Importers & Manufacturers,  
Address orders to 257 Broadway, New York.



# TURNER & WARNOCK'S First & Second Addition —TO— Minneapolis, Minn.

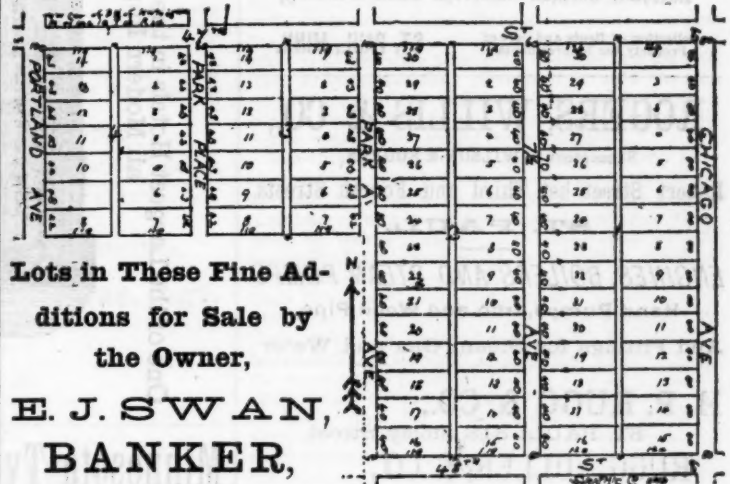
New Motor Line towards the Washburn Home, about one mile south of this Addition.



**1886!** THE most successful and prosperous year in REAL ESTATE, BUILDING transactions, and volumes of MERCANTILE business, in the HISTORY OF MINNEAPOLIS. Enormous sums of money have been expended in grading and paving streets, while millions have been invested in business blocks and other magnificent buildings of the most modern and artistic designs. Real estate is advancing, and why? Because of the marvelous growth of her population, her great demand for homes and continual inquiry for business and manufacturing sites. MY REAL ESTATE TRANSACTIONS ALONE, this year aggregate over a MILLION AND A HALF, and will reach over TWO MILLION OF DOLLARS before JANUARY, 1887. Early last spring, I purchased and platted Swan's 1st addition to Minneapolis, situated on 11th Avenue South, and 31st Streets, and built five residence thereon; every lot has long since been sold, and are now held by the purchasers at more than double the value. After disposing of my 1st addition, it occurred to me that the better class of purchasers were all going in that direction; happy thought! I saw at once the need of 1st-class SUBURBAN HOME PROPERTY, the result of which has been, FIRST: The purchase of SWAN'S 2nd ADDITION, a beautiful tract of 40 acres, fronting on NICOLLET and PLEASANT AVENUES. This splendid property was platted eight weeks ago in 208 lots. I at once made contracts for several handsome homes, two of which were sold before completion for \$8,500 each,

and at this writing there are but 42 lots out of the 208 remaining unsold. SECOND: Adjoining this property, fronting on NICOLLET and THIRD AVENUES is the TURNER AND WARNOCK ADDITION, of 224 lots; and THIRD: The BELMONT PARK ADDITION of 88 lots, fronting on CHICAGO and PORTLAND AVENUES, with Park Avenue running through. These lots are located on the MAIN AVENUES OF THE CITY and are my choice over all other properties, and secured by me after long and tedious negotiations. These three additions being virtually one large tract under my ownership and control, I intend to make the property second to none for lovely SUBURBAN HOMES and ELEGANT RESIDENCES. The lots are LARGE, HIGH and DRY, BEST of WATER, and none other than FIFTH-CLASS IMPROVEMENTS will be allowed. They are delightfully situated, convenient to LAKES, MINNEHAHA FALLS and PROPOSED STATE PARK, adjoining the beautiful WASHBURN HOME, and connecting with the PICTURESQUE BOULEVARD DRIVES OF THE LAKE HARRIETT and Minnehaha system, which, when lined on either side with luxuriant shade trees, will be at once attractive and the most popular driving streets of the city. The NEW MOTOR LINE will run through this property—the line to be built and equipped with the LATEST APPLIANCES, with a view to COMFORT of PASSENGERS and RAPID TRANSIT;

# BELMONT PARK ADDITION to Minneapolis, Minn.



Lots in These Fine Additions for Sale by the Owner,  
**E. J. SWAN, BANKER,**

And Dealer in Conservative Investment Securities,  
Real Estate, Merchandise and Bonds.

Rooms, 8 and 9 Loan and Trust Building, 313 &  
315 Nicollet Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.

FARE, 5 CENTS, while a carriage drive of 20 minutes, will bring you to the Post-office. INVEST YOUR MONEY IN THESE LOTS AND IT WILL DOUBLE IN A YEAR. Contracts are now out for several fine houses and plans are maturing for others to cost from \$5,000 to \$12,00 each, with two and three acres each for lawns. If you want a house in a first-class neighborhood, with delightful surroundings, and rapid transit, at small cost, purchase either in SWAN'S 2nd, TURNER & WARNOCK'S or BELMONT PARK ADDITION to Minneapolis. I will make prices low for cash; reasonable terms to all; small payment down, balance on time to suit.

E. J. SWAN.

## HEADQUARTERS FOR

Dakota, Minnesota, Nebraska and Kansas farm or wild lands, pine lands, or Minneapolis property. Lots! Lots! Do you want lots there is money in? Lots! Lots! Do you want lots to build on? Acres! Acres! Do you want acres for platting? Farm Lands! Do you want to buy or sell a farm? Merchandise! Have you a nice clean stock of Merchandise to offer? If so, I have a long list of properties to offer in exchange, and it will be money in your pocket to write or see me in person, ROOMS, 8 and 9 LOAN & TRUST BUILDING, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

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WAREHOUSE, Nos. 71 AND 72 LOWER LEVEE,

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ST. PAUL, MINN.

## NOYES BROS' &amp; CUTLER,

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## WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS,

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The Best Goods in the Market.

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PINE AND HARD WOOD LUMBER.

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and INLAND NAVIGATION.

CASH ASSETS JAN. 1, 1886, \$1,261,829.33.

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## P. H. KELLY MERCANTILE CO.,

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## WHOLESALE GROCERS,

—IMPORTERS OF—

TEAS AND COFFEES,

Established 1854.  
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Machines. AWAY 1,000 Self-operating Washing  
Machines. If you want one send us your name, P.  
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23 Dey St., N. Y.

**WE WANT YOU!** a live energetic man  
or woman needing  
profitable employment to represent us in every  
county. Salary \$75 per month and expenses, or a  
large commission on sales if preferred. Goods staple.  
Every one buys. Outfit and particulars Free.  
STANDARD SILVERWARE CO., BOSTON, MASS.

## THE BIG BEND ROAD.

The following interview is published in the Lin-  
coln County (Wash. Ter.) Times as occurring be-  
tween Manager Oakes, of the Northern Pacific and  
Frank M. Gray of the above named paper:

"Yes" said Mr. Oakes, "our people have decided to  
put a road into the Big Bend."

"When will the work commence on this proposed  
road?" we asked.

"We intend to commence operations as soon as pos-  
sible in the spring," said the gentleman.

"Would it be unreasonable to inquire where this  
branch will leave the main line, and where the ob-  
jective terminus will be in the Bend country?"

"I believe the road will start from or near Cheney,  
and the objective point in the Bend is Davenport.  
We have that line placed on our last maps."

"What effect do you think the result of the recent  
election will have on railroad construction through-  
out Northeastern Washington?"

Mr. Oakes paused a moment and then replied:  
"You people out here are strange and inconsistent.  
Our people are constantly receiving petitions for us  
to run feeder roads here and there; the farmer in the  
Big Bend to-day awaits the construction of a road out  
there with impatience; it is his only deliverance.  
Yet he will turn around and work against us at the  
polls; he will vote for men that hamper the company  
with an unjust and spiteful legislation. It is costing  
us an immense amount of money to complete the  
Cascade Branch. Eastern capital is shy of this coun-  
try. Men of means back there don't know what a  
great country this is, and consequently it is hard for  
us to get advances to help us out with these feeders."

"But we have the finest country on the face of the  
globe down in the Bend," we mildly remarked.

"Yes, and a railroad is your only hope. Yet many  
of your people are howling 'down with the railroad.'  
That is inconsistent. Notwithstanding these draw-  
backs we shall build a feeder down to Davenport in  
the spring."

"Will Cheney be the terminus on the east end?"  
we asked.

"I believe the Union depot at Spokane will be the  
terminus of all the feeders constructed through this  
section."

"You will give us permission to publish what you  
have stated, will you not?"

"Certainly, sir. You can state that we shall build  
a railroad down to Davenport, and our intention now  
is to do so in the spring, and give me as your author-  
ity."



**ST. ANTHONY PARK**

(ADDITION TO ST. PAUL.)

On St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railway  
Short Line and Northern Pacific Railroad.

31-2 Miles from Union Depot, MINNEAPOLIS.

6 1-2 Miles from Union Depot, ST. PAUL.

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STREETS, RESERVATIONS FOR PUBLIC  
PARKS, TWO RAILROAD STATIONS,  
AND A GRADED PUBLIC SCHOOL,**Combine to make this the most desirable residence section in  
the inter-urban district. Lots sold on favorable terms. For  
plans and further particulars call on or address**CHAS. H. PRATT,**

Minn. Loan &amp; Trust Co.'s Building, MINNEAPOLIS, Or

**GEORGE H. McCAMMON,**

317 Jackson Street,

St. Paul, - - - Minn.,

—OR TO—

**F. W. PICKARD, at St. Anthony Park.****MINNEAPOLIS and ST. LOUIS  
RAILWAY**

AND THE FAMOUS

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FROM ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS****TO CHICAGO**WITHOUT CHANGE, CONNECTING WITH THE PAS.  
TRAINS OF ALL LINES FOR THE**EAST AND SOUTHEAST**The DIRECT and ONLY LINE running THROUGH CARS  
between ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS and**DES MOINES, IOWA,**

VIA ALBERT LEA AND FORT DODGE.

Solid Through Trains Between

**ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS AND ST. LOUIS,**And the Principal Cities of the MISSISSIPPI VALLEY,  
connecting in Union Depot for all points  
SOUTH and SOUTHWEST.**MANY HOURS SAVED, and the ONLY LINE running TWO  
TRAINS DAILY TO KANSAS CITY, LEAVENWORTH, and  
ATCHINSON, making connections with the UNION PACIFIC,  
and ATCHISON, TOPEKA & SANTA FE RAILWAYS.****Close Connections made in Union Depot with all trains  
of the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba; Northern Pacific;  
St. Paul & Duluth Railways, from and to all points NORTH  
and NORTHWEST.****REMEMBER! The Trains of the MINNEAPOLIS & ST.  
LOUIS RAILWAY are composed of Com-  
fortable Day Coaches, Magnificent Pullman Sleeping Cars,  
Horton Reclining Chair Cars, and our justly celebrated  
PALACE DINING CARS.****150 LBS. OF BAGGAGE CHECKED FREE. Fares always as  
Low as the Lowest! For Time Tables, Through Tickets, etc.,  
call upon the nearest Ticket Agent or write to****S. F. BOYD,**

Gen'l Ticket and Pass. Agt., Minneapolis, Minn.

**IN YOUR JOURNEYINGS****DON'T FORGET****THAT**THE CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN  
RAILWAY runs **DINING CARS.****THAT**These DINING CARS are built and fitted up  
without regard to cost, but with special re-  
ference to securing the greatest possible lux-  
ury, convenience and comfort to the patrons  
of this Road.**THAT**The Meals served on these cars are, in point  
of preparation, service and variety, equal to  
those served by any first-class hotel.**THAT**"Fifteen Minutes for Dinner" is rapidly  
sinking into oblivion on this Road.**THAT**These cars are now run on all trains between  
Chicago and Council Bluffs (Omaha), and  
Chicago and St. Paul and Minneapolis, and  
on four trains between Chicago and Mil-  
waukee.**THAT**The SLEEPING CARS and DAY COACHES run  
by this line are unequalled for cleanliness  
and comfort.**IN SHORT,****THAT**If you are going to travel, and want the  
best accommodations known to modern  
Railways, the NORTHWESTERN is in a  
position to give them to you.**All Agents Sell Tickets via this Line.****R. S. HAIR, Gen'l Pass. Agt.  
CHICAGO.****THE  
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MILWAUKEE  
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RAILWAY COMPANY**Owns and operates nearly 5,000 miles of thoroughly equipped  
road in Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, and Dakota. It is  
the SHORT LINE and BEST ROUTE between all principal  
points in the**NORTHWEST AND FAR WEST.**For maps, time tables, rates of passage and freight, etc., apply  
to the nearest station agent of the CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE &  
ST. PAUL RAILWAY, or to any railroad agent anywhere in the  
United States or Canada.**R. MILLER,**  
Gen. Manager.**J. F. TUCKER,**  
Asst. Gen. Manager.**A. V. H. CARPENTER,**  
Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agt.**GEO. H. HEAFFORD,**  
Asst. Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt.**MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.**For notices in reference to special excursions, change-  
of time, and other items of interest in connection with the  
CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY, please refer to**St. Paul and Pacific Coal and Iron Co.,****WHOLESALE DEALERS IN****COAL AND PIG IRON.**Sole Shippers to the Northwest of Phila-  
delphia and Reading Coal.

General Office, ST. PAUL.

Docks at DULUTH and SUPERIOR.

**A. PUGH, - - - General Manager****Corbett, Failing & Co.,**

IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF

**Hardware, Iron and Steel,**

AGENTS FOR

**Dupont's Gunpowder,**

81 and 83 Front Street.

PORTLAND,

OREGON.

**NORTH DAKOTA.**

In no part of the Union can a man with moderate capital, or with only his energy and strong arms for a beginning, so soon secure a competency as in the Northwest. Of course, there are incidents and variations of fortune here, as elsewhere. But the basis of general prosperity is the natural character of a country, its productions, its climate and its soil. There are drawbacks in North Dakota, as elsewhere, but in the great factors which make human existence possible and favor a dense population; those of ability to produce human food, both animal and vegetable, and climatic influence on longevity, or length of life, the Red River Valley and North Dakota possess to a greater extent than any part of the continent. At the bottom of the social economy, the world over is to be found the farmer. Producing those things which directly sustain life, he, if any, is the aristocrat.

The climate of North Dakota, in winter, bright, dry and cool, is exceedingly pleasant, and its only effect is to stimulate activity in business and the ordinary avocations of life. Though it is cold the absence of humidity, as indicated by the signal service records, causes it to be unnoticed and unfelt to the degree noted in the humid South and East.

The characteristics of the climate of a country have the most important influence on its productions, and the cold, dry, solid winters of North Dakota give it most important advantages over other sections. Heat, while the source of all life, if in excess of the natural demands of the man or plant, is an active cause of deterioration and decay. Man and our domestic animals thrive best in cold climates, as is proved by the death rate of different countries. Cold weather, even if uncomfortable, invigorates and builds up, as shown by the fact that in every city in the United States the death rate is invariably least in the coldest month, and is surely the greatest in the warmest month. In St. Louis, Mo., for instance, during the month of July, the death rate increases at a certain ratio for every degree's increase in temperature above seventy-five degrees. The infant mortality in the hot months is terrible—it is indeed a "slaughter of the innocents." Dakota and Minnesota, north of latitude forty-five, are the only regions east of the Rocky Mountains, where there is no appreciable increase of deaths in the summer. Cold weather favors healthy and natural secretions in all the bodily organs. Warm weather has the opposite effect. This is exemplified, for instance, by the death rate in torrid Texas, one in forty-six per annum; in cool Minnesota, one in 127 per annum. The showing is still more favorable for Dakota. People will never suffer as much from cold in Dakota as in any one of the Central or Eastern States; it is too dry in Dakota for rapid radiation of heat from the body. The heat of summer in North Dakota, averaging 64°, bears a closer relation to that of the most prosperous and densely populated sections of the old world—Great Britain, Northern France, Belgium and North Germany—than any other part of the United States. In England the summer temperature will average 61 degrees; in Scotland 57 degrees, in Belgium 62 degrees, and in North Germany 63 degrees. In these European countries is where the best horses, cattle and sheep, wheat, oats, barley and roots are grown. It is too cold for Indian corn. In Southern Europe the average temperature rises to 68 and above, and the corn belt begins, but no one thinks of going there to buy Norman, Percheron or the Clydesdale horse. No one thinks of buying the Short Horn, Hereford, Devon or "Doddle" in sunny Italy. It's too warm; they don't grow there; yet Italy is cooler in summer than our "corn belt." The Red River Valley, with its black soil, full of "phosphates" and "alkalies," would not produce the famous No. 1 hard wheat, oats, flax, rye, barley and other small grains of such fine quality and in such quantities if its summer averaged 67 degrees instead of 64 degrees. The summer isotherm of 67 degrees inevitably limits the growth of that famous grade, No. 1 hard Fife, to the country north of latitude 45.50.

The State of Minnesota, with its two great cities of over 125,000 population each, only cast a little more than double the vote cast by Dakota, yet Dakota is a Territory, and her vote is merely a form—a sort of reminder of how things are done in the States. —Bismarck Tribune.

There is something wrong in the social system when a man sets out five dollars worth of trees to improve his property, and then finds out that he has to build fifty dollars worth of fencing to keep fifteen dollars worth of cow from eating up said trees. —Grangeville (Idaho) Free Press.

Smith—"Jones has met with a terrible fate. He trimmed his corn with a knife that had been used to cut bologna with, and—" Brown—"Oh, I see; blood-poisoning." Smith—"No; hydrophobia."

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### ENGINEERS AND MACHINISTS

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Improved Machine Tools For Working Iron and Steel.

Shafting, Pulleys, Hangers, etc., for Transmitting Power.

Improved Self-Adjusting Injector of 1876,

Started, Stopped and Regulated as to Capacity by one Lever.

**FIXED NOZZLE AUTOMATIC INJECTOR OF 1886,**

Either a lifter or non-lifter; no extra valves or fittings required; tubes can be removed without disturbing pipe connections; is perfectly automatic in its action; requires no especial manipulation to operate it.

Descriptive Pamphlets and prices furnished on application.

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Railway Supplies,

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JESSOP'S ENGLISH STEEL,

And best English Crucible Steel and Charcoal

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For Hoisting and Mining Purposes.

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THE STANDARD LUBRICATING OIL OF AMERICA FOR RAILROADS.

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GRAVITY 26°, 27°, 28°, 29°, COLD TEST, 10° to 15° BELOW ZERO.

No freezing in coldest weather, and entire freedom from hot journals at any time; perfect uniformity at all seasons of the year. Saves 40 per cent. in wear of brasses, as its exclusive use upon a majority of the leading railroads has demonstrated.

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NEW WORKS AND FOUNDRY. MODERN TOOLS AND MACHINERY.

FREIGHT CARS OF ALL CLASSES. CAR WHEELS AND CASTINGS.

CAPACITY, THIRTY CARS PER DAY.

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### \$100 A WEEK.

Ladies or gentlemen desiring pleasant, profitable employment write at once. We want you to handle an article of domestic use that recommends itself to every one at sight. STAPLE AS FLOUR. Sells like hot cakes. Profits 300 per cent. Families wishing to practice economy should for their own benefit write for particulars. Used every day the year round in every household. Price within reach of all. Circulars free. Agents receive SAMPLE FREE. Address DOMESTIC M'F'G CO., MARION, OHIO.

### CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address. Dr. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

### THE SEANCE AT BUZZARD'S FORK.

BY ALEX. E. SWEET.

They say there's man'festations way down at Buzzard's Fork. Thet sperits, ghosts an' goblins hev eat the beans an' pork; There's a moanin' an' a wallin', an' sech noises in the dark As wuz never hearn afore, sence the time o' Noah's ark.

A meajum, as they call 'im, he struck thet bloomin' town. His har was long an' oily an' a sort o' streak-ed brown. He wuz pale, an' wore an ulster, which the same, without a doubt, Ye cud hev it buttoned single, or jes' wear it inside out.

Wal, down at Jimmy Runyon's they rigged a sort o' stage. An' the meajum said he'd show the boys the wonder of the age; He'd just mesmerize a dozen, who would entertain the crowd With their queer an' cur'us antics ef they'd do as he allowed.

Jim Gleason, him thet mixes the cocktails an' the drinks, Tom Ferguson an' Brazos Peet, Bill Tool an' Parson Blinks, Jedge Dexter, Colonel Principle an' Boggs, the little cuss, An' Sheriff Budd an' Monte Jake an' Lance wuz in the muss.

Fust he made 'em shet their peepers an' he stood 'em in a line— Ten minutes they looked sleepy thar an' never made a sign. An' then he kem an' flourished his hans afore their face. An' made some sort o' passes with a movement full o' grace.

"Stan' thar!" sez he to Gleason, "you're a naked nymph in stone;" To Brazos Peet, "Yer eatin' fish and swallered all the bone!" An' then he sot Jedge Dexter with his stomach on a chair, An' yer orter seen him strikin' out an' swimmin' in the air.

An' Budd, yer know, the sheriff, he hed him ketohin' fish. From the dark an' huge recesses of a Texan china dish, An' way off in one corner ole bald head Parson Blinks, With his two white cuffs for glasses, wuz mixin' up the drinks.

Bill Tool he hed a broomstick a huggin' of it tight, He thought he hed his gal, sir, a moonin' out at night; An' Ferguson, the drunkard, wuz preachin' 'gainst the sin O' lickin' an' the advocates of undiluted gin.

At last, thet mesmerizer he kem to Monte Jake. Whose will yer know, is harder than a baked adobe cake; He flourished all around him an' he slapped Jake on the head. Till he thought he'd fixed him solid, then he looked at him and said:

"Yer a horse thief an' the sheriff is after ye, my friend." "Yer a liar!" says Jake, drawin', "an' yer life hed better end." An' with that Jake raised his shooter, and he plugged him in the eye, While the rest jist woke in time, sir to see thet meajum die.

Now, I couldn't give no notice of the time which then ensued. But I know that pistols cracked, sir, an' a heap o' trouble brewed, An' I know thet mesmerizer in his carcase hed twelve holes. An' I know twelve men hed whiskey an' blood upon their souls.

An' ever since that fracas way down at Buzzard's Fork, Them twelve men say thet sperits hev eat their beans and pork— They hear moanin' an' see goblins an' sich varmint in the dark. An' their boots is filled with sarpints sence thet mesmerizer in lark.

### A SILVER MINE AT STAMPEDE PASS.

The silver mine recently discovered in the Stampede Pass, Washington Ter., at the summit, by John M. Smith, is attracting considerable attention. The manner in which the "find" was made is as follows: Smith was working for a sub-contractor named H. M. Rogers, of Colfax, and one day thought he saw evidences of mineral richness along the track. Believing a valuable ledge was at hand he offered to prospect and divide results if Rogers would pay his board. A few days later the claim was located. The vein is six feet wide and the claim lies on both sides of the track. An Ellensburg essay of the ore revealed \$300 silver to the ton. Work at development has begun, five or six tons of rock having been taken out.

"How cool and delightful it is this morning, is it not, Cicely, dear," she said as she burst into the boudoir of her friend. "Are you going to take a walk?" "No, I think not this morning. I am prejudiced against morning walks." "You didn't used to be when your fall suit was in style, you know." And there followed a chill that nothing short of a new suit will remove.—*Hartford Post.*

The English-built yachts are probably superior for freighting purposes.—*Providence Journal.*



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## SMALL HERDS IN MONTANA.

From the Rocky Mountain Husbandman.

It is well and truly said that history repeats itself. Ten years ago the stock business of Montana was owned and controlled by small operatives. The man that had 500 head of cattle at that date was considered to be a cattle king, indeed, and, herds generally ranged from one to two hundred head, most Montana growers having begun with small herds of dairy cows—from twenty-five to thirty head, and scarcely any with over fifty. About five years ago the beef boom set in, and the range being pretty well eaten off in the settlements, those who wished to follow the tamer pursuit of farming, sold their stock, while others moved to the frontier. Some of these bought additional cattle, others cubbed together and formed stock companies in order to practice economy in management; and since that date the cattle business has been principally carried on by extensive owners; and there has been a time when the stock business has been considered a poor thing for the man who had only a few head. But to-day we mark a coming change. There is a tendency noticeable now for the country to return to small herds again, and, though large herds may stay with us for many years yet, the bulk of the business five years hence will be confined to small owners—men who own hay ranches, who have large pastures enclosed, and are prepared to take their stock safely through most any winter that is liable to come. Already a number of our range-men are gathering small bunches of cows, from 100 to 300, and putting them on their ranches in the settlements. Some are also letting their cows out on the shares to men who have good locations and plenty of feed to care for them, and we believe this system promises about as much profit as running them on the range, and we know it is attended with a great

deal less risk. Range stock used to yield an increase of from 60 to 80 per cent. of the number of cows, but now the percentage is placed as low as 40 or 50 per cent., and it is gradually growing less.

So it will be seen that by the tamer modes 90 per cent.—as is claimed—can be produced, it is better for the grower to let his cows on the shares and give half of the increase for there being taken care of than to let them run; for when let on the shares they are reasonably safe in winter. Then there is another consideration in favor of this mode: experience has proven that it is impossible to get every member of a roundup to take an interest in improving the grade of the stock, and the consequence is that many are forced to raise ordinary stock who would like to, and who make every effort to do otherwise. Under the tamer system each owner can control this matter as he wishes. Of course it would require immense possessions to run the large herds now kept on the range in this manner, and we scarcely expect to see any individual or corporation own sufficient land to winter 3,000 or 5,000 head of stock, but they can let them on the shares to those who own the land. It is coming to this sooner or later, anyhow; that the men who own our meadows and lands along our streams will be the ones who will own and control the stock business of the Territory. By fencing and watering the land the production will be increased and the country will support a much larger amount of stock than under the exclusive range system; besides when the country is overstocked by this system farming may advantageously be employed; and, if at length the full capacity of the country is reached, the pushing off of old and inferior stock and the spaying of unlikely heifers, and, in fact, all the arts in the older states employed. This can be done, and at the same time enjoy the benefit of a free range in summer which will give Montana a decided advantage still over the states in beef production.

## A DEER CAME TO TACOMA.

There is scarcely any use of going after wild deer when they make their way into the city. Sunday morning a fine buck was shot at the edge of the bay almost in front of The Tacoma. The hounds of the Wallace boys started him some miles south, chased him through the old Votaw addition, down the hill by Timm & Frok's dairy farm and across the mud flats to the Puyallup River, near the Gale place. Here the deer took to the water and hid in the high grass. He was seen by several gunners across the river who tried to bring him down. The dogs were soon up to the place where the deer crossed and they swam the river and took the trail. The deer ran down the river and crossed in front of The Tacoma boat house where he was shot and killed by two boys who were in a boat. A number of persons were on the veranda of the Tacoma fronting the bay and witnessed the sport. One of them said he had seen a bear come into the streets of Tacoma, some years ago, as if he had been invited to make a tour of inspection. "Tacoma," the tame bear of the hotel, who was mounted on the fence near his cage, was a silent witness of the chase.—Tacoma Ledger.

A careful and patient French observer has formulated some conclusions on the subject of vocal laughter which are interesting. He has ascertained that the persons who laugh with the sound of A in father are frank and loyal, fond of noise and movement, and frequently of a versatile and changeable character. Those who laugh with the sound of A as in ape are phlegmatic, with a turn towards melancholia. The laugh in E is that of children, and of adults who are ample, pliant, timid and irresolute. The laugh in O signifies generosity and robust boldness. "Look out," says the French observer "for those who laugh in U, because they are the misanthropes."

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The victories in the Congressional campaigns of 1886 have been won on the platform distinctly laid down by THE TRIBUNE a year ago. The general result of these elections shows that the Republican party is on the right track. The gains of the year are an inspiration; the Democratic losses are a plain guide to the popular drift. THE TRIBUNE believes that it is the urgent duty of the party to go on from this point, and actively to disseminate correct ideas on Protection and Temperance throughout every State, which can be carried for a Republican President in 1888. It calls upon its friends in every part of the country to assist in this work by forming Clubs for THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE, especially among new voters.

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One result of THE TRIBUNE'S course is that it enjoys a remarkable constituency of devoted friends and readers, composed as it is of a set of persons the most intelligent, most generous, most truly typical of American thrift, industry, education, good morals, and good will of any that ever gathered about a newspaper on this continent.

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which has been followed with unflinching interest by a great audience, will occupy less space during the coming year, but will by no means be entirely omitted. Stories of naval engagements, prison life, etc., will appear.

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Short Articles, instructive and entertaining, will abound. Among these are: "How a Great Panorama is Made," by Theodore R. Davis, with profuse illustrations; "Winning a Commission," (Naval Academy), and "Recollections of the Naval Academy"; "Boring for Oil," and "Among the Gas-wells," with a number of striking pictures; "Child-Sketches from George Eliot," by Julia Magruder; "Victor Hugo's Tales to his Grandchildren," recounted by Brander Matthews; "Historic Girls," by E. S. Brooks. Also interesting contributions from Nora Perry, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Joaquin Miller, H. H. Boyesen, Washington Gladden, Alice Wellington Rollins, J. T. Trowbridge, Lieutenant Frederick Schwatka, Noah Brooks, Grace Denio Litchfield, Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, Mrs. S. M. B. Platt, Mary Mapes Dodge, and many others, etc., etc.

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**A COWBOY'S DANCE.**

I promised to tell you something of the social events of the season, a cowboy dance, which took place the 25th of last month at Shipman's ranch on the Mizpah. It was the first Montana dance I ever attended, and it proved as good as a play. Nineteen cowboys assembled to participate in the festivities, and nineteen numbers were sold for \$2.50 each, this being the sum necessary to defray expenses. Each received as he paid his share a numbered ticket, and when that number was called by the master of ceremonies, he was expected to get a partner and dance. The available females were seven, five single and two married. The dancing commenced at 6 p. m., and was kept up without a moment's respite till 7 o'clock the next morning. One set only could dance at a time, but the seven females were kept on their feet about all night, as they were obliged to keep the nineteen males constantly supplied with partners from their number. They were "danced plenty" I assure you, though they did not seem to mind, but rather expected and enjoyed it. There were three musicians, or as one cowboy told me on the way down, "there is to be one violin and two fiddlers." However, only one fiddler played at a time while the other two rested. On account of the masculine sex, and from the fact that but one set could dance at a time, I did not dance more than once an hour, though the manager called my number with impartiality, and I took my place on the floor as regularly as it was called out. For this, however, I was not sorry, as it gave me a chance to look on, and looking on was more entertaining than the dancing. The modus operandi of securing a partner was something as follows: A cowboy walked up to a girl and said briefly, "let's dance" and without further ado took his place in the set, hands in his pockets, leaving the girl to follow him. Then the fiddler struck out and the prompter called the changes, singing a ditty containing his directions, in the tune with the melody that the fiddler was grinding out. When the tune and ditty were familiar, all hands joined in. A great many of the changes and terms were strange to my Eastern ears. The most frequent call was "allimand," which translated, means all men to the left. "Swing pards" was another frequent injunction, and the boys did it with a will, fairly taking the girls off their feet. As a little outside refreshment, the boys had six bottles of Nixon's fire-water out in the barn.

As the dance proceeded, and the boys got warmed up by dancing and whisky, the fun grew fast and furious. Soon they could not go without their "chaw." After supper, at midnight, I saw the four men in the set squirting streams of tobacco juice right and left just as it happened, and laying down their sport with infinite gusto. I danced four times, once each with a Texas widow, a Cherokee half breed, and a girl who herds bucks, and once with an Irish rustler, "fair, fat and forty," and I might add of the symmetrical proportions of a hoghead. We were furnished three good meals; supper when we arrived, supper again at midnight, and a hot breakfast in the morning.

At daylight, after eating heartily, the boys mounted their horses and rode home, distances varying from 15 to 40 miles, all declaring that they had "had a hell-roaring good time."

MONTANA's total vote at last election was 31,644, a gain of 4,675 over that of 1884. This indicates an increase of population of about 25,000 in two years. The present population of this prosperous Territory is probably about 160,000.

"I see you fry your beefsteak," remarked the tramp, with his mouth full. "Yes," said the woman, shortly, "how would you have it cooked, roasted?" "No; certainly not. Broiled, madam, broiled. I may be a tramp," he added plaintively, "but I'm no ostrich."

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## A LITTLE NONSENSE.

How to take care of your eyes—Keep a civil tongue in your head.—*Texas Siftings*.

A woman in Austria found a \$2,000 pin in a can of Chicago pork recently. It is not stated whether the rest of the hotel clerk was found.—*Graphic*.

Wife—"I do wish you would join the church, Sam." Wicked skeptic—"Good heavens! we quarrel enough as it is. If I were to become a Christian, we should be fighting all the time."—*Life*.

The girl who never screams when she sees a snake isn't a safe girl to marry. With her calm, cool, collected, unexcitable disposition, she would hit where she aimed with the rolling pin every time.

The depths of wickedness to which even a Quaker child can sink make one readily believe in the doctrine of total depravity. Two little Quakers quarreled, and after saying words at each other, one of them in a tremendous burst of rage, with clenched fist and blazing eyes, shouted: "Thee's you." The other boy looked at him in horrified silence. Then

when a gentleman from the "ould sod," called on business.

Click—click—lick, went the type-writer, and, when the end of each line was reached, the little bell sounded.

"Phat's that?" said O'Goolighan.

"That's the penult bell," said the judge, clicking away.

"To the devil wid yer peanut bell! I'm thinkin' it's wan o' thim chestnut bells; and given yez away when you come to yer danged wherazzes and aphor-saids. Yer tirin' the danged thing out an' its squallin on yez."—*Cooperstown (Dak.) Courier*.

"Found any salt?" asked a Detroit of a man who was drilling a hole on his farm in Indiana.

"No."

"Any oil?"

"No."

"Natural gas?"

"No."

"Mebbe you are drilling for fun?"

"Mebbe I am, stranger, and mebbe I'm diggin' to get shet of this farm to a stock company. If you know more about it than I do I'll resign."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Mamie—"Do you know, dear, we are just all torn

ter: "Well, I dont know but I might. Are you married?" Mendicant: "Yes, sir." Old porter: "Poor devil! I guess I'll have to give you a half dollar." Mendicant: "Yes, sir. I've been married twice." Old porter: "Well, then, you just skip along. I'm not wasting money on a blamed fool."—*St. Paul Globe*.

ISAAC'S ADIEU.

Farewell, Rebecca; I dot parting hate.  
Oxuse me if I skvcese dose tear-drops oudt—  
I leaf you und I go to meet a fate,  
Vich I could nefer somethings told aboutt.  
Forgif me, achveetheart, if I veep und sigh!  
Mine own Rebecca Isenstein, goot-py!

Perhaps, may be you'll nefer not no more  
Your Isaac see und listen mid his voice;  
For someting vot he nefer tried before  
He goes to die; but it is not vrom choice.  
I feel me tanger pooty kvick come nigh.  
My own Rebecca Isenstein, goot-py!

O I haf lofed you efer fond und true,  
Und often haf I met your vater's wrath,  
But now a desperade deed I go to do,  
Farewell! Farewell! I go to dake a bath.  
Remember me, my tearst if I die,  
Mine own Rebecca Isenstein, goot-py!  
—*Chicago Rambler*.

A LIVING ILLUSTRATION.—"Yes," said a passenger in a street car, who was arguing with a friend, "some men are born great, others achieve greatness, and some"—just then a lurch of the car landed a fat woman in his lap—"and some," he concluded, "have greatness thrust upon them."

A palindrome reads equally well backward or forward, but the following stanza beats the palindrome in that it reads better backward than forward:

Krah, krah, eht sgod od krab,  
Eht sraggeb era gnimoc ot nwot;  
Emos ni sgar, emos ni sgar,  
Dna emos ni tevievw snwog.  
—*Springfield Union*.

"Did you gain flesh by going to the beach this year, Grantley?" "I did, indeed, Brownley; gained 125 pounds." "Pshaw! Impossible!" "Fact, my dear fellow. Come up to the house and I'll introduce you to her. We were married last Sunday."—*Charlestown Enterprise*.

"The car is full of alumni," whispered Miss Beekonstreet to her friend from the West, as they both journeyed Cambridgeward in the



"Loo' thim us, if I ain't bin and forgot the solder! I knowed there was a somethin'."



"Would yer feet stop that up with yer finger, gunner, while I go and get the solder! I ain't be morn a day or two."

he solemnly said: "I shall go and tell mother that thee swore."—*Bristol (Pa.) Observer*.

One man was asked by another, with whom he was not on the best of terms, where he had taken up his abode. "Oh," he replied, "I'm living by the canal. I should be delighted to have you drop in some evening."

She—"Isn't that papa coming?"

He—"How provoking; I was just going to steal a kiss."

She, (ingeniously)—"He's awfully near-sighted, Charley, awfully."—*Philadelphia North American*.

Omaha man (at a restaurant): "May I trouble you for the salt?" Cowboy from Wayback: "You bet you kin, stranger. Don't care for salt my self." O. M.: "I should consider it a very necessary part of diet. A Berlin scientist proves conclusively that the generous use of salt is conducive to longevity." C.—"Wall, there's no denyin' that fellars as is too fresh don't live long out our way."—*Omaha World*.

Scene: Hardware department—City young housekeeper to assistant: "Have you a small hand bellows for blowing the fire?" Assistant: "Something like that, madam?" Young housekeeper: "Yes, that will do. If you will fill it with wind and put a cork in the end, I'll take it with me."

Tramp—"Won't you help a poor man that lost his family by the Charlestown earthquake?"

Housekeeper—"Why, you are the same man that lost his family last year by the Ohio River flood."

Tramp—"I know it, mum, I am one of the most unfortunate gentlemen on the face of the earth."

A little five-year-old boy rushed in one day and said to his sister: "I saw a boy steal a crab apple from a basket down town." She said: "What will be done with him?" He coolly replied: "Nothing as I can see. No one knows it but me and God. I shan't tell on him, but he will get a hard time with God when he dies."—*Christian Advocate*.

O'GOOLIGHAN AND THE TYPE-WRITER.—Judge McLaren was engaged on his type-writer, yesterday,



"Just dropped in to see 'ow yer was a gettin' on. I can't come and finish that 'ere job to-day, 'cos I'm indisposed."



"Cold, to-day, ain't it? I shall werry likely be comin' down at the end o' nex' week, to do that bit. I'm out for a skate."

up in our set about what to do this winter? There is positively nothing new."

Sadie—"I know; it's perfectly wonderful."

Mamie—"We haven't decided whether to have a Browning club or a toboggan slide."

Sadie—"Why don't you organize a Goethe club?"

Mamie—"That would be just lovely! Who was he?"

## THE SAME OLD SONG.

The girl whose lungs are wondrous strong  
Sings every night the same old song;  
The most familiar of our airs,  
Called "Climbing Up the Golden Stairs."  
And as we listen to each note  
That issues from this maiden's throat  
We sometimes close our eyes and pray  
That she would climb without delay.

—*Boston Courier*.

ADVICE FOR VERDANT YOUTHS.—Miss Pertness: "You ought to go to Africa, Mr. Bashful." Mr. B.: "To Africa, Miss Pertness?" "Yes, you ought to locate on the Sahara. It would be a really philanthropic act on your part." "Why so, Miss Pertness?" "There are so few green spots on the desert."—*Pittsburg Dispatch*.

AN INDISCREET MENDICANT.—Mendicant: "Could you help a poor man with a few cents, sir?" Old por-

horse car. "Yes," said the Cambridge girl, "and how it chokes one up, don't it? I wonder they do not open the ventilators."—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

## DIXIE PLANTATION PHILOSOPHY.

Whar you see de hen scratch, am liable to lay de wurm.  
An' whar you see de dasher hang, close by will set de churn.  
An' w'en you hear de rooster crow three times 'roun' de do',  
It's de sign po' kin' folks comin', de sign am true fer sho'.  
W'en you hear de ole hoss nicker, as you ride 'im in de night,  
It am de sign ob danger dat am hidden frum yo' sight.  
An' w'en you see de star fall, de sign of death am nigh,  
Like de rainbow am fer sunshine, w'en you see it in de sky.

## A New Wonder

is not often recorded, but those who write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, will learn of a genuine one. You can earn from \$5 to \$25 and upwards a day; you can do the work and live at home, wherever you are located. Full particulars will be sent you free. Some have earned over \$50 in a day. Capital not needed. You are started in business free. Both sexes. All ages. Immense profits sure for those who start at once. Your first act should be to write for particulars.